

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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NEW SOUTH WALES



Centenary

A hundred years have passed away
A century is done;
Yet still perennial gum trees sway,
Still burns the undimmed sun.

But where the tree-starred plains once slept
Triumphant cities stand
As monuments that man has built
And scattered through the land.

And through the ages women's dreams
Shall blend the passing years
When Miss To-day shall clasp the hands
Of women pioneers. —P.D.H.

"JIM and I are Thrilled" Says AMY MOLLISON

Talks to "Women's Weekly" about Air Race Prospects

(From Muriel Segal, The Australian Women's Weekly
Special Representative in London)

By BEAM WIRELESS

On the eve of their great adventure, with the start of the Centenary Air Race only a few days off, I had a talk with Amy Mollison, whom Australians met four years ago as Amy Johnson. She and her husband are to fly a Comet plane in the big race.

"Please tell The Australian Women's Weekly readers," said Mrs. Mollison, "that both Jim and I are very thrilled at the prospect of seeing Australian friends again, and quite excited at the possibility of being there within a few days."

"The only drawback is the lack of time to practise our new machine. However, we are not anticipating trouble on that account."

NEEDLESS to say a tremendous strain is involved in this attempt to beat all and sundry in a speed test between London and Melbourne.

Food, clothing, medicines, landing places, navigation difficulties, possible mishap—everything has to be thought out and guarded against.

For a woman the test is particularly exacting. I asked Mrs. Mollison what she had arranged to wear on the journey.

"A flying suit or grenadine cloth" was the reply. "The costume for starting out will be windproof. For the hot climates it will be a case of wearing shorts, with a shirt underneath."

Nothing to Chance

I gathered, though there was no time to go into details, that all matters relating to food, stopping places, etc., etc., had been carefully thought out, and that the Mollisons were leaving nothing to chance.

There are four compulsory stopping-places—at Baghdad, Allahabad, Singapore and Darwin—and between those places the competitors will map out their own course.

Both Amy and her husband have been over the route, and in that respect will be better off than some of their rivals.

How Mrs. Mollison will stand up to the day and night flying, the lack of sleep and natural rest, remains to be seen, but she is not dismayed, and has experience of other long flights to guide her.

The Mollisons, as you have no doubt heard by cable, have volunteered to fly to Newfoundland with films of the King Alexander shooting, and to be back again in time for the start of the big race. They will not take the films to Newfoundland, however, unless the price asked—£10,000—is conceded.

Both may they are determined, if they go to America, to get back in time for the Centenary Race.

American Women Also

WHEN the greatest air race in history commences from England to Melbourne at break of dawn on Saturday of this week, among the 29 competitors who are expected to start will be two fearless women.

One of them is Mrs. Amy Mollison. Miss Jacqueline Cochrane, an American girl, is also competing. She has not the world fame of Mrs. Mollison, but she is regarded in America as a pilot of outstanding ability and courage, and so keen is she on the venture that she has already spent over £10,000 on ground organisation alone before the race.

Miss Cochrane, who was described some time ago as a "mystery entrant," was formerly a nurse and a beauty-parlor operator.

She learned to fly two years ago, after a wager that she could not learn to fly in three weeks.

Her plane, ordered last May, has been built at Springfield, Mass., by Miller and de Lackner; it has a cruising speed of 250 m.p.h., and a 3000 miles range;

700-h.p. Curtis Conqueror motor; controllable pitch propeller.

Its wing-flap air-brakes are expected to reduce landing speed to less than 60 m.p.h., minimising risk.

She is supposed to be backed in the race by the man who lost his bet, Floyd B. Odium, prominent business man. She holds a transport pilot's licence, but she is not depending entirely on her own skill.

A co-pilot, Wesley L. Smith, air mail and blind-flying expert, will be her navigation instructor.

OUR BAD LUCK IN RACE

THE Centenary Air Race was made possible by the generosity of Sir Macpherson Robertson, who not only conceived the idea, but found the £10,000 prize-money for the winner.

Although nearly 70 entries were received for the speed event, scratchings have reduced the number of probable starters to 24.

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MR. AND MRS. J. A. MOLLISON—a recent study. Top: James Melrose celebrated his 21st birthday very quietly just before leaving Australia for England. He will compete in the Centenary Air Race from England to Victoria. His aeroplane, "My Hildegarde," was named in honor of his mother.

Australia still has three planes in the contest, with crews as follows:

Warren Penny and Captain Pond, flying a Vulture VI; Jimmy Woods, flying a Lockheed Vega; and Jimmy Melrose, flying a Gipsy Moth.

The whole world is watching this



supreme test of endurance and skill in aviation between the pilots of ten countries, and universal disappointment has been expressed at the fact that Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, the greatest living pilot, was compelled to withdraw his entry at the last moment.

It is a matter for equal regret that

Other Centenaries and Bi-Centenaries

Sydney will have to wait till 1938 before it can celebrate a bi-centenary. Here are the other dates:

Adelaide Centenary	— 1936
Darwin Centenary	— 1968
Perth Bi-centenary	— 2029
Hobart Bi-centenary	— 2004
Brisbane Bi-centenary	— 2023

the efforts of a number of patriotic Australians and Australian institutions, to have an all-Australian-built plane in the contest, were unsuccessful, and that a series of misfortunes prevented the machine, which embodies revolutionary ideas in construction, from being completed in time.

"The Australian Women's Weekly" gave financial assistance to the extent of £1,000 to the movement, and assisted in every possible way to get the all-Australian plane to the post, but as has been pointed out, ill-luck dogged the venture from the start. The plane, however, will be completed in the interests of aviation research, and to demonstrate to the world what Australian engineers and mechanics are capable of.

CASH PRIZES... for Clever Fashion JUDGES

Opinions Invited from Readers

The Australian Women's Weekly announced last week a competition based on the fashion pages of this paper.

We are offering cash prizes of the value of £10 for the winners of this novel competition.

REALISING from correspondence from our readers that the Fashion pages of The Australian Women's Weekly are eagerly anticipated and very much availed of, we are anxious to see if there is any direction in which this section of the paper can be improved.

We want to ascertain the views of our readers throughout Australia on the matter.

Three pages are devoted each week exclusively to fashion. The Fashion Parade is conducted by Jessie Tait, one of the outstanding frock designers in Australia, whose latest success has been the turning out of the beautiful creations worn in "Blue Mountain Melody." Petrov, one of our leading artists, illustrates the designs of Miss Jessie Tait.

This is one regular feature of The Australian Women's Weekly

each week. In the second feature—the photographic fashion page—we present photographs showing the latest modes in Australia, together with overseas pictures from Muriel Segal, our special representative in London and Paris.

As last issue coincided with the opening of the surfing season, this page was exclusively devoted to beach and bathing costumes and in this issue models direct from Paris, the fashion centre of the world, are featured.

The third feature about which we want readers' opinions is the fashion service of practical patterns, which include a free pattern.

Each of these features has its attraction for thousands of readers, and what we want to find out by means of this competition is which of the sections you like best, and just why you like it.

How do the fashion pages help you with your dressmaking, and have you any suggestions to make regarding any or all of these three pages?

Write a short letter to the Editor embodying your views and making any suggestions or criticisms. For the best letter received we will give a cash prize

Next Week's Free Novel

You will enjoy this week's free novel, "The Black Swan," by the famous author, Rafael Sabatini.

You can look forward with pleasure to next week's book, "Before the Dawn," by E. M. Baily, an Australian author whose short stories and serials have been featured in leading Australian papers.

In this book, she presents an absorbing picture of life in the inland of Australia and in the heart of our cities and convincingly shows that this country is rich in the materials from which famous novels are made.

of £5 together with five consolation prizes of £1 each for the next best letters.

There is no entrance fee whatever, but readers who have not already filled in the voting coupon published on page 46 must attach same to their letter.

This is not a competition in which literary style or composition will be taken into account. The prize will be for the best opinion we receive.

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*Let's Talk of
Interesting
P.E.O.P.L.E*



WINNING FRESH LAURELS.

MISS JEANIE RANKEN is one of the few Australian women to have her work translated into French. The French have just approached Miss Ranken's English publishers for the purpose of translating her book, "Flame." At the end of each year the London "Daily Mail" gives the synopses of the best stories of the year and Miss Ranken's book was included under the "adventure story" section.

Miss Ranken has also had various verses published in English and Canadian papers, and she is treasurer for the Sydney branch of the P.E.N. Club. Membership to this club is only given to those who have written a book, or done some equivalent work, and even guests to the dinners must have these qualifications. The club entertains many notabilities, and is shortly expecting to have the Poet Laureate, John Masefield, as guest of honor.



UNCONVENTIONAL PRINCESS

PRINCESS JULIANA of the Netherlands, daughter of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, is not at all the languid and dependent Princess of fiction. She is one of the few Royal princesses to have a University degree, having read Law at Leyden University.

Her other interests include painting in water-colours and camping. She is also an adept at riding a bicycle, and is so fond of this means of transport that she says she would do her shopping per bicycle if it were not frowned upon by the Court.

She is an extremely good cook, and has no diet hobbies.



STUDIES ABORIGINES
MISS CARRIE TENNANT, some years ago, with her little Community Theatre, was one of the pioneers of the Little Theatre movement in Sydney. She is still interested in the theatre, but her main work nowadays, is in connection with the problem of the Australian aborigine.

She has just returned from an expedition to an aboriginal reserve in Queensland, where she studied their vanishing legends and regulations under the auspices of the Department of Anthropology at Sydney University.

During her time at the reserve Miss Tennant wore a khaki uniform, for she said that it was very important to keep up, by correct dress, the prestige of the whites. She found the aborigines very satisfactory from the point of view of industry, cleanliness, trustworthiness, and companionship.

A "HUNDRED-YEAR" Plan for Australian WOMEN

By JULIA RAPKE

NTHE last hundred years women have made tremendous progress. They have established, once and for all, their emancipation, but they have not yet won universal recognition.

In the next hundred years to come, a wide field of endeavor lies open for all classes of women and no matter what their talents may be, or what may be their positions in life, there is work for each and every one; and it is worthwhile work.

At a time like the present, when the whole of Australia is united in celebrating the Centenary of the great city of Melbourne, the progress of Australian women is brought before us in a variety of ways, but, while savoring and enjoying the pleasure of the last hundred years advancement, let us not forget the future.

The old saying, "Men must work and women must weep . . ." no longer rings true. Among the many activities of civilization there are a thousand important tasks which can be better performed and controlled by women than by men. Now is the time for Australian women to get together and work out a "100-year" plan.

ONE of the first things to be done is to set about abolishing slum dwellings. In co-operation with those who have made a study of this problem in other lands, women must see to it that every family enjoys a measure of our glorious sunshine and health-giving air, and not only be provided with, but properly educated to, a thorough understanding and appreciation of adequate laundry and toilet facilities.

For women know that the slum mind must be eradicated before you can finally abolish slums.

But first we must ensure that the children are born healthy, in mind as well as body. Women are realising more and more that the study of eugenics is not for the few, and instruction in it and in birth-control must be available to all in the interests of race fitness.

UNEMPLOYMENT and extreme poverty must be uprooted with slums. This will be one of the hardest tasks of all, but women have long considered that in this land of abundant rootstocks the problem of production and distribution should not be incapable of solution. They will be prepared to add their thinking to the best male brains of the community, but no time should be lost in tackling the job.

When there is enough work and food and clothing to go round, life will be easier and pleasanter for all. Domestic strife will be lessened and broken homes fewer, for men and women will be persons with a real plan and purpose in life—not just so many units lining up for sustenance, work, or charity alone.

Professional Wives

DOMESTIC service must be made to rank among the professions, and standards will be set to which both mistresses and maids will need to conform.

Wives must be economically independent. Therefore the State will oblige a husband after making due provision for formal family needs, to allow his wife a certain proportion of his wages for her own exclusive use.

If a married woman chooses to work she must be perfectly free to do so, and she and she only, be considered the judge of whether it is right and proper. If she sees her best work can be done outside the home sphere, or that she is not ideally suited for home-making, then—community kitchens and laundries and many other services will be at her disposal to relieve her of any domestic worries. Above all she will insist upon and receive equal pay for equal work, and demand equality of opportunity between the sexes at all times.

Social Reforms

IN social reforms the things that women have placed in the forefront during the latter part of this century will have become accomplished facts in the century to come. All injustices to women caused by unequal laws must be swept away by the enactment of new laws that

will give women such things as an Australian domicile in matrimonial disputes, or equality in nationality with Australian men; whilst Courts of Domestic Relations will help to straighten out lesser tangles.

Women will organise public opinion in favor of such movements as a national social-insurance scheme, a Federal department for the welfare of the natives and control of native affairs, and national schemes for handling child welfare and delinquency problems.

An educated public must demand a recasting of our penal code whereby all offenders against the law will be "treated" as "patients" rather than punished as criminals.

By gradually raising the taste of the people for good, clean entertainment, all that is best in music, art and drama will be demanded, and all lascivious forms of censorship become unnecessary. This will be possible by finding a criterion of conduct and from it a good, workable mean; but even this can never be static, and one foresees a little difficulty, for the constant broadening of public morality is a force that is liable always to reverse any so-called hard and fast rules.

No longer will the chief aim of the cinema be to amuse; it will be reconditioned as a force capable of serving national ideals. Skilfully handled, it can become a powerful medium for educating backward or native people, as an instrument for social education, and for the dissemination of all kinds of scientific, geographical, historical, industrial or health propaganda. Properly harnessed, its power is incalculable. Woman's job is to see that it serves its proper purpose to the community.

In pressing for all social reforms



A BEAUTIFUL symbolic study of young Australian womanhood climbing the ladder of time from 1934 towards the shining future of 2034.

women will be able to count on the help of several Parliamentarians of their own sex. In the new century women must take their place in our Halls of Legislature and help to frame the laws that all must live under.

Perhaps the crowning work for

women in the future will be in the interests of world peace, and all women, rich or poor, must participate in it. Out of a just social order built up in great part by their own efforts, women will have new-born hope of making a worthwhile contribution to this problem.

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IN JUST 30 DAYS

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Try This To-day!

TRY this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't increase you—it costs you nothing. I want you to TRY it. I want you to PROVE it. Hundreds of other women have proved that to increase your bust the way I instructions!



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WONDERFUL!
"I am just thrilled at seeing my bust take on its one-time firmness—the lovely, attractive curve and roundness I used to be rather proud of. The treatment is really wonderful."—Miss J.H. (T.T., V.I.)

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These letters and many more are open for inspection at my office at any time.

PRINCE GEORGE Orders Gifts for HIS BRIDE

Exclusive Details of Royal Romance

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe —By Cable.

Prince George has just purchased wedding gifts for his bride—a necklace and bracelet designed by himself and consisting of 372 pearls and diamonds from the collection of the Royal family.

Already London is in a simmer of excitement over the wedding plans. The wedding should be of outstanding beauty. The setting will give the effect of moonlight in mist and the bride will be in silver from head to foot.

THE bridal gown of heavy silver lame has an English rose design woven in finest pure silver thread in accordance with the Queen's special wish. The tissue is woven in Lyons, but the gown is made entirely by Molyneux, of London. It will be cut on medieval lines with high waist, long straight skirt with train, sleeves, and flowing cuffs of silver lame. Another train will fall from the shoulders. Twelve feet long, it is to be lined with plain silver lame. The Princess will carry Madonna lilies. Her shoes will be of the same material as the gown. An hemstitch lace veil will be suspended by a priceless diamond chain, and additional clouds of diaphanous finest white tulle will fall over the immense silver train.

The eight bridesmaids, wearing white gowns threaded with silver, and with

become one of the most famous designers in the world, to make her wedding gown. The Australian Women's Weekly has previously published several exclusive interviews with this great designer.

The Princess not only chooses gowns which are noted for their chic and the Parisian style to which she is accustomed, having lived most of her life in Paris, but she also pays a subtle compliment to her future husband's country by patronising an Englishman with the honor of supplying these most important clothes.

Thus she upholds her reputation for wearing Parisian clothes, and also fulfills the obligation of a member of the British Royal Family to buy British.

During the August season, Molyneux displayed rich, elegant, and dignified creations. It was from this collection that the Princess chose her trousseau.

Captain Molyneux is hurrying back to Paris to superintend the Princess's choice personally. Meanwhile, dozens of sketches and samples are being prepared to submit to her, but little news is given of her actual choice. She only spent two hours up in the grey and gold salons in the Rue Royale, and any Australian girl would need more than that.

However, she did decide upon a mole-colored two-piece suit in lame. "This will be my going-away dress," she said, "if Prince George likes it." Her mother, Princess Nicholas, said: "Yes, Prince George always likes you in brown and grey."

The Princess Marina, happy and exulted as a schoolgirl, then chose a purple evening gown, tight-fitting and flaring out from the knees to the ground. She also chose a woolen travelling dress in a gay checked pattern with cap to match and also beret.

Intimate Glimpses

WE already know that Princess Marina is a simply brought-up girl thoroughly domesticated and an excellent cook. We also know that she is a typically modern young lady, in that she smokes and sun-bathes and uses vivid make-up.

She shares her love of music with her future husband and they also share a taste for films. Loretta Young is their favorite film star and they will go anywhere to see a Silly Symphony.

Although the Princess Marina dances beautifully and is an expert swimmer, it is said that she has a slight limp on account of having been dropped when an infant by an old Russian Nanny.

Marina is slim because she takes great care with her diet; she is very animated and not at all the cold and distant type.

She makes a lot of her own clothes. When her beautifully-draped white gowns were admired at many of the smartest gatherings during London's last season, you would hear her reply laughingly, "It took ages to fix" or some other remark to the same effect.

An interesting photograph of Prince George and Princess Marina. This picture was taken at the Royal Palace of the late King Alexander and Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, on the shores of the Bobinska Lake.



Having been brought up in Paris, she has the Frenchwoman's inherent dislike for anything but black for street wear and she can always be seen strolling along the Bois near where she lives in trim black tailor-made. Her love of the beret is likely to prolong the vogue of that useful type of headwear. She often knits her own berets and has just completed a beret and scarf in two shades of Arabia pink. The Princess is one of the chic women who wear berets so well that they give the effect of most elegant garments.

Her hair is always beautifully glossy

The Kashmir Sapphire

THE Kashmir sapphire, chosen by Princess Marina for her engagement ring, is one of the finest specimens of its kind. This type of sapphire is becoming extremely rare. It is not affected by artificial light, but always retains its original color.

With its auburn tints. She keeps it permanently waved.

For a long while Marina was very stagstruck; she often grew very dependent because her father would never allow her to take up acting as a profession. Since early childhood she showed a strong talent and liking for drama. She finds some expression in her love of drawing and is a very clever caricaturist.



WINNER ... of Our Gift SEWING MACHINE

The judges have announced the winner of the all-British Jones sewing machine given by The Australian Women's Weekly as the first prize for the best letter setting out the reasons "Why I like The Australian Women's Weekly."

The sewing machine goes to Mrs. T. J. Palmer, 37 Trouton Street, Balmain, a young mother of three children, who explained, when informed of her success, that she had entered the competition and made her best effort in the hope that with the sewing machine she might be able to support her little family during the illness and unemployment of her husband.

WHILE no considerations of station in life influenced the judges in deciding on the merits of the letters received in the competition, those who have been naturally disappointed in not winning will be gratified to learn that the sewing machine is going to a home where it is so badly needed.

We hope to be able to announce other competitions for British Jones sewing machines in the near future, and would remind readers that all who entered for the ballot are entitled to a consolation prize of a special discount on the purchase of British Jones sewing machines from the Pinnock Sewing Machine Company, 72 Drury St., Sydney.

The discount which will be allowed to unsuccessful entrants in the ballot is

42 on the £24/10/- cabinet model sewing machine, which has been illustrated in this paper, and a discount of £1 on machines of the value of £15 and upwards. The discount will be available until December 31 next.

THE Australian Women's Weekly was

gratified during the course of the ballot to receive many letters from patriotic Australian women commending our choice of a British sewing machine as the prize for this competition which has just concluded.

It has always been the policy of this paper to advocate the purchase of British and Australian goods and in the case of the British Jones sewing machine we satisfied ourselves at the outset of its outstanding merit and value as compared with non-British sewing machines on the Australian market,

"The only Cigarettes which do not make me cough or irritate my chest"

CAVENA
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KATHLEEN NORRIS Continues Her
Powerful Human Drama

CHANGE of Heart



GETTING a husband is only one-tenth of the job; holding him is the other nine-tenths. Fanny Thring was beginning to believe. More worrying was becoming Chris' conduct and his frequent meetings with Madge Rountree since her return from California.

That last tense scene at Madge's room came back to Fanny as she busied herself in the small apartment to which she and Chris had moved since their marriage nine weeks before.

"Surely he may have his old friends just the same, Fanny," Madge had protested. The intensity of the quarrel had frightened both girls; their old friendship was forgotten. Fanny's challenge, "You can get him away from me if you can!" had ended the scene.

There had been heartaches aplenty at Stamford College watching Chris looking at and listening to no one else but Madge . . . and such a hopeless love it had seemed even then. Later still, with the four—Fanny, Chris, Madge, and Mack—facing life together in New York, as they had resolved at college, it had been worse.

Fanny's mind-camera focused the pictures of their first days in New York. The shock when their money had been stolen, the weary tramp for jobs, foodless almost at times and in fear of losing their shelter, then the melting of their financial worries, with Chris in law, Mack in broadcasting, Madge realising her theatrical ambitions, and Fanny in a store. Later still, Chris and Mack rivals for Madge's favors, Fanny despairingly looking on . . . Madge, dallying with one and the other . . . her departure with Mack for California, where they intended to marry.

Chris, broken-hearted, had left the city then, and only a fortuitous meeting with one of his former friends, six

quarters a day, six and a quarter. It comes out forty-six dollars and fifteen cents. You and I are living well within our income, even at fourteen dollars a week."

"Sixteen a week, my pet. Don't be little what I earn!"

"Of course, ordinarily we'd have tailor bills . . . hat would be about four. And a telephone. But I haven't any use for a telephone, and while I'm taking the shop for Mowkowitz we have no tailor's bills."

"That's the darnedest thing for you to do!"

"One day a week—just Saturday mornings. He likes to go to the Temple. And why shouldn't he, poor terrified mouse that he is? All I do is hand out a few boxes and hang up a few garments. I like it. And the result is that you look like a prince!"

"I must," said Christopher dryly.

"Do you know the hardest thing about being poor, Chris?"

"Possibly, by this time. But what is it?"

"Your friends, my dear. Thinking what they think about you, and trying to bluff them, and hearing your own voice saying that you don't mind economising, or neighborhoods, or being shabby—

"Even, I mean, when you really don't mind. Chris, they think you do, and they pity you, and make you feel like a fool!"

"Some day, when I'm making a fortune doing 'Aunt Tabby's Hour' on the air, I'll remember all this!"

"I'll always remember it!" Chris said, in a tone that brought the happy color to her face, the happy tears to her eyes.

SHE loved him so that she was jealous of him all the time, that was the trouble. It was ridiculous to feel this way: Fanny reminded herself reprovingly that she never had been jealous of anyone before, she couldn't grow into a poor jealous fool always watching, always suspecting her mate. But just the same Chris was so wonderful, dark and gentle and serious and grown-up—and yet deliciously boyish and gay sometimes, too—that any woman's heart would bind itself tightly, tightly about him, any woman's love try to hold him, throttle him, indeed, if it could. When he talked at dinner contentedly and peacefully, glad to be home with his wife, interested in his work, amused at everything she had to say, her eyes would dwell adoringly on him in the candlelight, on his smile, and the dark line of his moustache and the rich waves of his hair.

"Chris, do you realise that to-day is a great day in the family annals?" she said one night.

"No. Is it?"

"It's the first time since we were married that we ever met accidentally! If you knew what you looked like when I saw you just coming up the block with the other men this afternoon! You—you just seemed to—to tower—"

"Naturally!" Chris smiled. "I would." He put his arm about her. "Fan, I had my big moment too," he said, "when I suddenly recognised the linen coat and the white hair—Jimmie!"

"Wasn't it fun?"

"It's all fun. But, gosh, it's work, too!"

They plunged together into the Bucknell case which was, as Fanny said, "coming rapidly to a head, like a boil."

"Chris, how can honorable people make the claims the Jellies do? It's disreputable!"

"That's what they're probably saying about the Bucknells."

"But are most cases as—as plain as this, Chris?"

"You wait until they get going, my dear!"

"Oh, well, I don't care as long as we win it," Fanny said, and Chris laughed.

Three days later he called her to the Ruggieres' telephone. This was important, and Fanny flew downstairs at the summons in the blessed expectancy of youth—something had happened! She snatched the receiver.

"Chris—it's Fanny, darling. I'm just back from Mowkowitz. Where are you?"

"Where am I?" said Chris. "In the office, of course."

"Oh," gasped Fanny, nodding re-



Illustrated by

A. Stuart Peterson

"Why, you old fox, trying to trap me!"

"Well, anyway, will you put those in your bag, now, and bring them to the fourteen train—right by the information bureau, on the upper level at the Grand Central—be there at four. Fan—right by the information desk—you know, where we met Mack that night —"

"I'm putting them in my bag now, sweetheart!"

"You can't be, you're down at the Ruggieres'. But, at any rate, do and meet me at four, at the info—"

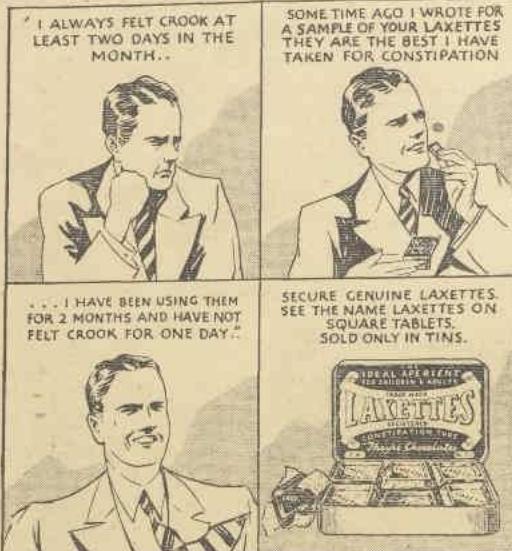
Fanny stopped downstairs only long enough to thank the baby's mother and seize a kiss from the baby's little mottled waving fist. Then she went up to glorious hurrying, planning, dreaming. Life was moving along satisfactorily at last. Phyllis and Madge might buy their way into exciting contacts. Chris and Fanny would work their way in.

IT was just 1 o'clock when she went out to market, and to keep an appointment with Mack. Mack was back with the broadcasting company again, and he often found little odds and ends for Fanny to do. She might have only three lines of ringing patriotism one night, or take part for a few seconds in some innocuous bit of dialogue, but there were always pleasant moments at the cashier's desk to follow. Four dollars for Mrs. Thring, seven dollars for Mrs. Thring, and Fanny loved the atmosphere of the place anyway, and would have been glad to do all that Mack asked her—and more, for nothing at all.

"Everything's happening to-day!" she said, thrilled, when Mack put before her a real programme—that the boys in the office called a "racket." The Barbour Tea Company was presently going to want fifteen minutes every afternoon at six for the dialogue Mack had written for Tom and Jerry."

Please turn to Page 36

"THE BEST I HAVE TAKEN FOR CONSTIPATION" . . .
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MARGARET STAIRS shrugged her shapely shoulders expressively and blew delicate grey smoke rings slowly skywards. "That's just the whole trouble, Cynthia," she remarked. "You have been the model wife, the splendid house-keeper, and the house has run on wheels as it were, without a hitch, all your married life. Even the children have been perfectly trained that they have grown up thoroughly self-supporting, successful young men and women. Now you complain that Barry is never at home, and is becoming conspicuous with pretty little Gilda Simpson. Well, my dear, you have brought it on yourself and I don't feel at all sorry for you."

"Margaret, you're a cat," her friend retorted, indignantly. "What cause have I ever given him? Why, I have never even looked at another man in all the twenty-three years of our married life."

"A pity you hadn't."

"Well, really, Margaret, I don't quite get you!"

I shall endeavor to make myself more explicit. The perfect wife, my dear, palls on a man. He must have someone to find fault with occasionally, in order to prove his superiority. He is bored stiff if nothing ever goes wrong and everything is too plain sailing. The same as any self-respecting dog has a just grievance if all his fleas have been removed. Moreover, it is an effort to live up to such a wife, and gives a man an inferiority complex and an urge to kick over the traces.

"How many men of your acquaint-

ance, for instance, choose that 'sweet domesticated sort' of girl that other people decide would be just the 'ideal wife' for them. Mighty few! They more often choose some perfectly brainless, pretty but quite useless sort of female that makes their friends gasp and predict a disastrous future. Contrary to their expectations, however, often as not, the marriage turns out quite successful. The man is kept far too busy getting out of the debt her pretty clothes have involved, or watching that some other man does not snatch her up beneath his very nose."

"Domesticity is all right in small doses, my dear, but a man prefers a cub to a machine. How old is Barry now? Oh, yes! I remember, forty-five—the most dangerous age. He has just awoken to the fact that life is a glamorous thing, and that he has been missing something, so falls a victim to the first designing female—this girl, years younger, and ravishingly pretty. She, strangely enough, is equally fascinated in having the attentions of someone so much older and so prominent in the social world. However, Cynthia, you must not take him too seriously."

"Don't be absurd, Margaret. Must I shut my eyes to what is going on? Why, everyone is talking, and it is quite obvious he is infatuated with her, for I hardly see him nowadays."

"Nevertheless, a clever woman does not take such things seriously. It would be far too flattering to the man. You must step out of it, my dear, and reform your ways."

Cynthia raised her eyes in horror through the open window out into the crowded street beyond.

"You must cease being such an excellent wife," her friend continued, "and leave things more to the servants. Become extravagant and get him into debt, it will leave him less money to spend on Gilda, and then you must become a bridge player."

Cynthia raised her eyes in horror. "You know I never could play," she gasped. "And nothing would ever make me a decent player."

"Probably not," agreed her friend. "Nevertheless you must develop a passion for it, going out night after night, and returning home in the early hours smelling of cocktails, etc. I can easily get you invited everywhere." Margaret chuckled. "You're such an atrocious player you'll be sure to get into debt. Honestly, Cynthia, I've never known anyone with so little card sense. However, no doubt some of my friends will be glad of a little extra pin money."

"But I loathe cards."

"Of course you do, but, seriously Cynthia, do you want me to wash my hands of this affair, or will you do what I say?"

"I suppose I will have to!" dimly. "Well, firstly, your hair needs another perm, and in these enlightened days there is no need to have grey hairs. Secondly, I'm sick of that frock; burn it. We will go to the sales and pick up a few glad rags."

"I am afraid I shall be bored stiff."

"Not so stiff as you'd be if Barry ran off with this comely wench. The next thing you must do is to find another man."

"Well, really Margaret, I draw the line at that. Men no longer interest me in the faintest."

"That's the tragedy of it. When a man gets a new lease of life, his wife is fool enough to allow herself to become stodgy and uninteresting."

"But I don't think I could attract another man if I tried. You know, I've never flirted in my life!"

Margaret sighed and rolled her eyes patiently backwards. "You don't know what you've missed, darling. Why a flirtation is the spice of life to one. Perhaps that is how I hold Jim so successfully. I never allow him to feel too sure of me. He is always telling me how 'damned elusive' I am. But what about that faithful doorman of yours?"

"Who do you mean?"

"Oh, the dear innocent," mockingly. "Why, you know as well as I do—Norman, of course. Everyone knows he's trailed after you for years. He would rush you with any encouragement, and

would serve the purpose excellently." Cynthia groaned.

"I shall be bored stiff!" she repeated.

"You'll grow used to it. Anyway, Cynthia, we haven't been such pals for years, I couldn't sit down calmly and see you making such a mess of things without coming to the rescue!"

GILDA SIMPSON sipped a cocktail thoughtfully, and stared her baby blue eyes to Barry's face.

"What's the matter with you, ducks?" she lisped. "I've never known you so absent-minded before."

The man laughed carelessly.

"Just a bit pippy, I guess."

"Too bad! Let us dance. The music has started."

She rose gracefully from her seat. A beautiful, slim, platinum blonde, luxuriously dressed in a backless gown of silver lame.

She raised her pretty face laughingly to his as he drew her to him. "We'll dance away the blues, old thing!"

The floor was perfect. The music catchy and seductive. Everything at its best. But even the girl's close proximity, the soft scent of her hair floating up to him that usually mad-dened him failed to rouse any response. Presently he stiffened as with annoyance.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing—only Cynthia is here with that blighter, Norman Marsden."

"I think he's a pet, but where is she? Do point her out to me. I'm dying to see her."

"She is sitting over in the far corner; the one dressed in that black, shiny material."

"Oh, you said she had no looks. I think she is lovely."

"She seems to have improved in appearance a bit lately."

"Will she be vexed at finding us together?"

"How can she say anything?" he retorted savagely.

The girl continued to stare at her curiously.

"Why, I do believe I saw her at the Hopes' bridge party the other night."

"Quite likely!" he shrugged. "She developed a craze for bridge. I might just as well live at a boarding house for she's never at home."

The girl squeezed his arm suggestively. "Why worry?"

"Poof! I don't—" but his eyes kept wandering absent-mindedly from his companion. How he wished she wouldn't chatter so much. For some reason, she wearied him to-night. She did not possess the poise and dignity. Well—Cynthia did—somehow.

IT was late when he returned home. His wife had evidently just come in also.

"Enjoy yourself?" he inquired sarcastically.

"Oh! yes, quite," she replied absently, proceeding to unscrew her diamond ear rings, for she was hardly conscious of his presence. Her thoughts were all of Norman. Strange that she had never realised before what an interesting, attractive man he was. He danced so divinely too, holding her so wonderfully that she seemed almost to float on air. She shut her jewel case with a snap. Of course, she was being ridiculous! She turned impatiently in response to an only half-heard remark from her husband.

"What was that you said?" she asked coldly.

"I don't know what is coming over you lately, Cynthia—this craze for gadding about and leaving the maids to take possession of the house. Neglecting your home, apart from the fact that I never see anything of you these days." Barry's voice continued in a martyred tone. "But, of course, I don't matter—I am of no importance—I am only your husband."

"Don't be tedious, Barry! It is too late for arguing." Cynthia yawned prodigiously. "Turn off the light now, please. I must have some sleep. Goodness knows I'll need it, for I'm booked for every night this week."

She snuggled down into the bedclothes; a half smile played suddenly upon her lips.

Should she wear that black lace gown of hers to-morrow night—or the lace, flat crepe. She couldn't remember which one Norman had said suited her best!

(Copyright.)

To Have and to Scold

GLORIA NASH glanced apprehensively at the third finger of her left hand. Did the wedding ring she had purchased at the hardware store a few minutes before have a reasonably genuine look? Of course, she didn't expect the Bedford Advertising Company to demand to see a marriage license or anything like that, but marrying oneself off without a husband, or even a boy friend, added little to Gloria's general sang-froid.

"I suppose my advertisement sounded somewhat unusual." Good-looking Ross Bedford unbent a bit towards the end of the interview. "The reason I specified 'no single girl need apply' is because my last secretary ran off and married in the middle of my work on the Home Beautiful Campaign. I thought a married secretary would prove more permanent."

Gloria assumed what she considered a permanent expression. Everything depended on it. Her boarding-house bill the last three months had assumed the proportions of a national debt, and even riding in buses was beginning to come under the heading of an orgy. And she simply wouldn't write home for money. Red-headed girls with determined little mouths just naturally didn't.

"Your husband, Mrs. Nash?" Ross Bedford continued the inquisition. "What does he do?"

Gloria felt helpless. What in the world did husbands do?

"Nothing, I mean."

To her surprise Ross Bedford gave a sympathetic nod.

"Out of work, eh? Well, things are pretty black everywhere just now. But they seem to be taking an upward trend. We're due for a big prosperity wave."

"Then I'm to have the position?"

Gloria's eyes, that were like two big damp violets, met his.

Ross Bedford smiled.

"I've never had a secretary as young as you before, but we'll see how it works out."

That evening Gloria entered her boarding-house on air. She was simply bursting to tell Tommy Sutton

By...
Florence OSTERN

"Are you telling me Ross Bedford is unmarried? Single? Not married?" Gloria suddenly remembered Ross Bedford's stunning nose, and the keen grey eyes that looked all the greyer for his deep, rich tan. "Because my last employer had three children and asthma."

Tommy interrupted rudely.

"Look here, Gloria, if you're any soft ideas in that red head about Bedford, just forget them. I've heard that every secretary he's ever had has been silly about him. That's probably the real reason he wanted someone this time who's anchored."

Gloria drew herself up to her full five feet. Her red hair bristled like a porcupine.

"You're quite wrong, Tommy. I'm out for a career pure and simple. I expect to learn commercial drawing and how to write copy and . . . and

Tommy looked frankly sceptical.

"Yeah? Well, I hope so!"

Something in Tommy's manner so increased Gloria that she proudly retired to her own room without so much as inquiring if Ross Bedford had a serious girl friend.

WORKING for Ross Bedford proved even better than Gloria had anticipated. True, he would do such exasperating things as scolding her for misplacing a file he himself was sitting on all the time; or sending her to tell people he was not in and then making a liar of her by repenting before they got downstairs. But no one could say the job was without its moments.

The biggest moment was in the morning when Ross Bedford came in and stopped at her desk, which was in one corner of his huge private office.

"Good morning, Mrs. Nash. How are you this morning?"

The way Ross Bedford accented the "you" made it awfully personal and terribly thrilling.

Gloria would raise those eyes that looked like big damp violets and smile.

"Fine, Mr. Bedford. How are you?"

He never progressed any further than that, for Mr. Bedford would suddenly grow remote and inquire abruptly: "And how is Mr. Nash?"

That was only one of the many disadvantages of being Mrs. Nash. Gloria couldn't go out with the young men on the staff because she had to remain decently faithful to Mr. Nash, and she obviously couldn't accept invitations from the pleasant Mrs. Reed, of the Art Department, to "come over some evening and bring Mr. Nash" for bridge."

Dozens of times during the day Gloria thought of burying Mr. Nash, but she didn't know exactly how to go about becoming a widow. There must be a period of illness preceding any self-respecting death, requiring the potential widow to go about mope and drawn, to say nothing of the funeral.

So the mythical Mr. Nash continued to lurk in the offing and spoil everything for Gloria—even that wonderful evening when she and her employer worked all alone on the Blinkington Bridge.

Ross Bedford had a delicious dinner sent up from the Italian restaurant across the street which they ate in state upon the top of his heavy mahogany desk. It would have been utterly perfect if Mr. Bedford hadn't spent the entire meal apologizing for depriving Gloria of the pleasure of dining with Mr. Nash.

"That's all right," she blissfully assured him over a yard or so of slippery spaghetti. "He won't mind a bit."

Ross Bedford's mouth grew very stern.

"If I had a beautiful wife," he remarked, a note of disapproval creeping into his voice, "I should mind very much."

Gloria grimmed flippantly. "Who's Bedford, anyway, to say who should be married and who shouldn't? What's keeping him from the fatal step, I'd like to know? I hear he's young and handsome and filthy with coin of the realm. If I had his sick I wouldn't be waiting a whole six months to leap off the deep end."

He advertised for a married secretary, so Gloria bought a wedding ring and applied for the post. She got it . . .

Illustrated
.. by ..
U. WHITE



"Carita," he breathed aghast. "What are you doing here?"

"Nonsense!" Ross Bedford cut in. "Mrs. Nash must be reasonably intelligent or a girl like you would never have married him. And that's all I'm going to expect, just reasonable intelligence."

Ross Bedford rose, and Gloria, trembling, did likewise.

"I've noticed you haven't been very happy lately, Mrs. Nash." Ross Bedford's voice tried to sound impersonal.

"It's hard for one person to carry the burden alone." Ross Bedford didn't seem to realize that one of his hands rested on Gloria's slim shoulder. She shivered slightly, and the hand dropped in sudden confusion. "You'll see how things will brighten up once your husband's at work again." Ross Bedford mumbled hastily as he hurried back to the security of his desk.

THERE was nothing to do, Gloria decided at the close of the day, but to go home and write Ross Bedford a letter saying she had gone with Mr. Nash to accept a position in the provinces.

As she walked up her boarding-house steps she realized that her grief didn't arise from the fact that she was jobless. She didn't care so frightfully much about that. It was the thought of a future that wouldn't hold Ross Bedford. She was in love with a man she could never, never have, and whom she would never see again! It was as though somebody had taken away her beautiful rose-colored glasses, leaving the world a bleak, colorless place.

Gloria had no sooner settled herself on the bed for a good, soul-satisfying cry than she heard a knock at the door.

"I say, Glory, are you there?" She wiped her eyes and went to the door with a resolute air. It was no use trying to put off Tommy.

He stood at the entrance to her room, his usually smiling face drawn into positively tragic lines.

"They threw me out of the office to-day, Glory," he announced dejectedly. "I don't know how I'm going to break it to Carita. It's going to mean we shan't be able to get married in June as we'd arranged."

"Oh, Tommy, I'm sorry!"

Please turn to Page 45

FROM the PARIS OPENINGS!



EVENING GOWN in brown chiffon patterned in a modernistic design in yellow, from Maison Skim.



Your One and Only Face

deserves
this
fragrant
flattery



2'3 and 3'9

No wonder particular women insist upon Coty Face Powder! There's variety enough in smart wardrobes, but even the most fashionably woman has only one face! Naturally the velvet-smooth texture — the gossamer-light quality — of Coty Face Powder are preferred! Sifted through silk screens of microscopic meshes, this Face Powder clings without clogging. Its various skin tones — delicately fragrant — provide invisible allure for each complexion.

COTY

Highlights of Worth Collection

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

WORTH, Rue de la Paix, which is noted as one of the most conservative of the Parisian designers, set the tongues wagging by the mannequins wearing Russian boots of black deer-skin edged with leather reaching the beginning of the calf at the back and curving upwards to the knee in front in true Cossack style. There were also buttoned-up boots of military cut; in fact, the military and Russian influence was visible throughout the collection.

The silhouette sponsored by Worth remains straight with normal waistline rather more accentuated than previously. Necks for day wear are rather high and

very varied indeed on evening gowns. Coats and jackets have small upstanding collars of the type worn by officers.

Skirts are very straight and narrow (as is the strict fashion for this season), necessary fullness being given by splashes showing glimpses of the leg or silk foundation according to the garment. Sleeves are moulded to the shape of the arm, except where fullness is given at the elbow.

According to Worth fashions, we are to wear skirts with three-quarter length jackets or capes bordered with wide bands of fur in very Russian style for next winter, and the blouses worn with these suits are long and worn

MJINSKA, the world-famous model, displays an exotic Baroque model with an amazing bodice. The gown of ivory crepe with an extremely rough surface is adorned with paradise plumes secured by an ornament of jet and white brilliants.

A LOVELY Lelong model of Royal blue mouseline; a short cape is trimmed with cock-feathers in the same shade.

THERE are a great many feathers used throughout the collection, capes entirely made of cock-feathers or swan-feathers, ostrich puffs on sleeves, and even detachable sleeves in black ostrich that cover the lower part of the arm.

over the skirt like a Russian tunic.

Evening gowns are often of uncrushable velvet which is the rage in Paris just now, but more seasonable for Australia would be the several lace gowns. One model especially worthy of note has a cellophane thread running through, and a scattering of paillettes. Another lace cocktail suit has the lace bodice headed over and worn with the plain lace skirt. Another sensation in footwear was caused by the mannequins wearing low-heeled black satin sandals with these cocktail gowns, the thongs of the sandals being in the same color as the frock.

An Editorial

OCTOBER 20, 1934.

SANCTUARIES OF MANKIND

ONE of the queerest thoughts about the Melbourne Centenary is the fact that the entire development of this great city has taken place inside the lifetime of people who are still living.

Melbourne is 100 years old. There are a few men and women in Australia who are even older; who were playing with dolls and toys when the first axes were ringing out on the Yarra Bank. Ah! But Melbourne may yet see, like Rome, fifty more centenaries.

Mankind always carries on. The human procession marches endlessly down the centuries, and always man's sanctuary on the march has been the City.

Learning, wealth, art, pomp, luxury, pleasure, power, all these have been nurtured in the cities.

It is true that great cities of the dawn of civilisation now lie beneath the Mediterranean mud. But none of these passed away until their wealth and power and learning were wrested by new cities erected by new generations of surging humanity.

There is an unbroken chain of cities from ancient Ur of the Chaldees to this wide-awake young Melbourne.

A Centenary anniversary in the history of a city is like a birthday in the lifetime of a man or woman. So the Prince has really come to Australia to light one candle on Melbourne's birthday cake.

There are infants romping to-day in kindergarten who will live to see two candles lighted in 100 years' time. And, when all is said and done, we doubt if the fundamentals of life will be very different then than they are now. Are we, after all, so very different from our grandfathers and grandmothers?

Beyond one hundred years it is difficult to peer. Melbourne in 900 years' time will celebrate its millennium. But actually time is not only to be measured by mere dates. For many centuries London and Paris and Rome scarcely changed. Then with the coming of science enormous changes began to occur almost overnight. Most people think that this scientific era will continue; that is why we cannot guess at Melbourne's distant future.

Let us at any rate hope it will be as fruitful as the past hundred years.

—THE EDITOR.

Points of View

Conducted by ALICE JACKSON.

The Laureate's View

CENTENARIES, Royal visits, and similar milestones of history are usually a headache for poets-laureate, as well as for the minor bard. A properly-regulated muse would see to it that events of official grandeur and majesty moved the poet-laureate to lyrical ecstasy, but, as it is, poets laureate or unadorned, respond much more rapturously to the comparatively commonplace stimuli of flowers, sunsets, pretty girls, vagrant breezes, burbling brooks, and so forth.

So it's unlikely that John Masefield, the only poet-laureate to visit Australia, will produce any heart-stirring sonnets on Melbourne's hundredth birthday, or the Prince's progress from Yanchep to Yarangobilly. Thanks to it, however, we have now been given the great man's viewpoint on our poets which, if less interesting than a lyric, is undoubtedly instructive. Says the laureate:

"You can't expect a new country to create good poetry. There is so much else to occupy the minds of men. There is land to be brought into production. There are railways to be built; rivers to be bridged, and marshes to be drained. It is only when people have leisure, that art manifests itself."

In saying this I don't want to be misunderstood as under-estimating the work of your Australian poets. It is vigorous and picturesque, and it gives a vivid picture of the life of the pioneers. The marvel is that Australia in all kinds of ways should have achieved so much so quickly."

Rupert Brookes, M.P.?

TALKING to a Melbourne interviewer about Rupert Brooke, Mr. John Masefield remarked that if the young poet had not died in the war he could have gone into politics and risen rapidly. Rather a strange comment on the lover of beauty that Brooke was.

Not many of us could link up the author of "If I should die, think only this of me," etc., with such things as bills, and blue books, and tariff reports, and the rest of the Parliamentary baggage.

Still, Masefield may be right. And a Parliament of Rupert Brookes would agree a lot better than the gentlemen at Canberra who won't play in each other's yards unless they can be Ministers, or deputy-leaders, or something. What a joy, too, to meet a politician like Rupert Brooke on a deputation! —A.J.B.

Are Women Creative?

WOMEN have made good in many professions and industrial careers. Recent statistics show us this, but why is it that modern life, with its greatly enhanced educational advantages, has not developed their creative powers?

Perhaps it is because so much knowledge is absorbed under present-day educational systems that there is no time available for developing originality. Mass production in the professions and industry does not encourage creative ideas, but it does undoubtedly increase the efficiency of the woman worker.

This is shown by the expanding numbers of women attaining high positions, though not always high salaries, in the world of commerce to-day.

Strange that there is not a woman Consul, seeing that women are employed as secretaries in consular offices. The woman diplomat is as rare as the phoenix, though women must surely be suitable for a post of this kind.—C.M.

Lyric of Life.

Instead

I think that we do not live close enough
To the earth;
We are forgetting the set of it
Now we are grown up;
And the feel of brown loam crumbling
Through our fingers.
We do not lie on the sunlit grass
And watch the birds and the white
clouds.
Overhead.
Instead
We sit on straight-backed chairs
With cigarettes and books,
And talk and think and live in platitudes.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

FROM SUE TO LOU

Vision of the Blind

THE death occurred in New South Wales, last week, of one of the most wonderful of Australian women, Miss Susan Schardt, blind from birth, who dedicated her life to the service of her fellows.

The small institution which she founded for destitute invalids has grown into the vast New South Wales Home for Invalids. For 22 years Miss Schardt travelled throughout the State, appealing for voluntary subscriptions to the Home. She has visited, at regular intervals, every town and village throughout New South Wales, and has raised nearly £40,000 for the Homes.

Surely history has no more inspiring example to offer than that of this blind woman, whose spiritual vision so far transcended that of ordinary mortals!

Mutineer's Son and Governor

A ROMANTIC meeting, with a queer mingling of past and present, was that off Pitcairn Island when Fletcher Christian, descendant of



MAJOR-GENERAL H. G. H. HOWARD-VYSE, D.S.O., who is Chief of Staff to the Duke of Gloucester during his Australian and New Zealand tour.

the Bounty mutineers, came on board the *Aorangi* to greet Sir Philip Game, Governor of New South Wales.

"Are you Governor Bligh's son?" was the artless question put to the present Governor by the descendant of the man who had rebelled against Bligh. Surprising you say, that he didn't know any better. But remember that in remote Pitcairn they still think of governors as handed down from father to son.

Simplicity like this is delightful—but it points to a danger. Because people knew so little about each other in the past, and hadn't the means of communication we have now, they were always suspicious and always ready to fly at each other's throats. Most of the wars of other days were the result of these suspicions. Better knowledge is, or should be, an antidote to war.—A.J.B.

Seeking Lost Parents

VERY deep are the scars left by the Great War. Twenty years after, hundreds of war-time children (now young men and women) are still seeking the parents from whom they were separated when the German advance was made on Paris.

Of the hundreds listed, many cannot even recall the names of their parents. They were too young when war's avalanche descended.—B.B.

A Bright Girl's Letters



Poet Who Wants to Unite East and West

By DOROTHEA VAUTIER

Rabindranath Tagore, the great Indian poet and philosopher, is to be a guest for the Melbourne Centenary celebrations, and he will unite with Western thought through the better-known Poet Laureate of Britain, John Masefield, who arrived in Melbourne last week.

TO both men Australia is a new land. Her beauty and her color as yet unexpressed. What will be the impressions taken away by these poets of the East and West? John Masefield is the first Poet Laureate to visit Australia, and his popularity has preceded him. Every paper has described his career, but little has been heard about Tagore.

Tagore was born in Calcutta in 1861, and before he was 18 years of age he had become a prolific writer, having published nearly 3000 lines of verse and a great deal of prose.

At the early age of five he rebelled against the "School System." He wanted to fly from a life that offered no tinge of color, where the lessons had no context with their surroundings. "I was banished into a cage where education was provided from outside in birds are fed—my whole heart felt the indignity of such a treatment," he says.

Spare the Rod

ACCORDING to Tagore, our modern system of education refuses to admit that children are children. They are punished because they fail to behave like green-up prop. Their educators do not know, or they refuse to acknowledge, that this childlessness is Nature's provision, and that the child, through its restless mind and movements, should always come in touch with new facts and stumble upon new information. Thus the child becomes a battle-ground between the schoolmaster and Mother Nature herself.

Schoolmasters insist that children be passive and attentive, and their minds rebel. It is the outer want of purpose in child life that is important," writes Tagore. It is like forcing upon the flower the mission of the fruit. The flower has to wait for its chances. It has to keep its heart open to the sunlight and to the breeze, to wait its opportunity for some insect to come seeking honey.

The flower lives in a world of surprises, but the fruit must close its heart in order to ripen its seed. It must take a different course altogether. For the flower, the chance coming of an insect is a great event, but for the fruit its intrusion means an injury. The adult mind is a true mind. It has no sympathy for the flower mind.

IT is the problem of every country in the world to bring to pass the deeper reconciliation of East and West, so that humanity may become one, says Tagore, and with this object in view he established the International University of Bolpur, Bengal, which was opened in December, 1921.

Tagore started this University, which he called Visva-Bharati, "Abode of Peace," because he was dissatisfied with the conditions of modern society.

Here would be a cultural meeting place between the East and West, where the highest culture of India would be combined with the science and learning of the West.

Likes Solitude

THE Indian poet appreciates solitude and every period of public activity in his life has been followed by a flight to some secluded spot. His favorite place of retirement is Ghazipur, famed for its lovely roses. Here, when a very young man, he built a bungalow and with his beloved wife and his manuscripts, with his faithful servant, Saravati, singing beside him in the wilderness, he wrote some of his finest works.

His early work—especially his verse—bears a very strong European influence, especially "The Broken Heart," a lyrical drama which he commenced in England; "The Genius of Valkiki," a musical drama, and "The Songs of Childhood."

TAGORE is young eyed, in spite of his years. He speaks in a gentle voice, and his eyes look at you very piercingly when he talks to you. Greatness emanates from his person.

His hobby is painting, and he gets an almost boyish pleasure from the success it has brought to him.

A Partner for MARY

Mary wasn't a success with men... Other girls had to find somebody to take her to a dance. But when it came to finding a partner for life, Mary surprised everybody!

SOMETIMES it's asking too much of human nature not to listen when you hear your name mentioned. Mary, who was hunting through a pile of old newspapers in the boot cupboard, in search of a recipe for sweet chutney, suddenly heard through the Jerry-built walls of Conisden, her sister-in-law's high-pitched voice saying, "Mary," then in the same breath "George Snowe," so, of course, the girl sat back on her heels and listened. Who wouldn't?

"Mary's the snag," Amabel was saying, and then as though suddenly inspired: "I've got it! I'll ask George Snowe to tote her along. He's a dear, that boy. He'd do anything for me." The entire length and breadth of Salsbury Plain was packed tight with dear who'd do anything for Amabel Lyett.

"Darling, what courage!" came Cecile Copplesone's voice. "Landing poor George with that heavy wrench."

"Well, we can't have her on our hands all through the dance, and Rupert won't like it if she's left sitting about catching flies and nothing else. No, George is what's needed. He's wonderfully conscientious. He'll see she dances every dance, I know."

Mary heard the receiver being lifted from the telephone. "Hello, Mr. Snowe, please... Hello, George, this is Amabel Lyett. Listen, dear, you know we've got Rupert's little sister staying with us? Why, of course, I was forgetting. Now, she's very childish and—er—unsophisticated, and I don't want her to get in with too many of the West Anglicans crowd to-night—

By a Girl of 17

Growing Up

It comes with subtle change, this growing up,
This turning from the sheltered ways of youth;
A broadening, a quickening of heart,
With weighings up of value and of truth;
A welcoming of knowledge and belief,
A tolerance of folly and desire,
An understanding and a sympathy
For those who have been blackened by life's fire.
A growth of strength to share with fellow men,
A sense of humor and a touch of pain;
A love of beauty and an ear for song,
An independence and a pride of gain;
A courage to determine friend from foe,
A clearer visioning of ill and good,
A sudden casting off, a growing up,
This miracle of reaching womanhood.

—EVONNE WEBB.

they'd be thoroughly above her weight. "I was wondering if you'd be a friend and take her under your wing?" My dear, she'd be thrilled to death. You're a sweet. Come and have dinner with us first. Good-bye."

"That's a nice boy, Cecile. Such a pity he's only got his pay."

"Hugeous luck! And I so adore his looks."

"It's not even as though he'd an old father who might leave him a bit; the old boy dropped years ago. However, I'm thankful Mary's settled. I think I shall forcibly powder her face evenly. Cecile, wouldn't you?"

"I certainly would. I suppose there's no chance of George cooking up an excuse between now and this evening?—after he's had time to ponder on who he's been landed with, don't you know?"

Complete Short Story by Nina Rexford

Illustrated by FISHER

And the conversation ended as it had begun: "My dear, don't worry. That boy would do anything for me."

Mary leaned her forehead against the carpet-sweeper and gave herself up to a minute of moist, aoul—shuddering despair. The cads, the beastly little female cads! She'd always thought the Copplesone girls that, for all their cleverly simulated charm and the way they bowed men over like so many ninepins. She, herself, might be a country bumpkin of the first water and dull at that, but she was at least honest. But honesty, what was that?—simply a complete lack of subtlety, as Cecile Copplesone was so fond of saying

"My dear, she has the figure and the mind of a dray horse—utterly without subtlety," she had remarked only last night of the wife of one of Rupert's messmates, and everyone round the table had laughed.

Mary went wearily up to her bedroom and took a disgusted look at the frock she was going to wear tonight. It was pale blue taffeta with little puff sleeves; simple and girlish, her mother had described it. Mary leaned forward and gazed at herself in the dressing-table glass. No, there was nothing actually wrong with her; she wasn't what the film censor calls a "physical enigma" by any means; it was just that she was so depressingly ordinary. She couldn't be made to look chic if all Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix were let loose on her. Or he'd have hatched up a better excuse than that.

"Oh, shattered, good gosh, no, of course not. Matter of fact, I don't know the chap, never ever seen him but—well—" George looked faintly uncomfortable.

Mary, still sitting on her heels, sighed. Poor George, he was very good-looking, but he hadn't many wits. Or he'd have hatched up a better excuse than that.

"But—nothing at all! I simply refuse to allow you to get moribund over a second cousin you've never even seen. You come along with us like a handsome soldier man and dance your troubles away. Now don't argue. Ring the bell, Mary, and we'll pour a cup of tea down his muscular throat before he rushes off."

Mary rang the bell and with a muddled excuse slipped out of the room. She leaned against the hall table and burst with shame; for herself, because George Snowe was trying to manoeuvre his way out of taking her to the dance; and for Amabel, because that thick-

It came, she supposed, from being reared in the country, and having no head for cocktails, no notion of smart talk, and knowing so few people. She simply couldn't cope with women like Amabel and Cecile and their friends and Rupert's brother officers.

Now George Snowe had been different. He had been kind and talked about things she understood, like sweet chutney and tithes and sheep-dog trials and what some old gaffer in his own village had said to him—in spite of his being a popular young man in a good regiment. That is why poor Mary Lyett had fallen in love with him.

That afternoon Mary was sitting on the drawing-room floor in an old skirt and an odious little wool jersey, combing Rupert's dog, when George Snowe hurried in.

George, who was very good-looking, wore the harried expression of a much-troubled man. He'd just dashed in, he began to say, when Amabel and Cecile, enchanting in rest gowns, flitted downstairs.

"Dinner, George dear, you were invited to, not tea. But if you'd really like..."

"I say, I'm most frightfully sorry, but I'm afraid I shall have to call off

skinned young woman wouldn't take no for an answer.

The Lyett maid passed her and opened the drawing-room door. Clear as a bell came Amabel's voice, with a little laugh running through it.

"In love with you, I'm afraid. If you're any sort of a gallant gentleman, George, you'll kiss her to-night, and give the infant one big moment to look back on."

Mary tore upstairs and banged the door of her room behind her.

"Hi!" said a familiar voice, as she turned to pick up her dressing case.

That same room, a few hours later, was the scene of a pitched battle between Mrs. Lyett and Miss Copplesone on one side, and Miss Lyett on the other.

Mary dissolved into humiliated tears and declared that nothing would induce her to go to the West Anglicans' dance. Amabel told her to blow her nose and for goodness' sake not to sit on the flowers. Mary sobbed that she didn't know how Amabel could have failed to see that George Snowe was snatching at any excuse to get out of going to-night. Cecile advised a cigarette and a couple of pads of cotton-wool soaked in eau-de-Cologne over Mary's eyes; that would get rid of the redness.

"I won't go!" wept Mary, burying her face in a cushion.

"Nonsense, dear, you'll go and enjoy yourself thoroughly," said Amabel, busily squirtting setting lotion over her sister-in-law's back hair. "And whatever you do, don't develop an inferiority complex. Nothing puts the men off more."

It was impossible to stand up against the Copplesone sisters. There was as much strength of purpose in their spare little bodies and sleek flaxen heads as in a whole regiment of men. Mary thought, "A couple of Becky Sharps if ever I saw any" great-aunt Ethelberta Lyett had once said. Great-aunt Ethelberta Lyett had been right.

Flatly though Mary refused to go to the dance, she found herself being dressed for it. Amabel

"I look like a large, shapeless mass," Mary said, with the calm of despair.

"Not at all, my lamb, we can't all be slim," Amabel investigated. "But, dear soul, that's not the place to wear a ass. No wonder you stand out in wedges. Now your hair, press it back behind your ears."

"But it makes me look so strange," lamented Mary.

"That's what you want—a little more strangeness," said Amabel. "Now shut your eyes, I'm going to spray."

Mary shut her eyes, and upon her curly, untidy country head descended the sophisticated shower of a French perfume.

By dinner time, of course, Mary's hair covered her ears again, her sash had "ridden up," and all strangeness had departed. She looked like a creature from another world than Amabel's and Cecile's. Cecile, in a frock like a silver fish covered with verdigris, was fascinating Captain Montague nearly off his chair, and Amabel, in a subtle creation of white satin with a circle of emeralds fastened low in her yellow knot of hair, was devoting her witchery evenly between George and Rupert—for in the everything she knew about men was most certainly included how to hold her husband.

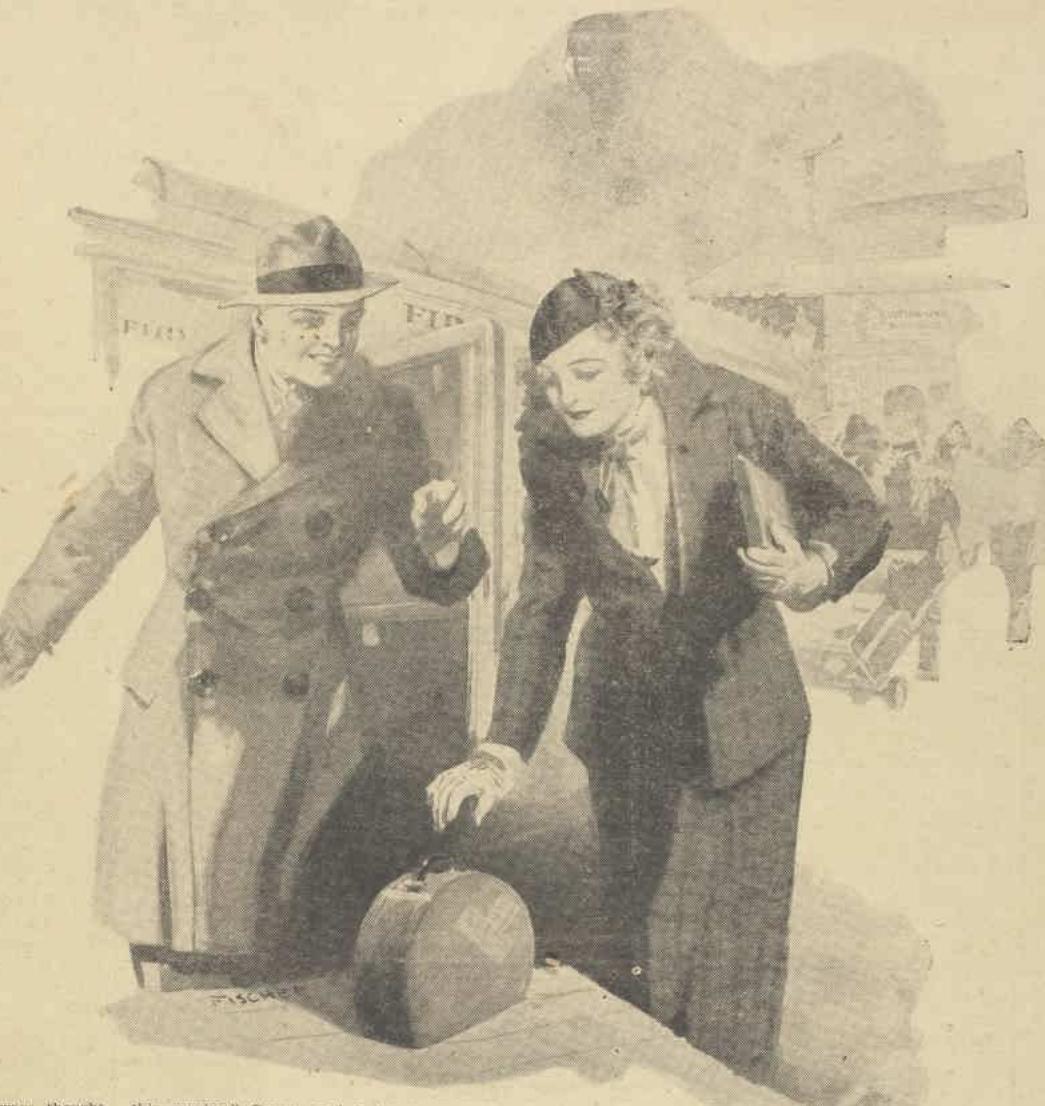
MARY looked like an onion dumpling compared with a couple of those biscuits Amabel was so fond of serving at her parties, heaped with exotic mounds of caviare.

She sat silent and depressed. Embarrassment had reared a barrier of awkwardness between George and herself. She could not even glance at him, without remembering Amabel's revelations to him, nor he at her, seemingly, without remembering them, too.

"He thinks I'm a country joke," she thought miserably. "He looked positively uncomfortable when we shook hands. I wish I were dead."

Captain Montague, a gunner with an appearance that matched his Lyett name, but belied his extreme good nature, drove all six of them to the dance in his big Daimler. He had money, hence Cecile's preoccupation with him. George had no money, hence Cecile's lack of preoccupation with him.

Please turn to Page 42





NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Family Life in the Backwoods of Georgia

The Pulitzer Prize, awarded annually for the best novel published by an American author, was given this year to Caroline Miller.

Her novel, "Lamb In His Bosom," is a moving story of a pioneer family in the backwoods of Georgia.

THERE is a starkness about the story that would repel were it not for the simple love and bravery of those it concerns.

Though far removed from civilisation as we know it the Carver family "faced up" to many situations that had their origin in primitive passions and instincts—situations that are not always conceded such primary causes in places where human beings are packed close together in little houses.

The story opens with the wedding of Ceann, and her departure from the home that shelters her mother and father and her three brothers.

To Ceann the future holds only hopes of happiness.

"Now she was a woman, and would churn her own butter, mould her own milk crocks and set them in the sun to make them smell sweet and clean; now she would own and tend her little patch of herbs and melons, drop corn behind her own man, and watch it grow, and hoe the grass out from around the sharp, clean blades cutting through the earth. She would have her own corn, her own man, and her own way of living from now on."

She thinks of these things as she sits beside her husband in the wooden-wheeled cart that is bearing them to

R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART'S "Retreat from Glory," which Putnam's published recently, will help readers in this country to form their own views on the question of the Hapsburg restoration. During the nine years that Mr. Lockhart spent in Central Europe after Versailles, he had unusual opportunities of getting first-hand information from the leading politicians and business men of the countries of the Little Entente, as well as of Austria and Hungary.

about in the drinking saloons on the coast.

Las grows tired of Margot, and turns to Bliss, scarce more than a child, and daughter of a neighboring farmer. Bliss becomes a mother, and Pa Carver, broken-hearted at the wrong his son has done his neighbor and those who loved him, takes the child into his home the night it is born. The ailing child is given to Margot to tend, and though this tangible evidence of her husband's infidelity is a sting to her pride and her love for him, she cares for it with all the tenderness of a mother.

BUT the book is not filled with sadness. It breathes of courage, resource, of industry, and a faith that characterised the early settlers of America. There is adventure, too, and many thrilling moments.

There is much else that could be related of the Carver family and their neighbors, but unwrapped of the vivid and picturesque language in which Mrs. Miller clothes the story it would lose its charm.

Mrs. Miller knows the world of which she writes, and her story must be read to gain the full appreciation it deserves. (Published in Australia by Angus & Robertson 6/-.)

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women who would be lovely. Palmolive is a scientific blend of Olive and Palm Oils. Olive Oil, of course, is of supreme importance. It is the gentlest and most effective cleansing agent known; and, as it cleanses, Olive Oil soothes and beautifies.

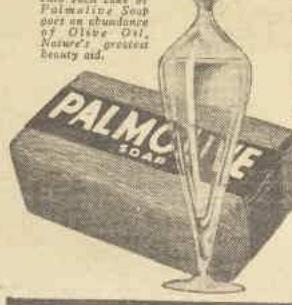
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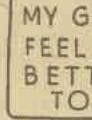
HORN HOLBROOK says: I lopid, I stir, and I knew the shades of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appliance. ***

REASONS DIFFER but



IT CERTAINLY HAS IMPROVED MY TEETH—

the CHOICE



MY GUMS FEEL BETTER TOO



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MY ANTIQUITIES... Mean a Lot To Me

Many Centenaries from Now, Discoverers
Will Hail Lower's Museum

I have always had a penchant for collecting things. I think I have one of the largest collections of defunct lottery tickets in the country.

Before I was married, I used to collect socks with holes in them. The prize piece of my collection was a pair that had practically no feet in them. For some unknown reason, my wife threw these away later on.

As a matter of fact, she ruined my collection so I gave it away and started collecting antique gas rings.

THERE is a thrill in collecting gas-rings which one never gets from stamps or old china.

You might be browsing around in an antique shop when suddenly a Louis XV gas-ring strikes your eye. A faint shiver of delight escapes you, and the shopkeeper looks up suspiciously.

"What an excellent porridge-bowl!" you exclaim, just to put him off the scent.

"An extremely rare and valuable specimen of the porridge-bowl maker's art," replies the shopkeeper, who, up till then, was unaware that he had a porridge-bowl in the shop. Deliberately ignoring the gas-ring, you continue to talk about the porridge-bowl, and eventually buy it.

Then, as you're turning to go, you say, "Oh, by the way, could you direct me to a hardware shop where I could buy a cheap gas-ring?"

He gives a wild look around the junk in the shop and says, "I've got a gas-ring here, if you'd like it."

You pick up the gas-ring rather contemptuously and say, "It doesn't look as if it would work."

He says that if it doesn't work you can bring it back and you can have it for one and six. Not too eagerly, you suggest a shilling, and compromise on one and threepence and walk out with the gas-ring. Oh, boy! How will it look in its little plush-lined case amongst all the other gas-rings!

By L. W.

LOWER

Australia's
Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated
by WEP



Wep's impression of Lower's collections.

I suppose you bought it at the sale last month?"

"What sale?"
"Haven't you heard? They sold eighteen thousand of those by auction last September. Averaged about eightpence each." He then drifts off.

About a fortnight after that you hire an old lady to go to the shop and say that Willie has broken the only gas-ring in the house, and could the shopkeeper let her have a second-hand one, cheap.

He falls for it. The gas-ring is yours!

AS for Old Masters! Upon the walls of my den hang genuine Carrots, Remnants, and one or

two exquisite pictures of the "Stag at Bay" by an anomalous artist. I also have one or two original Wep's. The beauty of Wep's drawing is that even if you hang them up sideways they still look the same.

It is my intention to go in for rent-collecting in the near future, as, from personal experience, I know that rents are getting scarcer and scarcer. I also have the nucleus of a collection of antique gas-bills and final notices. What I want to collect most of all is receipts. I am afraid that it is impossible. It is a hobby which only the wealthy may pursue.

Ah, well! If the worst happens, I can always collect empty bottles.

INITIAL BIDS that Suggest a SLAM

CONTRACT BRIDGE: By ELY CULBERTSON

On account of the enormous bonuses which are scored for slams, it is desirable for a partnership to exchange all the inferences possible so that they will be able to make the most of their opportunities when they hold a hand in the slam zone.

SLAMS cannot be successfully attempted unless two players hold about 7½ honor-tricks between them. With no more than 1 honor-trick missing, at least a small slam may be made, but with two honor-tricks missing, it is usually very dangerous to contract for 12 tricks.

There are two kinds of slam inferences—indirect and direct. The indirect slam inferences, or mild slam tries as they are sometimes called, consist of opening two-bids, positive responses to opening two-bids, forcing takeouts, and forcing rebids; immediate raises to game in a major suit by the responding hand, and bids of three no-trump over an opening one-bid in a suit.

In most of these cases the partner of the player who has made the strong bid is the one most responsible for the reaching of a slam. If a player opens the bidding with one spade, and his partner responds with three hearts, and the opening bidder holds a hand such as the following:

S-A K 6 4 3 H-A 9 4 2 D-A 5 3 C-4.

he should immediately see that nothing less than a slam will satisfy the partnership. His partner is promising about 3½ honor-tricks, which, together with his four, make a total of 7½.

Furthermore, the fit of the two hands has been discovered and partner's probable holding in hearts is something like K Q J four or five times. Since this is only a trick and a half, it follows that partner's other two tricks will account for the diamond and club losers. It is now up to this player to take the action necessary for a slam.

Direct slam inferences consist of "free" bids higher than game, overcalls in the opponents' bid suit by the side which has opened the bidding, and, last but not least, the four-five no-trump convention. The latter will be taken up in the next lesson.

Free bids beyond game must obviously be construed as slam tries, because of the fact that the bidder had the option of allowing the hand to play at game only.

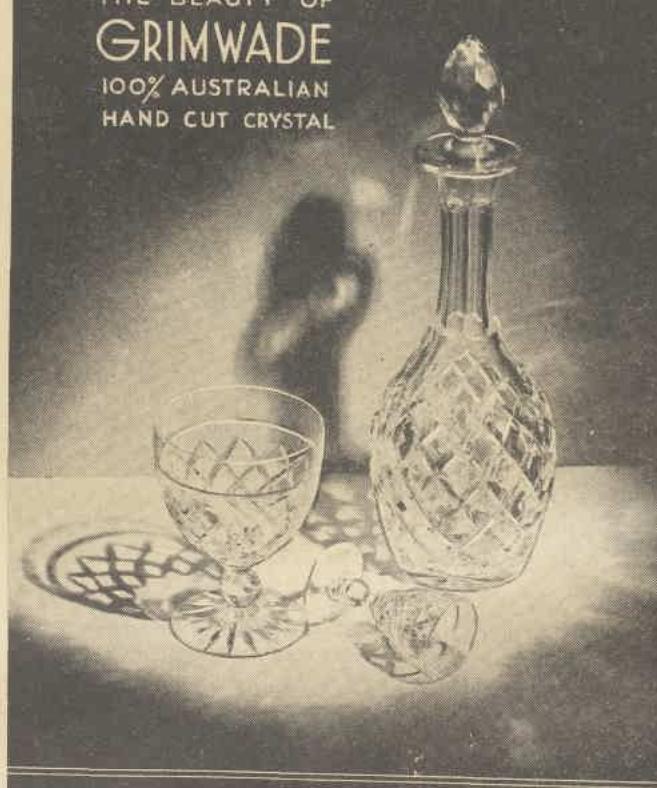
North
West East
South

S-A K 10 7 6
H-Q J 2
D-7 3
C-K Q 8

Let us say that south opens the bidding with a spade, and west bids two diamonds. North makes a forcing takeout of three hearts, being content to reserve his other possible bids until later. South bids three spades, deciding to show his reliable suit rather than his support for hearts. North now bids four diamonds—definite slam invitation bid showing support for spades and no losing tricks in diamonds. Over the four-diamond bid, south must now take some strong action, as he holds 3½ honor-tricks, and has so far bid nothing but minimums. He bids five hearts, and north, now satisfied that his partner must hold something in clubs, bids six hearts. It is apparent that this contract can be made easily.

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MARRIAGE... and the Family in AUSTRALIA

Changes in Birth and Death Rates That Figures Show

Figures just released by the Government Statistician show that the recent increase in the population of Australia (.79 per cent. per annum) was due almost entirely to excess of births over deaths.

A comparison of the latest figures with the earliest available—those of 1861—reveals interesting facts about the growth and development of Australia in the last 70 years.

NATURE always keeps the proportion of male births higher than that of female births, probably owing to the greater physical dangers which beset men. Even so, in England thousands of "superfluous" women are present owing chiefly to the Great War.

But in Australia we still have more males than females. This to the extent of approximately 106 males to 100 females. Victoria is the only State where females are in greater numbers than males (masculinity 98.70). In the Northern Territory, masculinity is 231.90.

This being so, marriage should be open to everyone in Australia. Yet the figures of the earliest census, and of the latest available, those of 1881 and 1921, prove that a large proportion of the population never marries.

The marriage rate has been almost stable since 1861, being nearly always in the region of 7 per 1000 per year, except that in the depression years it suddenly dropped from 7.43 in 1929 to 6.69 in 1930, 5.56 in 1931 (the lowest figure) and 6.63 in 1932. As the figure has risen in 1933 to 7.03, the depression would seem to be over.

According to the census of 1921, the last for which the figures are available, very young husbands have wives several years older than themselves. Boys of fifteen, for instance, marry usually women of twenty. Between the years of twenty-one and twenty-four the ages of bride and bridegroom coincide. After that, brides are, on the average, younger than their husbands.

Drop in Birth-Rate

ALTHOUGH the death-rate has declined from 12.22 per 1000 in 1901 to 8.92 in 1933, and infant mortality figures have decreased from 103.61 in 1901 to 39.49 in 1923, the rate of natural increase has also dropped. It is considered that it will cease altogether, and the population become stable, when Australia has reached a population of about 8,500,000, if things go on as they are now.

This is because of a steady decline in the birth-rate. During the years 1861-1865, the birth-rate for the Commonwealth was 42.39 per 1000. In 1923, the rate was 16.78 per 1000 for N.S.W. and approximately the same for the other States.

The decline of the birth rate has taken place with mothers of all ages, according to statistics. But the decline is much more rapid for the older mothers. In the age group of mothers of 15 to 19 years, eight times as many children are born nowadays as to mothers of the 40 to 44 age group. Not eight times as many in an absolute sense, but in comparison with the early years.

Most children to-day are born to mothers of twenty-four. The most usual age to become a father is thirty-two.

Mothers Aged Twelve

IN 1932 the youngest mothers were two girls of twelve, and the oldest mother was fifty-three. The youngest father was fifteen, and the oldest father eighty.

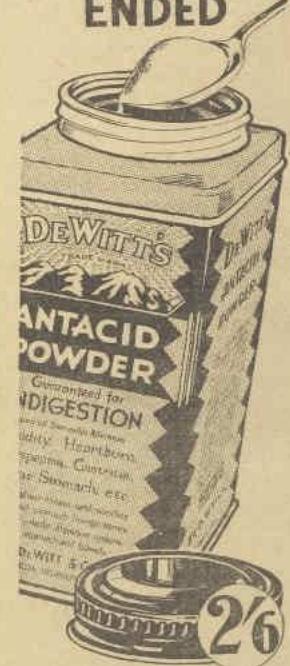
In other parts of the world it is well known that the poorer classes are mainly responsible for keeping the birth-rate as high as it is. The wealthy and well-to-do parents, whom eugenics would like to see having comparatively large families, multiplying very slowly.

There are no such figures available for Australia. But taking the births per year of a number of the poorer suburbs of Sydney and similar figures for well-to-do suburbs the same result is obtained as abroad. In the poorer suburbs there are 26 births per 1000 of the population per year, and in the richer ones 11 births only per 1000 per year.

It follows that the practice of birth-control is not due wholly or perhaps mainly to economic reasons, as might be supposed. For those whose economic status is comparatively good have the smallest families, and birth-control has never been as expensive as having children.

The choice must therefore be largely intellectual, apparently. It must be remembered, too, that skilled workers and professional men must study for years, and are not in a position to marry until comparatively old, whereas unskilled workers receive their full training early in life and usually marry much earlier.

NOW INDIGESTION WILL SOON BE ENDED



Indigestion in its early stages shows its presence by attacks of heartburn, wind, belching, palpitation or griping. Later come the more serious agencies of dyspepsia, gastritis, colitis and ulcerated stomach, duodenum or bowel.

The stomach has been wonderfully protected by Nature to withstand abuse, but there comes a time when neglect of small disorders upsets the whole digestive system. The acids of the stomach actually attack the fabric of the walls, and vomiting, continual thirst and severe pain indicate that ulceration of the stomach has set in.

Serious though these complications are, Nature will heal the ulcers if she is given help. De Witt's Antacid Powder is especially prepared to help in this healing work.

Firstly, it neutralises the excess acid which the stomach continually produces, and allays the irritation.

Secondly, the ulcers are coated with a film of colloidal-kaolin. So finely powdered is this kaolin, it is easily spread over the entire surface of the stomach, protecting the inflamed lining from the hot, burning acids.

Thirdly, it actually digests portions of your food, thereby still further taking the load off the weakened stomach, and finally, the ingredients in De Witt's Antacid Powder build up an alkaline reserve in the body, that, with ordinary care, there will be no recurrence of your trouble.

DeWITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Recommended for

INDIGESTION	FLATULENCE
ACID STOMACH	HEARTBURN
GRIPING PAINS	GASTRITIS
PALPITATION	DYSPEPSIA
ULCERATED STOMACH	

Be sure you get the genuine De Witt's Antacid Powder, in sky-blue canisters. Take it regularly, as directed, and you will get rid of your digestive troubles for good. If you wish to have a free supply, fill in the coupon now.

FREE GIFT COUPON

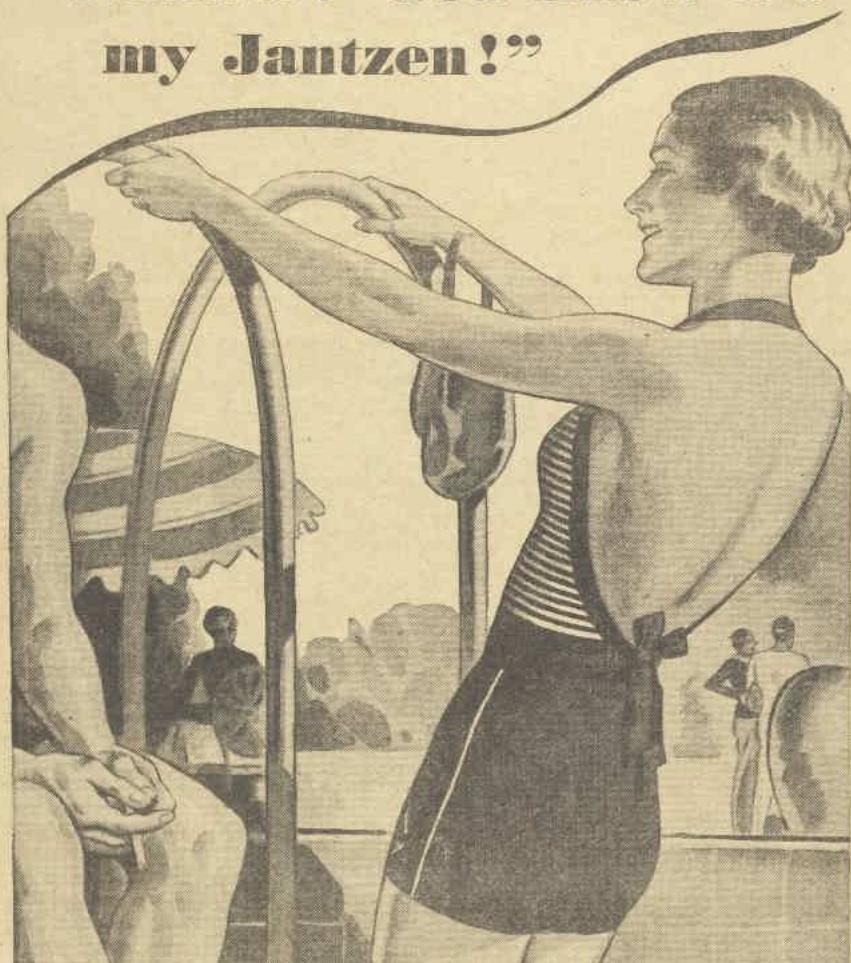
To E. C. De Witt & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.
(Dept. R21), P.O. Box 26,
MELBOURNE.

Please send me, free and postage paid, a sample of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

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Address _____

"Flatterer! You know it's my Jantzen!"



THIS girl frankly gives credit where credit is due. She knows that Jantzen's wonderful Moulded-Fit improves the figure—she knows their lovely designs are fashioned to flatter all types. She is as wise in her selection of a swim suit as she is with her clothes... she buys Jantzen and upholds her reputation for smartness and good taste.

The Basque Kerchief, pictured above—with its chic little shorts and a separate top which can be worn with slacks or beach skirt if desired—is only one of the many delightful new designs. Another model sure to be admired is the Criss Cross with its charming back design piped in white.

The Cordaire, too, presents a completely new idea: its skirt is detachable, leaving a slim one-piece suit—free for swimming, less bulky when worn under slacks and shorts. Be sure to see these and the other Jantzen and the lovely new colors. Remember Jantzen prices are surprisingly low!

Jantzen
The World's Favourite
Swimming Suit.
Made in Australia

ON THE BEACH YOUR ONE GARMENT MUST BE PERFECT, SO GET A JANTZEN

HOT HOLBROOK says: My Amberry Paste is made from Italian Gorgona Anchovies. It makes many sandwiches and savories. *Yours truly,*

∴ Australia and the Centenary! ∴



THE SPIRIT OF THE CENTENARY is represented in this beautiful composite photo of Australia personified standing on the banks of the Yarra. In the distance you see modern Melbourne which has grown, in a hundred years, from a village to the second biggest city in Australia. Mrs. Guy Bakewell is shown in this photo in the costume of "Australia," which she will wear at the International Pageant, one of the big functions of the Melbourne Centenary.



AMERICA'S POPULAR PRESIDENT acts as host at an old-fashioned picnic in New York. The President, and Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. James Roosevelt, the President's mother, entertained neighbors and friends at their Val Kil cottage, on Labor Day, with an old-fashioned picnic. The President read to his guests, after refreshments had been served. Hot dogs, corn on the cob, pie, and such viands were on the menu.



THIS LITTLE GIRL is enjoying a ride on a 192-pound marlin swordfish caught from a speedboat at Catalina Island. Betty is told to hold on and "watch out for the curve." The marlin is known as the galloping bronco of the deep, and is considered a prize of the sea.



THE WAY they stage a Labor Day march in America. The photo is from Washington where, despite the drizzling rain, members of Washington Labor Unions held their annual Labor Day march on historic Pennsylvania Avenue. The Painters' Union is seen marching past in its attractive white uniforms.



AN INTERESTING centenary picture from Tolpuddle, Dorset, England, where a Trade Union Congress has been celebrating the centenary of the Tolpuddle martyrs, the first men to try to form a union. They were deported to Australia in 1834.



THE LATEST American suunt, Mr. Navarrete, a radio announcer at Mexico City, goes on with his work in spite of the fact that he has not eaten for four days. He is one of the number of singers, artists, and workers at the station who are on a hunger strike to get payment of four months' salary owed.



WORLD'S CHAMPION MILKMAID, Lorraine Jennings, of America. She established a new world's record for milking at the Will County Fair. She milked 22.1 pounds of milk in three minutes, to break the previous record of 21.5 pounds.



BRENDA FRAZIER, of New York, 13-year-old heiress to an eight million dollar fortune. She gets only two dollars a week pocket money.



THE MAYOR OF CHICAGO delivering pay checks to the first man and the first woman teacher to receive checks in the long-deferred payment of Chicago teachers when a payroll of 26,300,000 dollars was delivered to 18,000 teachers. They had been seven months without pay.

THE HUB'S BUSINESS BOOSTING BARGAIN SALE

Cruise Frocks

1.—Cruise Frock in Bleach Spun Silk. Well-cut skirt, with pleats at foot. Two pockets, nautical collar and trimmings. S.S.W., and S.W. fittings.
Usually 29/11. **19/11**
HUB PRICE



Moroc. Frocks

2 and 3.—Two styles illustrated are of Crepe Moroc, both showing a fitting skirt, slightly cut. Both have a sash tie and unmentionable neck treatments. There are at least ten other equally smart styles in spot or floral effects. Light and dark grounds. S.S.W., and S.W.
Usually 15/11.
HUB PRICE **9/11**

Morocain Frock

A dressy Frock suitable for all occasions, in fancy patterned Morocain. Snug-fitting at waist and hips, with pleats in skirt. Unmentionable vestee of white and bow at neck. Cowl sleeve. Also similar type in long sleeve. S.S.W. and S.W.
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DELYSIA at the NEW TIVOLI

Brings the West End of London to Sydney!

By ALICE JACKSON

That Mr. Thring was to be warmly congratulated on a successful attempt to bring the West End of London to Sydney was the highlight of a happy little speech made by Mr. Frank Harvey at the close of the premiere of "Mother of Pearl" at the New Tivoli.

Enthusiastic applause signified the audience's complete agreement, for not the oldest first-nighter in the packed house could recall a more rapturous success than that achieved by Alice Delysia in this highly-diverting play.

To the West End of London go the world's best actresses. Yet it is scarcely adequate to say that there are no better living actresses than Delysia, for she is unique. There can be no other Delysia, just as there cannot be another Pavani, nor another Mehta. She is—Delysia: an artistic phenomenon and to the mind and eye a sheer delight. To compare her, "for better or worse," to any other actress is merely absurd.

Her superb vitality is incredible. You seek for a word to describe her. Vivacity, charm—these are far too tired to convey her quicksilver quality. She is all fire and wit. Electricity made flesh. You may as well give up the effort to imprison her secret in a compartment of words.

Translated and adapted by the famous "Punch" humorist, A. P. Herbert, and with music by Oscar Strauss, "Mother of Pearl" scintillates with wit. The mother of Pearl is a famous actress, Pavani, whom circumstances have forced to part with her baby daughter, Pearl, so called we suspect, because the name lends itself to the making of a very neat title! However, the story does not matter and the quasi-tragic cast it takes when Pavani renounces her prospective young lover is merely one more loose screw in its generally creaky plot.

What does matter is that the part of Pavani fits Delysia to perfection. From the moment she comes on the stage she is Pavani and we, by some happy accident of fate, are privileged

charmingly in keeping with "West End o' London" tone of the whole performance.

Specify
NATURALINE
the safe tint,
at your

Hairdressers

Use the safe tint always—specify Naturaline for beauty salon treatment.

Naturaline is beneficial to the hair and will even restore the natural brilliance and healthy growth to hair that has been injured by bleaching agents or other time.

Naturaline is harmless—it can even be applied over an open wound with no ill effect!

Used by all good Hairdressers or obtainable from all Chemists in all shades in 3/6 or 6/-, or direct from

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349 Little Collins Street,
MELBOURNE, C.L.



Here is the reason ...

why some talcs
cost less than
Johnson's
Baby Powder



Johnson's Baby Powder is absolutely pure. Many lower-priced talcs frequently contain ingredients that can be definitely harmful to a baby's tender skin. Earth and clay fillers, improperly ground substances, that clog the skin pores and so may lead to serious skin eruptions.

Your doctor and nurse will tell you how important it is to use a superlatively soft and pure powder for baby's comfort and protection. They will tell you that the care of a baby's skin will reflect itself in after years in a flawless skin.

Johnson's Baby Powder is made from the finest ingredients only, and being absolutely pure, it gives the perfect protection so necessary to baby's health and comfort.

And so, the wise mother always insists on this softest and finest of all baby powders, and one recommended by doctors and nurses throughout the world.

**Johnson's
baby powder**

"Best for Baby—Best for You"

* A product of Johnson and Johnson—world's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modess, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, etc.

D9-24

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER



"Honest, guv'nor, it weren't th' swag I was after, I does this more for th' fun of th' thing!"

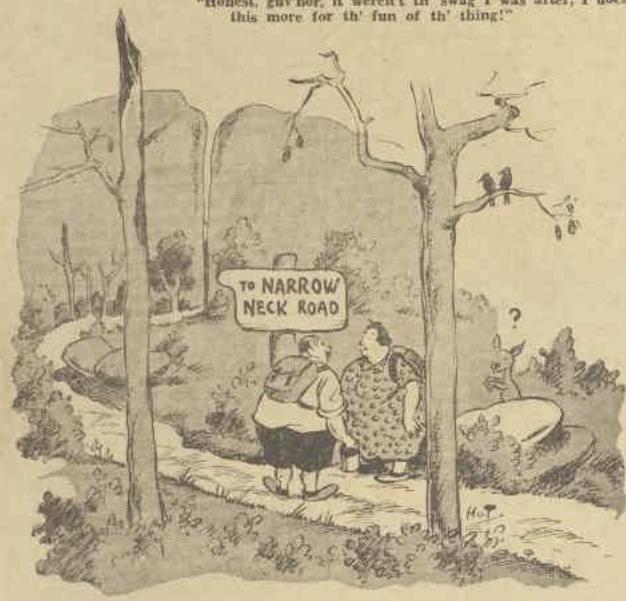
"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"What's your last wish?"
"A plate of strawberries and cream."
"But they're out of season!"
"Well, I can wait."



"When do you commence the financial year?"
"Goodness knows, I can't see the end of the unfinancial ones yet!"



"Mummy, do all stories begin with 'Once upon a time'?"
"No, dear, some of them begin, 'I'll be detained at the office.'"



"Why did I get rid of all my change?"

Ease Pain Now In Few Minutes



A Discovery That's Bringing Fast Relief To Millions

Now comes amazingly quick relief from headaches, rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia . . . the fastest, safe relief, it is said yet discovered.

These results are due to a scientific discovery by which a Bayer Aspirin Tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass, here, tells the story. A Bayer Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. And thus is ready to go to work almost immediately.

When you buy, though, see that you get the genuine BAYER Aspirin. For BAYER Aspirin's quick relief always say "Bayer" and insist because "Bayer" means "Better."



Does Not Harm the Heart

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

THE teacher was giving the class a lesson on natural history. "Now, Jimmy," she said to one boy, "can you tell me what bats do in winter?"

"Yes," said Jimmy promptly, "if you don't oil 'em they split."

WILLIAMS: I wish I was dead!
Friend: Can't you marry her—or did you?

GUSHING GUEST: You really ought to have your voice trained.
The "Voice's" Mother (coldly): It has been.

AGITATED JONES (to footpad): Now, look here! I've got the influenza, and if you follow me another step I'll jolly well turn round and breathe all over you.

APPLICANT: If I take this post I get a rise every year.
Chief: Yes, provided your work is satisfactory.
Applicant: Um, I knew there would be a snag somewhere.

MANAGER (angrily): You were inexplicably rude to that lady just going out.

Salesman: Oh, that's all right. She's my wife!

TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBER: Hello! Information Bureau? Can you tell me the name of someone who will lend me five pounds, please?

A LITTLE boy asked what a "brick bed" was.

When told it was for carrying bricks, he asked: "Is a tripod for carrying tripe?"



ROBUST

because she eats with relish

Pale sickly children whose tongues are always coated and who are never really happy are suffering from stasis. That means a sluggish colon, one that is clogged with waste. Such children need a little pure Syrup of Figs. You'll see a change in twenty-four hours. In a couple of weeks your child will have the appetite of a healthy young animal.

Why Mothers are
returning to a
LIQUID LAXATIVE

Pills and tablets may be suitable for robust adults but they are capable of seriously disturbing the bowel action of a child. For children, hospitals and doctors insist on a liquid laxative. A properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement because the dose can be regulated to a drop. Consequently it does not weaken a child's bowels, nor form a laxative habit.

"California Syrup of Figs" is perfectly safe for any young system. Fruity and delicious, a natural laxative flavoured with cassia, cloves and mint—no wonder the taste is delicious and the effect so wholesome.

IMPORTANT. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig."

CORNWELL'S
PURE
MALT
VINEGAR
bought everywhere
by everybody

QUEEN TITANIA Holds Court for MORTALS

A most illustrious personage has taken up her residence in Sydney—Her Iridescence, Queen Titania, and all her liege subjects, young and old, are hastening to pay homage to her.

QUEEN TITANIA happily chose a mortal to construct her Royal residence. The honor of being architect-in-chief fell to Sir Neville Wilkinson, and very worthily has this great man fulfilled the trust reposed in him.

Many years ago Sir Neville, who is a famous painter, was working at his easel, drawing the trunk of an old sycamore tree, when his little daughter declared that she saw a fairy disappear among the moss which covered the twisted roots. So she introduced her father to the little people who take shelter from human eyes during the daylight but come out when the moon is up and dance in the fairy rings which are left plainly outlined on the lawn.

Thus was he given the freedom of the realm of fairland, and ultimately chosen by Titania to build a palace in which should be stored the treasures of fairland collected during many years and hidden from the eyes of mortals.

In return for this the Queen commanded that all mortals who visited the palace should help little ones who were crippled, neglected or otherwise handicapped.

So Sir Neville's mind became filled with the idea of constructing Titania's palace, and at length he gave way to the airy nothings of his imagination and his dream this stately habitation wherein Queen Titania now holds her Court.

Each room—filled with treasures, exquisite miniature goblets, paintings, chairs, tables, jewels—and with each object is associated some treasure of fairy lore which greatly heightens its appeal, making the whole palace a treasure trove of immeasurable riches for young and old.

All who visit it may garner freely from its inexhaustible store of riches—and yet it remains intact, which is one of the miracles of fairland.

Already it has been the means of raising £40,000 for handicapped children. It is now on view at David Jones', and proceeds of its exhibition are being devoted to the Crippled Children's Society of N.S.W.

MUSIC Of The Week

NEW MUSIC RARE

ALTHOUGH he has brought home a great deal of new music for the A.B.C. Chorus, Mr. Joseph Post, chorus master, who has returned to Sydney after 12 months' holiday abroad, says that even on the Continent and in England there is comparatively little new music in either broadcasting programmes or recitals. Any programme one might pick up would probably contain, on the whole, compositions one has grown up with in Sydney since a child. And although the British Broadcasting musical programmes are certainly better than the A.B.C. ones, in that they contain a greater number of more talented artists, the arrangement and type of material given are similar to A.B.C. methods.

Mr. Post was very struck by the opera-mindedness of everyone abroad, and thinks the English company brought to Australia by Sir Benjamin Fuller, is a real landmark in Australian musical history. At the Old Vic in London he himself was amazed at the difference it made to be able to understand the words that were being sung. In the old operas, which took about ten minutes to say "I am going down the street," it may perhaps not matter much what language is used, but modern operas lose a great deal when they cannot be followed except in their main lines. After the English opera season here Mr. Post expects Australians to visit the opera for pleasure, not, as in many cases, from their sense of duty alone.

Irish Opera On the Air

IT is not so much the story of Shamus, outlawed after the Irish rebellion of 1798, as the rare charm and masterly orchestration of Sir Charles Standford, that makes the opera "Shamus O'Brien" acceptable to music-lovers. After an interval of nearly three years, this work is to be revived in the national radio programme from Melbourne on Wednesday, October 24.

"England Expects . . ."

WITH the greatest of naval battles as a theme, the pageant play "Trafalgar Day" should hold the attention of listeners to the Broadcasting Commission's national programme on Sunday, October 21, the 129th anniversary of Nelson's victory. A feature to be stressed in this reconstruction is the enemy fleet's inability to manoeuvre, although having the friendly port of Cadiz on its lee.

Coming Recitals

THE Sydney centre of the British and International Music Society will hold a concert of British and Continental works at the Forum Club on Monday, October 22.

Miss Inez Lang will give a violin recital at the Conservatorium on November 1, with full symphony orchestra, under the conductorship of Florent Hoogstael.

On October 23 Marie Barratt, soprano, from the studio of Miss Cecily Adkins, will give a vocal recital at the Conservatorium small hall. Kathleen Tuohy, cellist, and Muriel Edwall, accompanist, will be assisting artists.

As the Town Hall is too small, one of the picture theatres will be taken when Dr. Bainton and the Conservatorium orchestra visit Newcastle on October 24, to give the first recital of the Sydney Conservatorium orchestra, there for many years past. The programme will include community singing for the children in the audience. A popular programme, including Wagner, Tchaikowsky, and Beethoven, will be given on October 25 at the Town Hall, when Dr. Bainton will conduct the New South Wales Symphony Orchestra, comprised of both the Conservatorium and the A.B.C. artists.

For Dogs and Cats
For Poultry and Cage Birds

PULVEX KILLS FLEAS and LICE.

Pulvex Powder kills (not merely stupefies) parasites. It is obnoxious to them and keeps others away. Dust your pets with **Pulvex** once a week for a pest-free summer. It is harmless, even if swallowed—odourless—non-irritating.

Obtainable from good dealers everywhere, in tins at 1/3; double size, 2/-.

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PULVEX
KILLS FLEAS OFF...KEEPS THEM OFF



The Countess of Warwick

keeps the transparent loveliness of her fine-textured skin with Pond's Two-Skin Care: Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

and coarseness result. Pond's Vanishing Cream contains a wonderful substance which checks this loss of moisture—actually restores it—re-moves roughness, chapping, instantly.

Try it as a powder base. You will be amazed at the length of time your make-up stays on.

Try this Famous Two-Skin Treatment
1. Every night cleanse and firm your Under Skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off—repeat, patting vigorously.

2. Smooth your Outer Skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave it on all night. Roughnesses vanish by morning.

3. Every morning, and during the day as needed, another Cold Cream cleansing. Then Pond's Vanishing Cream. How clear, natural your make-up looks.

Begin this simple Two-Skin Treatment at once. See how soft and smooth Pond's Two Creams will make your skin. How fine textured and radiant.

New Larger Jars 2/6 Tubes 1/-



TRIAL OFFER: Mail this coupon to-day with 4d. in penny stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) Light Brunette Rose Cream (Natural) Naturelle (Light Natural) Rose

W. J. BUSH & CO. LTD., Dept. XMS, Box 11311, G.P.O., Melbourne, Vic.

Name _____

Address _____



At its peak, the inner and the outer skins of the apple are both firm and smooth—firmless!

Just past its prime, the inner tissue has softened and shrunk away from the outer skin, which loosens. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too.

Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

SUNLIGHT AND HEALTH

THE importance of sunlight to health is fairly generally realised. But possibly some people are still ignorant of the fact that the sun may be a dangerous foe as well as ally.

It is significant of the need for caution in the matter that leading doctors counsel moderation. The fatigue and exhaustion caused by over-exposure to light rays are, it must be supposed, common enough experiences. But there are risks of more permanent injury to health. Among them the danger of early degeneration of the skin, causing susceptibility to growths which later may assume a malignant form.

£1 for this letter to Sister D. R. Stewart, Bolong, Nowra, N.S.W.

GIRL GARDENERS

WHY is it that prospective employers are so reluctant to employ girls as gardeners?

Many girls I know have had a thorough training in the tending of gardens and their layout, but are finding it distressingly difficult to procure positions. There is no doubt as to their capabilities. They are proficient in all branches and having far more artistic ability than the average man, are able to plan the layout with much better effect and harmony of color.

One realises it has always been regarded as a man's profession and women regarded as interlopers. However, in this work the women are paid the same wages as men, so that it could not be said the lower wages enticed the employer to select the lower-salaried applicant. Why not give these girls an opportunity of proving their worth instead of brushing them aside when they approach you offering their services?

Oiga MacSkimming, 472 Elizabeth St., Melbourne, Cl.

DANGEROUS SWIMMING

BATHS

YOU have often stressed in this paper the value of swimming as a healthy exercise. Now is an appropriate time to reiterate the fact and call attention to a matter of public importance in connection with it.

At the hot period of the year—and particularly if there is a heat wave—our swimming baths are crowded, and many doctors have given it as their opinion that water which is infrequently changed or insufficiently treated may become dangerous. Cases have been known where an inexperienced swimmer has "swallowed a mouthful" with harmful results, and a scratch or skin abrasion has allowed germs from unclean water to enter the bloodstream and cause much unpleasantness.

Local authorities everywhere should give this matter their attention, and take precautions against such risks. Many of them have already done so, and most of the swimming baths are fitted with a special plant to keep the water free from infection. Much more, however, remains to be done, and the Department of Health should give a lead in this direction by making enquiries and insisting on satisfactory measures being taken.

Of course those who have the sea at their back do not need to worry.

Mrs. G. D. Dumas, 143 Payneham Rd., St. Peters, S.A.

MAN-BUILT HOUSES

I AM convinced that the ideal house, from the women's point of view, will never be erected until women not only design the houses themselves, but actually build them.

The stock pattern, evidently followed more or less blindly by male builders, might be easily bettered by the average woman. Or if women do not actually build houses they should exert pressure upon architects, and take upon themselves the by no means easy task of seeing that their architects' plans are carried out in practice.

By this means in time they will achieve their aim.

Mrs. L. E. Gillespie, Underbank, Dungog, N.S.W.

Office Training is an Asset to Farmers' Wives

IT'S a congenial, healthy life, provided the farmer is a man and not a slave driver, so why should not an office girl make him a good wife?

As one of many office girls married to farmers' sons in an agricultural district, I can vouch for the happiness and contentment an office-girl wife creates for her husband. She relieves him of the tedious task of following the market reports, keeping accounts and records of sales and purchases, helping him to make a success of his venture and, last but not least, making up those "farmers'" income tax returns.

Mrs. W. P. Wood, Forest Hill, Qld.

Important!

TO give the best service to readers, The Australian Women's Weekly wishes to grade the popularity of its features according to readers' votes. For this purpose a coupon is provided on Page 43, and for the present no entry to the "So They Say" page or any other prize feature will be considered valid unless this is filled in and attached.

Husband Is Deciding Factor

RE Mrs. Gaoch's letter concerning "City Girls Unite" (29/9/34), I think that there are plenty of city girls who could go into the country and be wonderful helpmates. Provided a girl has the right husband, she can suit herself to circumstances no matter where it be.

Mrs. Sparkes, Thorold St., Wooloowin, Brisbane.

"Girls Will Be Girls!"

I CONSIDER it a matter of taste as well as ability, I, myself, am a business girl and love being in the city, whereas I am sure I would be bored to tears in the country. On the other hand, my sister loves the country, although she has lived in the city all her life.

I wish people would stop criticising us modern girls and remember times have changed only on the surface. We have still got the same feelings and natures.

Mrs. L. D. Palmer, 126 Cochrane St., Elsternwick, Vic.

City Girl Was Very Able

MY mother at the age of 17 married my father, who was 21, and went from a comfortable home in the city to a four-roomed slab house in the country. Nine young Australians (now all grown up and strong and healthy) saw the first light of day there, with only an old bushwoman in attendance.

My mother, who had never done any housework, soon learned to sew, mending all the clothes worn by the family (and we were the best-dressed children in the district), learned to cook, make bread, jam, preserves, etc., and, though she never had to milk, feed pigs or do any heavy work of that kind, has been known for many years as a first-class housekeeper and homemaker.

Mrs. C. Newman, Valley Heights, N.S.W.

English Girl Likes Bush Life

I AM a farmer's wife. Though born and bred in London, England, I have lived in the country for the past three years, and am quite contented. I have lived in Melbourne and Sydney, but prefer the bush every time.

In my opinion city girls are often more contented in the country than girls who are reared there. Having experienced the joys and advantages of both city and country life, they have chosen that which appeals to them most; whereas many country girls, imagining city life to be wonderful, grow discontented with country joys and freedom.

Mrs. Steadman, Copper Hill, Molong, N.S.W.

Experience is Literally The Best Teacher

REFERRING to the management of our children, I consider that the present system operating is generally speaking, adequate. A reader in The Australian Women's Weekly (29/9/34), asserts that the management of young children sometimes misplaced is in the hands of a stern, loud, and harsh-voiced teacher, worn out with years of work. Experience has shown that this is a fallacy, as a teacher who has had probably fifteen or twenty years of schooling is undoubtedly one whose very term of office is a sufficient guarantee of his ability, kindness, and understanding.

A. L. Pierson, 15 Dunstan Av., Kensington Park, S.A.

Personality An Asset

I QUITE agree with D. Wilson (29/9/34) in that personality should be a decisive factor in selecting those who are to lead our young folk along the path of learning.

Whatever academic distinction a teacher may have gained, if her voice shows lack of culture she should be reduced rather than advanced. Analogous, but unbearable to an even greater degree, is the loud, harsh voice of a teacher which some unfortunate children have to bear. There can be only one result upon the children, a feeling of dislike towards the teacher and indifference to studies.

The only practical way of rectifying the situation is for the Education Department to employ only teachers with a well-modulated voice and a gracious personality, for, after all, the aim of education is not to produce a race of individuals crammed with knowledge, but a race of cultured citizens.

K. J. Eaton, 10 Date St., Adamstown, N.S.W.

Consider the Teachers

I'M afraid I cannot agree with D. Wilson (29/9/34), who says "Harsh, loud, stern-voiced teachers worn out with years of work" should not have control of infant classes. I think this will hurt many elderly teachers. They have sacrificed their youth to teach year after year.

Personally, I think the small children should have an elderly teacher. It is in their first days that the children must be taught obedience, etc., in regard to school routine. I do not think that a young teacher could possibly manage a class of 50 or 60 infants.

Miss D. M. Tappenden, 55 Fort St., Maryborough, Q.

Screen Oddities

Painted Lilies Are Beautiful if Occasion Warrants

MISS P. LAWSON (29/9/34) objects to the "gilded lilies." I consider that, like most other things in life, it depends upon how the thing is done, and for what purpose. The arum lily is beautiful in itself, but so are many girls who use make-up on the stage, yet no one objects as they are playing a part.

The intention of these lilies, I would think, was to complete beautiful color schemes in the showing of the new spring fashions, certainly not for indiscriminate use among other flowers. My first impression of a newly-dressed window, displaying a solitary figure in the latest spring fashion, with the only other adornment an old-type piece of pottery containing a bunch of lilies tinted exactly to the outstanding delicate toning of the frock, is one which I will not readily forget.

Painted lily in a cathedral would seem sacrilege, but used tastefully in display work, with a definite object, they are no more objectionable than a beautiful woman wearing beautiful jewels. Like a lot of other things, the "craze" was overtaken by imitators.

Mrs. F. Leach, Young, N.S.W.

Painting a Desecration

AS an amateur gardener and flower lover, I have been amazed to see, in the windows of well-known florists, painted pink and blue arum lilies. The arum lily, with its stately white flower, is unsurpassed in its natural state as a church decoration or wedding bouquet, and is a very lovely addition to any garden.

To me it seems a sacrilege to daub this beautiful, stately lily with pink and blue paint. Nature has not made a poor or unfinished job of this lily. Addition or alteration is not needed to hide the blemishes. One cannot improve upon perfection.

Miss D. Heidbrecher, c/o Badger and Badger, 44 Grenfell St., Adelaide.

They Are All Artistic

I DO not agree with Miss P. Lawson (29/9/34) when she says that there is nothing beautiful in a painted lily.

I will readily grant that a pure white lily is gorgeous in its simplicity, but so are lilies painted delicate shades of lemon, lavender, and blue. Personally, I prefer a pure white lily, but I find that the unusual shades which have been brought about by artificial means are very attractive.

Mrs. Jacqueline G. Reed, Victor St., Holland Park, Brisbane.

New writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters "New Writer."

READING MATTER FOR BOYS

AS the mother of a schoolboy who developed St. Vitus' Dance through reading too many boys' papers, I would like to know if there is any check kept on the unhealthy type of boys' literature which deluges Australia.

Some of the stories I read had Chicago gangsters for heroes, and the blood-curdling details set my flesh creeping. When I was a child I shed floods of tears over stories of the "Christy's Old Organ" type. Now, forty years later, I shiver over stories that boys of mine read avidly.

In my opinion there would be much less juvenile crime if at least nine-tenths of these unwholesome boys' papers were banned.

Mrs. J. McKenzie, Lambeth St., Glen Innes, N.S.W.

ETIQUETTE



IF DINING with people whose simple table is devoid of superstitions, don't embarrass them by looking for sugar-spoons or butter-knives.

WINDOW DISPLAYS

IN my opinion City Councils should forbid stunt advertising schemes that require placing salesgirls in shop windows to display silk stockings, and even lingerie. It is obvious that they look and feel embarrassed and uncomfortable, while crowds usually well sprinkled with men, stare rudely at them for hours.

Girls who refuse to do this kind of work that makes a holiday for curious passers-by, are liable to lose their jobs, which means that they are forced into it.

Kathleen Ferguson, 59 Smith St., Fitzroy, N.S. Melbourne.

MORALS, PAST AND PRESENT

HOW often do we say to ourselves, are we becoming less moral-less moral than our Victorian ancestors? Are we living in an age that is developing new complexities and consequently new sins?

On reflection we find the answer. There is no sin to-day that was not old when Greece was at the height of her power three thousand years ago. Three centuries ago, the Courts of Europe and those of England knew more of debauchery than we will ever know.

Even the Victorian era—that era of unwieldy furniture and lugubrious sentiment—was probably a good deal more immoral than our present modernism. No, we are so moral that we have allowed the little subtleties of love to disappear like the trimmings of a delicious salad. Obviously then, our appetites are less sharp.

The three inches of ankle, so coyly displayed by little prudish Sue of the crinolines, contained more of the essence of sin than the scantly-concealed body of our modern beach girl. Unfortunately, however, sentiment and chivalry are fast becoming wraths of the past, waving their emaciated figures in a crude gesture which spells "vulgarity."

A. Everard, Warragul, Vic.

MENACE OF FIRE

LAST summer in Australia there was terrible devastation in country districts by fire. I would like to appeal to the women of this country to be sure their cigarettes are out before discarding them, and that the fire they make to boil the bill is also quite out, when they are out hiking or picnicking.

Many bush fires in the past have been caused by the carelessness of picnickers.

Mrs. A. Buntine, Redbridge, Murrumburrah, N.S.W.





DIANA WYNYARD and Clive Brook, as the wife and husband in "Let's Try Again," are seen at the end of the story deciding that it is worth making a second shot at the marriage about which they had been so disillusioned at an earlier stage.

"The Alabaster BEAUTY"

Diana
Wynyard's
Nickname

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

HE Alabaster Beauty" is how Hollywood describes Diana Wynyard, and it would be hard to find a happier sobriquet for this young English actress. There is a rare delicacy about her. Yet she is not one of your thistledown, fly-away creatures. Nor is her beauty purely on the surface, though its texture is lovely. It glows from within.

NO young player probably has leapt into prominence with more startling suddenness than Diana Wynyard with her performance in "Cavalcade." Actually, though her role in this film gave her her introduction to vast audiences, it was not her first film appearance. She had already acted the part of the Princess and Maid of Honor in "Rasputin and the Empress." But the accidents of release dates postponed the showing of that film slightly.

Since "Cavalcade" she has been seen in "Reunion in Vienna" with John Barrymore. Quite recently came the Australian release of "Where Sinners Meet," the adaptation of A. A. Milne's whimsical comedy, "The Dover Road," in which she plays the part of Anne, opposite to Clive Brook's Mr. Latimer.

Shortly she will be seen in another film in which she is co-starred with Clive Brook. This is "Let's Try Again," a tale of a fresh start in married life.

Her career provides a vindication of ambition in cases where the aspirant for fame is willing to work hard to achieve it, and has, of course, the requisite ability.

Early Years

SHE is not a child of theatre. Her father is a business man in London, where Diana was born. There was no serious idea, while she was growing up, that she should become a professional actress. The intention was that she should train to be a teacher of domestic science.

Her original name is nothing so romantic as the one by which she goes now, since the family surname is Cox, and she was christened Dorothy.

However, Diana Wynyard, to give her the familiar appellation, showed an inclination towards drama, even in her school days, for she was always neglecting her regular studies to read Shakespeare and she organised a dramatic society of her schoolfellows to put on several of the plays.

When it became clear that she was destined for the stage, she decided to



A PORTRAIT of Diana Wynyard that indicates something of her subtle humor.

change her name. All her friends advised her to call herself Diana, and the name certainly suits her. She is no cold, haughty maid. Yet there is something a little remote about her, something of a shy, woodland air, for all her charming manners and perceptive wit.

HER novitiate was strenuous. After some study with a private tutor in stage technique Diana joined the Hamilton Deane stock company on tour, playing an immense variety of roles. Then she toured the English provinces as ingenue with Marie Lohr, a favorite West End actress.

After that she acted for two years with the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, an organisation bracketed in fame with the company Miss Hoytman collected at the Gaely Theatre, Manchester, and with the Birmingham Repertory Theatre at the present time, as recruiting grounds for the London West End stars.

All this was extraordinarily hard work and poorly paid, but invaluable as experience.

Stage to Films

RETURNING to London, she made successes in several plays which had good runs, taking usually the leading part. In 1931 she went to New York to play

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★★★ THE WORLD MOVES ON

Madeleine Carroll, Franchot Tone. (Fox.)

FOR its largeness of conception and even more for its complete sincerity, this must rank as one of the major achievements of the year in films. In its review of the war period and the post-war years it suggests "Cavalcade" at times. But the story, opening in New Orleans in 1825, moving to Europe in 1914, then back to New York for the stock market collapse of 1929 and finally once more to the quiet haven of New Orleans, has a cosmopolitan breadth of view which the theme of "Cavalcade" did not attempt to give.

We might perhaps object that it would be strange for a family of merchants in the U.S.A. to have ties of close kinship through its branch and allied houses with England and Germany and France as well, seeing that none of these inter-related people are Jews. But it is feasible. It might be felt, too, that the droll person of the negro, Stepin Fetchit, is pitchforked rather obviously into the war scenes. But the comic relief he provides is timely. And if we are disposed to think that the main problem of war, stated so powerfully here, reaches no real conclusion, who has yet been able to solve it?

The acting is excellent. Madeleine Carroll, as the Mary Warburton of the prologue and her descendant in the next century, matches, and perhaps excels, her performance in "I Was a Spy." Need one say more? She is an exquisite figure. Franchot Tone, too, who parallels her as the young American of the opening, and his grandson of the main portion, sustains a strongly dramatic role remarkably well. Reginald Denny acts very capably as a German cousin and Raoul Roulien as a scion of the French house. The detail is extraordinarily good. This is a very fine film—Lyceum.

★★ THE BOWERY

Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper, George Raft, Fay Wray. (20th Cent.; U.A.)

THERE is a fullness of flavor about this reproduction of life in East Side, New York, some time during the '90s, that convinces one of its realism. It is largely melodramatic and its characters are crude. But the principal persons of the story have solidity. The unofficial Mayor of Chinatown, Chuck Connors, saloon owner and "big shot" of the Bowery, must have been very like Wallace Beery's portrait of him, and George Raft represents very credibly his rival, the dare-devil gambler, Steve Brodie, who won fame for having as his friends as jumped off Brooklyn Bridge.

Half of what they say is unintelligible. But the vigorous action—they are always dealing out socks on the jaw—explains itself. Fay Wray, as an innocent maiden from the country stranded in the big city, and Bert Kelton, who is in her clement dancing the can-can in the saloon, provide the feminine interest. But far more arresting is the emotional crisis between Chuck and the newlywed Swipes (Jackie Cooper), his protege, who resents Fay Wray's being taken into the lodging he shares with the rough but kindly Chuck. Another person of historical fact to be introduced is Carrie Nation, whose saloon-smashing campaign is waged with the shrill energy that must have characterised her in life.—Plaza.

★★ THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI

Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lionel Barrymore. (M-G-M.)

YOU will remember that in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Lorelei among her many sage observations lays it down that "a kiss on the arm is very nice, but a diamond and sapphire bracelet lasts all your life." The chorus girl, Eadie (Jean Harlow) at the beginning of the film is shown as having obviously absorbed that great truth, and even got beyond it. For her pursuit of millions has as its goal matrimony, since the cash benefits accruing from that are greater than from casual girls.

So it is that she fastens first upon a millionaire (Lewis Stone), who is on the verge of bankruptcy, and does not detain her long, and then upon a much wealthier specimen (Lionel Barrymore), who has more sense than Stone; in fact, too much sense to be entrapped. However, it is now his son (Franchot Tone) turn as pursued rather than pursued.

These soaring adventures on which Eadie is accompanied by another gold digger (Patsy Kelly), who takes herself and her career less seriously, are rich in comedy. Eadie is determined to acquire refinement to fit herself for her high station. But the cream of the jest is Eadie's transformation, after the young man's charms have worked upon her, into a Good Girl. Barrymore is amusing as the self-made man who has risen to the eminence of representing his country at a disarmament conference and who cannot therefore risk any

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars no good.

scandal in the family. Tone plays with zest the young rip who comes to believe in Eadie's whiteness of soul. A very diverting business excellently produced.—St. James.

* THE OLD FASHIONED WAY

W.C. Fields, Judith Allen. (Paramount)

TO see W.C. Fields clad in an antique topper and loosely-cut great coat, adroitly evading restraint for debt, is to be reminded somewhat of Mr. Micawber. There is the same jaunty bearing of the straight-backed, bow-fronted figure, when danger has been passed. And there is the same courtly flourish used towards landladies and other persons to be conciliated. A Micawberian optimism too upholds this old-time baronial, touring the States with his daughter (Judith Allen), who looks very fetching in her late-Victorian garb, and such members of his company as are sufficiently hopeful or sufficiently depressed to remain with him.

Fields' rich fruity voice is a considerable asset for the "heavy" part he plays on the stage and off. Fragments of the old-fashioned melodrama, performed before the local hicks, are shown to us, interrupted by backstage incidents. We rather regretted that the indy amateur who "gathers sea shells on the shore" with such verve was not allowed to declaim "Here comes the Prince" to her fellow townfolk, though her impromptu rehearsals show us the various ways that the line, so appropriate to our present circumstances, can be delivered.—Prince Edward.

* OPERATOR 13

Marion Davies, Gary Cooper, Jean Parker. (M-G-M.)

SPY stories can be depended upon to provide alarms and hairbreadth escapes. This one, adapted from R.W. Chambers' novel, is set in the picturesque period of the American Civil War, with Marion Davies (Operator 13) working secretly for the North, while Gary Cooper, whom she meets on her mission and loves, is an army Intelligence officer for the South. It is in the well-worked-out local color and historical detail that the interest mainly lies, for we never imagined, whatever else happens to her, that Operator 13 would be left lamenting. Nor is she.

Tragedy, however, enters the narrative by another route. Jean Parker, as a girl of the South, whose betrothed is killed on his wedding eve through military information conveyed by Miss Davies, who is one of the wedding guests, gives a very good little study of happy, thoughtless youth suddenly stricken by fate. The incidents following this episode lose reality in comparison. In any case we found Miss Davies much more attractive in her earlier disguise as a mulatto washerwoman than as a Southern belle. The Four Mills Brothers also appear at one stage as negroes, apparently pioneers of the crooning which has swept the world of films and broadcasting recently.—St. James.

* SPITFIRE

Katharine Hepburn, Robert Young, Ralph Bellamy. (R.K.O.)

EVEN Katharine Hepburn's dynamic personality cannot overcome the incoherencies of the character of "Trigger," the spitfire of the title. But she gives an interesting portrayal of a half-wild girl, who is feared as something of a witch by her primitive neighbors among the mountains, yet is possessed of a lively, if unorthodox, religious faith, what adds to Miss Hepburn's difficulty, and ours, is the accent and speech of this backward community. Points that worried us were what Trigger lived on, for she seemed never to take payment for her jobs of washing; then, why she should have stolen a sick baby from its mother is more understandable than why she kept it when the hue and cry began.

Still, the dawn of love on Trigger's part for Robert Young, who, with Ralph Bellamy, is a mining engineer engaged on dam construction near by, is beautifully presented. And some of her religious moments have power. This performance of Miss Hepburn's must be counted a brave attempt rather than complete achievement.

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LET'S FIND a Cure for SNOBBERY . . . LOUISE MACK ADVISES

EAVE the victims to perish seems, to-day, to be the general trend of public opinion towards those poor creatures who have been bitten by the germ snob and are in grave danger of their sanity, their happiness, their very existences, as well as being a nuisance to others.

Avoid them, the snobs, says public opinion; give them a wide berth; for, truly, their illness is most unpleasant.

YES, public opinion says all that, and more.

And yet the snob survives, and the malady, unlike most of the ills of the flesh is here to never seems to run its course and disappear.

And here it is breaking out again in our midst, simply because Royalty is coming to visit us shortly, and it would be too awful not to be in it, and not to be known to be in it.

LOTS of germs have inordinately long names, so we are being quite in order when we christen the snob germ by the lengthy but distinguishing title: "Too — awful — not — to — be — in — it — and — not — to — be — known — to — be — in — it!"

Poor Little Worm

PERSONALLY, I always feel sorry for snobs. I think they miss nearly everything that's worth while.

When I see them getting into their usual cold, clammy condition of fear lest they may not be noticed, I wonder how they can bear to yield to such weakness, and I say to myself, "with dear old Gilbert and Sullivan, 'Is it weakness of intellect, birdie,' I cried, 'or a poor little worm in your little inside?'"

"VALDA" writes: "I live in the suburbs, and the women about are all discussing what they expect to be asked to, and what they intend to wear, in the coming festivities. Must one have new clothes? We poor women find that hard

isn't it the spirit of loyalty, warmth and spontaneous affection that our Royal visitor will cure about, and nothing else?"

EXACTLY. Royalty comes out to Australia as an honored and interested visitor to us all, and to our country; not to the Best People and their clothes.

"The Best People," says Thackeray deliciously, "don't mean the most virtuous, or, indeed, the least virtuous, or the cleverest, or the stupidest, or the richest or the best-born, but 'the Best'."

"And when she got in with the Best People what did she find? They talked about each other's houses, and characters, and families, just as the Joneses do about the Smiths."

Thackeray said that, yet his enemies said of him, sneeringly, "He dearly loved a lord."

But no, Thackeray loved humanity with a capital H, lords and Joneses and all, and when he hated them he hated them correspondingly, lords and Joneses and all.

The King Speaks Out

A SNOB is a person who thinks himself superior to other inferior persons, not knowing how inferior he is.

To Royalty there can be no inferior persons.

At the talkies recently we heard our King, opening the Mersey Tunnel before vast multitudes, voice the most poignant, touching words: surely, ever a King addressed to his populace: "Remember the men who worked in the mud and darkness for years," pleaded the Royal voice, "in order to make this noble tunnel possible. We ask you to recall their sacrifices and their work when you use the great tunnel. We ask you to think of them."

I found it very touching and very beautiful to hear those words from our King's lips, and to see on his face the genuine emotion that had given birth to his utterance.

His Majesty, with his birth and breeding, and culture, knew positively that the supreme value and real greatness of that colossal tunnel was the working man in the mud and dark at his herculean task.

And that consciousness was written clearly on the King's face, as well as in his words flashing to us over all these "loping leagues of sea."

I wish all snobs could see that picture and hear those words from the highest in the land.

THE snob is detestable, and in Australia nobody has the slightest justification in being a snob, because nobody has anything to be snobbish about, everybody being equally middle-class, shall we say?

Snobs worship big money, big houses, big dinners, big motor cars, big officials, and social status, arranged by themselves. And when I say big, I mean, of course, expensive. Yes, snobs look down on the poor and look up to the rich. And now we get to the root of this mental trouble in our society.

It comes from a lack of a true sense of values.

And that comes from ignorance, not educated to understand that value is the life-giving power of anything, and intrinsic value is the absolute power of anything to support life.

SNOBBERY'S values are all wrong. They are not intrinsic. They are tinsel, gaudy, showy, poisonous. They despise everyone that cannot flaunt some extraneous belongings.

But let quiet unpretentious people like ourselves take heart of grace. Let us, watching the fevered struggles of the snobs who despise us, remember that, as Ruskin says, "It does not in the least affect the intrinsic value of the wheat, the air, or the flowers that men refuse or despise them. Used or not, their own power is in them, and that particular power is in nothing else."

It certainly isn't in snobs.

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Things That Happen

An Unrehearsed Finale
THE Anglican vicar in the small town where I spent my youth was an enthusiastic cricketer, and during the Test matches he could talk of little else. Being an Englishman, there were always plenty of points about the games on which he and his parishioners did not see eye to eye. One Sunday, in the middle of the final and deciding match of the series, he created a diversion in the dignified morning service by gazing dreamily over his spectacles after the reading of the lesson and announcing: "Here endeth the first innings."—G.J.M.

Strange Advertisement

THIS strange advertisement was taken from a Moscow "Gazette" of the beginning of the last century: "To be sold—Three coachmen, well trained and handsome; and two girls, the one 15 and the other 18 years of age, both of whom good looking and acquainted with various kinds of handwork. In the same house there are for sale two hairdressers, the one 21 years of age can read, write, and play on a musical instrument, and act as huntman; the other can dress ladies' and gentlemen's hair."

What a difference a century has made in Russia!—U.R.

TOLD BY READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

Nurses Were Enterprising

TWO obstetric nurses, finding business slack, determined to try their luck at poultry farming in our village. Misfortune, however, still pursued them, and disease carried off most of their stock. Nothing daunted, they moved a few miles out into the country, where rents were lower, and advertised for maternity cases as well. Even this failed to satisfy their needs, and they have now added another string to their bow—they are retailing fresh fish to the surrounding guest houses.—B.B.

Violins For Kindling

IN my schooldays we lived in a country town of Victoria and, on our return from school each day, we had to collect the kindlings for the morning fires. There was a fairly large tree in our own yard, and we often chopped at it to save the bother of collecting chips.

One day an old German came into the yard and informed us we had destroyed a very valuable tree, the wood of which is used in making violins. Mother saved enough to make two beautiful walking sticks.—J.D.

Nothing Green About Her!

AT my grocer's last week a woman buying condensed milk was busy weighing the pros and cons of each brand. Finally she chose a tin with a green label round it, but she asked the grocer to scrape the label off.

She said she never took anything green into her house, it was such an unlucky color. The obliging grocer complied with her request, but I wondered how much milk she would get were it not for the green pastures.—P.E.T.

"We Were Amused"

SOME time ago, my friend and I attended a dance in the country. It was a hot, sultry night. On arrival, we noticed only a couple of men wearing gloves. A few used handkerchiefs on the right hand while dancing. My friend, wearing a new frock, remarked, "I won't dance unless my partner has gloves." At that moment a hot-looking youth claimed her for the next dance. "Yes," said the lass, "but would you mind using your handkerchief?"

The young man looked astonished, but pulled out his "hanky," loudly blew his nose, stuffed it back in his pocket, and waltzed the lady off.—"May Bee."

A Vague Address

SOME time ago I was travelling inland in Southern Queensland per motorcycle. The route lay over mountainous country and, after travelling what seemed interminable miles without sight of a fence or even a piece of decent road, I began to wonder if I had by any chance gone astray. Just then I came upon a small boy minding some cows. No habitation of any kind was in sight, but apparently some settler had located himself in that particular neighborhood.

The boy reassured me that I was still on the right road. But, being still somewhat hazy as to my exact whereabouts, I asked: "What part of the country do you call this?"

"Queensland," said the boy promptly.

As I was about 200 miles from the border, he evidently thought I was "some" traveller, so I thanked him politely and went on.—C. Mc.

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The first prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct solution of the Tanglegram and whose other slogan is judged the best. The rest of the prizes will be awarded in order of merit. In the event of a tie for any prize, the prize money allocated for such prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

- No entrance fee is required but competitors must forward with each entry a label from a bottle of Pick-Me-Up Sausage.
- All solutions and slogans must be clearly and legibly written or typed on white paper and the name and address of the competitor shown on the top right hand corner of sheet.
- Competitors may send in any number of entries, provided each entry is accompanied by a label as above mentioned.
- The Directors of the Pick-Me-Up Condiment Co. Ltd., together with Mr. W. O. Richards, Advertising Counsel, will be sole adjudicators and their decision will be final and conclusive.
- This Competition positively closes on Saturday, November 17, 1934, and no entries will be received after that date. All entries must be posted to:

PICK-ME-UP CONDIMENT CO. LTD.,

60-E Alice St., Newtown, Sydney, N.S.W.,
with the word "COMPETITION" plainly marked on outside of envelope.

6. THIS IS IMPORTANT: The list of prizewinners will not be announced in the newspapers, but each entrant who forwards a stamped addressed envelope with his or her entry, will receive the complete list of cash prizewinners.

IF YOU WANT CASH FOR CHRISTMAS FORWARD YOUR ENTRY WITHOUT DELAY

SWEETHEARTS, WIVES MOTHERS!

A shabby Suit will spoil the effect of your smart frock.

How often of late have you thought your man needed a new suit?

Bring him along to

BON MARCHE

SUITS To Measure

Smartly Cut
and
expertly made

£6/6/- Value

for

84!

4/6 Deposit

4/6 Weekly

(Free of Interest)



Our new season's suiting are the smartest we have shown. Comprising the latest pattern in Pure Wool Worsteds, Herringbone and Plain Twill Serges. Worsteds are the latest in Black and white and Greys, also in new fancy Greys, Blues, Fawn, and Browns. Faultlessly tailored in our own workroom by experts to your own individual requirements.

If you cannot call, patterns and self-measurement will be sent to you post free. Ring M2384 and ask for Mr. Bray, or fill in form below.

APPLICATION FORM CUT THIS OUT!

Please forward patterns, post free, of our Special 84/- Suits and particulars of your Cash Order System.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Women's Weekly.

The talk of the Town Real Fur Felt Hats



19/6 value for

10'6

Snap Brims, on
Greys, Slate, and
Fawns, 2½, 2 3-8,
2½ Brims, FOR

BON MARCHE, Cr. Broadway & Harris St., Sydney

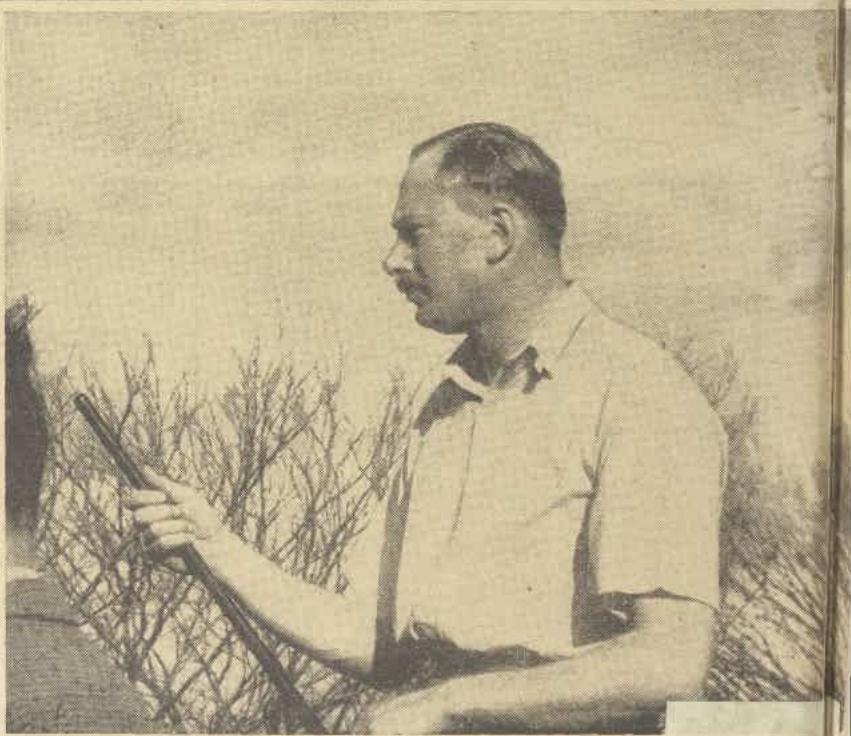
OUR OWN INTIMATE STUDIES OF THE POPULAR PRINCE HENRY.

who is due in Sydney
... in a month's time!

THE PRINCE inspects Australian Mounted Police. An exclusive study by The Australian Women's Weekly photographer.



ABOVE is Adelaide in gala dress, with every flag aflutter to greet the Prince, and at the right is an exclusive informal study of the Prince on one of his country excursions. Photo by arrangement with Fox Movietone.



THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



FOUR GENERATIONS are pictured on this page, headed by Mrs. E. E. Collins, Mayoree of Wagga. She is looking forward with pleasure to the forthcoming visit of Prince Henry to Wagga.



MRS. J. GREER, of Wingadec, Roseville, one of Mrs. Collins' daughters, who is well known in Sydney. Mrs. Greer is at present visiting Melbourne.



MRS. GEORGE CLARK, of Terramungamaine station, Dubbo, who represents the third generation of the Collins family, and is a daughter of Mrs. J. Greer.



AND THIS young man is Mrs. Clark's son, "Junior," a great-grandson of Mrs. Collins, who is, needless to say, one of the most popular members of the clan.



Y DEAR JULIET.—
You must frequently speculate on the immense powers of endurance possessed by the gay young things of this city.

With scarcely a pause festivities, including races, first nights, fetes, and cocktail parties, have followed each other in quick succession.

In spite of all these doings, eyes are still sparkling, complexions remain bright, and brows quite unfurrowed.

ALTHOUGH he is still attached to the Premier's Department, Bill Wentworth often takes trips to the Wentworth Estate at Port Kembla, in which he takes a personal interest. Quite recently Bill presented two boats to the local Rowing Club.

SIR NEVILLE and Lady Wilkinson, and their daughter, Gwendolen, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones at Rosemont, Woolahra, last Saturday evening at a cocktail party. Over 200 guests were invited to meet the distinguished visitors. The reception rooms were filled with lilac, tulips and lily of the valley, which had been arranged by the hostess with the assistance of Lady Gordon.

OH, how fair racegoers shivered at Randwick on Saturday! All except the lucky few who had donned winter attire looked and felt uncomfortably chilly in the breeze that blew with venom during the latter part of the afternoon.

The crowds were comparatively small, and the smart outfits worn could be seen in their entirety instead of being merely glimpsed in the throng.

Optimists, who hoped for better things from the weather, wore pastel shades in unexpected numbers. Dusty pink was the most favored color, and was chosen by Mrs. Ted Milgrove, Mrs. John Dwyer, of Tenterfield, whose frock was finished by a graceful cape trimmed with quaint green and pink glass buttons, and Miss Janet Saxon, whose pink ensemble was completed with a charming soft straw hat which dipped in a becoming fashion. Mrs. Malcolm Sawyer also chose pink for her matinée suit, and her debutante daughter, Nancy, looked effective in Cathy blue.

VERY smart was the navy sheer silk frock worn by Mrs. John Wardlaw. A pink camellia pinned high on the neckline was the only relieving note, and a wide-brimmed picture hat completed the ensemble.

As always, Mrs. Keith Richards was one of the smartest dressed women on the course. Her beautifully-moulded black-and-white figured frock was finished with a bow of the material bordered in black and a closely-fitting black camel hair coat gave a cosy appearance. Mrs. Richards' flair for clothes is evidently inherited by her daughter, Pamela, whose figured silk frock showed a red motif which was accentuated by a becoming hat to tone.

A fair punter whose frock was made of floral silk and whose black picture hat was trimmed with field flowers, but whose name will remain untold because of the existence of cat burglars, was the

envy of her friends by backing the first four winners, both ways. As a trip to England looms in the near future the win was a timely one.

MISS LORRAINE SMITH were an outside in black picture hats and her black frock was slashed to show expanses of cream georgette on neck and sleeves. A sporting ensemble of brown and green was worn by Mrs. Doris Clayton. A short taffeta cape of checks was worn over a brown tailored skirt with good effect. Miss Elsie Dodge wore a suitable brown suit and sister Sadie chose a frock of black sheer silk with trimmings of ivory.

Mrs. Strath Playfair greeted many friends on her return from abroad in a smart costume of navy and ice-blue. Blue earrings accentuated the color scheme.

TWO smart country girls picking winners were Miss Mollie Main and Miss Mildred Mackinnon. Brown and white linen was the choice of Miss Main, who added a shady brown hat, and Miss Mackinnon wore a navy and white figured suit.

Others present included Miss Cherie Haley, who wore a combined ensemble of leaf green and black. Surgeon-Commander and Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Tony McBride, in black and white checks, Miss Thalia Milson, Misses Goldie and Coleen Gray, Mrs. Alan Hardie, and Mrs. Norman Fletcher.

FIRMLY clutching a doll, which had just been presented to her, in one hand, little "Baby Elaine" shook hands with Miss Madge Elliott and Mr. Cyril Bitchard, after her clever songs and dances at the "Blue Mountain Melody" Cabaret at the Wentworth Hotel, last Friday. The stars of the play which gave its name to the cabaret were the most interested spectators of the performance, and watched every movement with keen attention.

Mrs. A. H. Movery, president of the committee, entertained a large party in the centre of the room, which included, as well as the guests of honor, Mr. and Mrs. James Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bowden, Miss A. E. West, Miss Virginia Bassett, Mrs. W. S. Read, Miss Agnes Doyle, and Mr. Charles Zwar.

In a graceful green nylon evening gown, Miss Anne Doyle, with Mr. Don Nicoll, presented "Don't Forget Your Etiquette," and received a round of applause from the packed ballroom. Mr. Charles Zwar, the composer of the musical score of "Blue Mountain Melody," played their accompaniment. Other amateur artists were Miss Ruby Morris, Mr. Athol Tier, Charles Zoli, and Ellis Oates.

THE beautiful Toft Monks garden was en fete last Saturday for the open-air bazaar held in aid of the Darlinghurst Branch of the Red Cross Society. A band played to add to the brightness of the party, and hardy swimmers donned their costumes and enjoyed a plunge in the harbor pool, which is among the largest private baths in Sydney.

LADY GORDON performed the opening ceremony, and Miss Piper represented the Red Cross Society at the entertainment.

AMONG the stall-holders were the hostess, Mrs. Penfold Hyland, and her sister, Miss Edna Lethbridge, Mrs. Victor White, Mrs. F. Thompson, Miss Austin, Mrs. Monk, Miss Edith Bardwell, Miss Beatrice Lethbridge. Also present were Miss Dibbs, Mrs. J.

In the . . .

Bachelors' Gallery

PROFESSOR WALDOCK.
Succeeded Professor
Brereton at Sydney University as Professor of English. Before that, a brilliant student and one of the University's best and most popular lecturers. Tall, slim, and very handsome. In his thirties. Of a retiring disposition . . .

Dickson, Mrs. J. K. Caldwell, Miss Cicilia Walker, Mrs. Lang Campbell, Mrs. W. Street, Mrs. Friend, Mrs. J. B. Stevenson, Mrs. Horace Sheller, Miss Egari, Mrs. W. Hickson, and Miss Maud Watson.

COMMANDER HALL of the United States Navy, was the guest of Mr. W. K. Daizell at Romano's at a weekend party. The visitor, who is tall fair, and distinguished, is on his way to Melbourne to join the Augusta, the flagship of the Asiatic Fleet, which will represent the U.S.A. at the Centenary celebrations. On arriving at his destination, Commander Hall is looking forward to talking over past college days with his friend, Mr. Van Vaisah, of Sydney and Melbourne, who was at one time attached to the American navy.

Also enjoying an evening's dancing at Romano's were Commander and Mrs. Frederick Cavaye, the latter wearing jade blue nimon with a matching velvet cape. Mrs. Clive Ingles wore maroon lace offset with a beige corsage, and Mrs. D. Sale looked effective in a figured frock of black and green matalasse with bracelets in the same colors.

Blue is the favorite color of Miss Mimi Healy, who wore a tailored frock in a delphinium shade, which flowed in a graceful fashion at the hemline.

THIS premiere of "Mother of Pearl," at the New Tivoli Theatre last Saturday night, was an outstanding event of the week, and the packed house contained many of the best-known people in Sydney's social circles.

Many charming frocks were worn, but those of Delysia herself really stole the fashion limelight of the evening. The lovely negligee of pearl-pink satin beautifully embroidered and with gorgeous fluffy tulle sleeves in which she made her first entrance, aroused a gasp of envy and admiration.

The loveliest frock seen in Sydney for many a night was her midnight blue sequin evening dress. I suppose this was one of the examples of the heights of genius which dressmakers can achieve with the bias cut, but as far as appearances were concerned it was perfectly clear that Delysia must have been pouré into it! Fitting like a glove to the knee, it fell into a long, graceful train, and somehow managed to give her full freedom of movement.

Among the well-known people in the audience were Lady King, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Holdern, Mrs. Spencer Brunton, Miss Barbara Knox, Mrs. Eva Wunderlich, Lady Butlers, Mrs. Ellis Fielding Jones, Mrs. A. C. Berg, Miss Hera Roberts, Miss Wilma Bayly, Mrs. Dick Allen, Mrs. John Brunton, Mrs. F. W. Thring, and Mrs. Harold Bowden.

In one of the boxes were Mrs. Oliver Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. George Walker, and Mr. Theo Marks. Mr. and Mrs. A. Gardner and Mr. and Mrs. George Marlow occupied another box.

MRS. RODNEY DANGAR was hostess during the week-end at a cocktail party at her home, Arlington, Edgecliff. Guests were regaled in the "aquarium," the newly-decorated room underneath the main portion of the house. Mr. Woodrow Smith is the artist responsible for the decorative scheme of sea-swept walls with quaint denizens of the sea depicted in their natural surroundings.

THE romantics among the film fans at the Prince Edward Theatre last Saturday night were thrilled to see the first moving pictures taken of Prince George with his fiance, Princess Margaret. The handsome couple strolled along a picturesque wooded path in a happy care-free manner and neither of them was the least bit camera-shy.

The Princess wore a narrow fiel of ribbon tied around her neatly-groomed hair and was garbed for a morning's walk in a shirt blouse and closely-tailored tweed skirt. Several ropes of pearls were glimpsed through the open neck of her blouse and were the only manifestations of glamour apart from a royal presence.

A large audience also witnessed the premiere of "Little Miss Marker" and "The Old-fashioned Way."

NEWS has been received of the marriage of Mr. Frank L. Edwards, secretary of the Chamber of Manufactures, who was for 15 years secretary to the late Mr. W. A. Holman, to Miss Bertha Boroughs, of Bellevue Hill. The wedding took place last Saturday at St. Barnabas' Church, Blackfriars, and Canon Hammond officiated at the ceremony.

The bride is Australian born, but has spent most of her life in Hungary, Switzerland, and Germany, and is an accomplished linguist. Among the many wedding presents was a silver tea and coffee service of Australian workmanship which was a present from the German Consul in Melbourne, Dr. Koelsch, and Mrs. Koelsch.

MEMBERS of the Koorawatha Branch of the Country Women's Association have achieved a victory in acquiring a fence free of charge around their rest room. They suggested to their menfolk that they might do the work for them. The results have proved highly satisfactory for the association, in spite of a few blistered hands and strained muscles in family circles.

Jane Anne

Cool...Smart...Economical...

And guaranteed fadeless in all the most attractive of the new season's colourings. British Chief is the ideal summer fabric for sports frocks. It is fresh and dainty. It feels and looks cool. It is serviceable and does up like new. British Chief is splendid, too, for house frocks, school uniforms, children's wear, etc.

Look for the name on the selvedge . . . good drapers everywhere sell the genuine British Chief.



British Chief
THE ALL-PURPOSE SUMMER FABRIC

All British made
and sold at one price
everywhere
36 INCHES WIDE PER YARD

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That

Gene Sarazen, the visiting golfer, carries an unlimited supply of golf balls around with him in a special receptacle, and is quite liable to present a friend with a hatful?

Lord and Lady Bledisloe visited the Harbor Bridge Pylon during their short stay in Sydney, and were much impressed with the view?

Major and Mrs. G. S. Hurst, who have been on furlough in Australia, leave for India this week?

Lady McMaster says that the hospitality in America is quite Australian?

Mrs. Baker, of Waitui plantation, New Guinea, is staying at Chip Chase, Wollstonecraft, before leaving for Melbourne?

Hugh Luscombe Newman is one of the few Sydney motorists who keeps the hood of his car securely fastened down?

Service Abroad

EN ROUTE for England and the Continent, Captain and Mrs. F. Field will leave by the Ormonde this week. Captain Field has been assigned special duties for the duration of his stay.

Many charitable organisations will miss the services of Mrs. Field, who also adds the presidency of the Parents and Citizens' Association of Claremont College to her social duties.

Actress Returns

SYDNEY will welcome Miss Ethel Morrison on her return by the Mukura on October 20, after a successful season in America, where she played in "His Master's Voice" and "No More Ladies." Miss Morrison will take the part of Aunt Minnie in "Roberta," the play which is to follow "Blue Mountain Melody" in the Centenary season in Melbourne.

Off to England

MISS NANCY GOSSE, of South Australia, paid a visit to New South Wales to say au revoir to her relatives near Coomaunda. Nancy is a niece of the brothers Davidson of that district, and spent some time at Geraldton station.

Lieut. Max Hole, R.A.N., who is Nancy's fiance, will also leave for England to further his naval studies in April, and the popular young couple expect to be married in June in London.

Coinciding Parties

AN invitation has been received by Mrs. C. J. Street to attend the eleventh birthday party of the Broken Hill Branch of the Country Women's Association, which was founded by her. As she is unable to attend, Mrs. Street is organising a party to be held at her home, Cecil St., Gordon, on the same day, in aid of the Harbourside Branch of the C.W.A.

Maiden Speech

FOR his maiden speech Basil St. Vincent Welch, aged 14, proposed the health of Mrs. A. T. Burrell when she recently attained her 84th birthday. Basil was the only guest present who was not a member of the family. He has been a constant visitor since his early childhood, when he had a special gate made in the fence that adjoined his home to that of Mrs. Burrell's at Neutral Bay.

Court Mourning

IT was no small task that confronted Lady Street when the reception which she and Sir Philip were giving in honor of Sir Philip and Lady Game had to be abandoned at the last minute.

Owing to the assassination of the King of Yugoslavia, Court mourning was declared, necessitating the cancellation of all Vice-Regal parties until October 22.

From their home at Elizabeth Bay the Lieutenant Governor and Lady Street supervised the innumerable telephone calls and urgent messages that had to be sent to the hundred and fifty guests who had been invited to the party.

Conference in Turkey

IN an old Khedive's palace in Turkey the International Suffrage Alliance Congress will be held early in the coming year. Australia will be represented by Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, who is leaving Sydney after Christmas, with her son Edward, en route for London.

Before arriving at their destination, the travellers will spend a month or so in Palestine, Cairo and Greece. Edward will enter the London University to study Economics, and Mrs. Littlejohn will attend the Opendoor International Conference at Copenhagen later in the year.

Lengthy Train Journey

FINISHING her eight-months' tour abroad with a dash across Australia by the Transcontinental Railway, Mrs. E. M. Butler recently returned to Sydney. On her arrival she was greeted by many old friends at the party given in her honor by Mrs. Maurice Butler, of Cremorne.

Among those present at the party were Mrs. F. Martin, Mrs. E. Brooks, Mrs. Wardrop, Mrs. H. Palmer, Mrs. E. Jauncey, Mrs. R. Johnston, Mrs. J. Nevitt, Mrs. Weiman, Mrs. R. Taylor, Mrs. R. Blackley, Miss D. Weiman, Miss A. Hill, and Miss U. James.

New Zealand. About a year ago, Eleanor passed through Sydney on her first trip to the East, where she has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Johnson ever since.

Her parents, meanwhile, went to England for a short trip, and cabled their daughter to meet them there. The attractions of the East proved too strong, and Eleanor remained in Singapore, where she has just announced her engagement to Mr. George Macaulay, of Kuala Lumpur, Federated Malay States. Her ring is a beautiful solitaire.

Eleanor is returning home by the Nieuw Zeeland, and expects to sail for the East again in time for her marriage in May.

Country Chatter

MRS. HUSSY COOPER left for Cootamundra last week to pay a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Gordon Walker. Mr. and Mrs. Walker are both newcomers to the district, but have already made a number of good friends, and are always welcome at all the social festivities in the district. Mrs. Walker's brother, Edward, has made a great success of a "snack" luncheon bar in the West End of London. In between times he takes parts in films, and has an imposing appearance on the silver sheet.

In and Out of Society :: By WEP



Interesting Parties

LAST week-end was a busy one for Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard. On Friday they entertained Miss Margaret Allen at a luncheon party at the Hotel Australia. Present at the luncheon were Mr. and Mrs. Jim Dickson, Miss Hera Roberts, and Mr. Sydney Ure Smith. Later in the afternoon the popular couple were the guests of Mrs. Rodney Dangar at a cocktail party at her home. Miss Elliott and Mr. Ritchard have frequently been the guests of Miss Allen at Moombara, Port Hacking.

Landscape Gardener

"IT is surprising how many men have quite the wrong idea of pick and shovel work," said Miss Daisy Jackson, of Melbourne, who is visiting Sydney at present. Miss Jackson, after many years of practical study at famous nurseries both in Auckland and Melbourne, has made landscape gardening her profession, and is most anxious to see the most picturesque among Sydney gardens during her stay here.

When tackling a new job, Miss Jackson first of all gets a plan of the available space from the architect and from that draws an enlarged plan of every tree, shrub, and garden with which she intends to beautify the surroundings.

Among the well-known gardens which have been made picturesque by Miss Jackson are those belonging to Mrs. E. Slobom, of Glenferrie Rd.; Miss Perry, of Mont Albert Rd., Canterbury; and Mrs. H. V. Bailey, of Seacombe Grove, Brighton.

Andover Staff College

FLIGHT-LIEUT. AND MRS. ULEX EWART will leave for England by the Otranto at the end of the month, and are being entertained at a round of bon voyage parties. On arriving in England, Flight-Lieut. Ewart, who is a son of Professor Ewart, of the Melbourne University, will proceed to the Royal Air Force Staff College, at Andover.

Peter and Jill Ewart will accompany their parents, and are greatly excited at the preparations being made for their second trip abroad.

Film Star's Doings

FOR the last six years Elaine Hamill, the New Zealand beauty who has so suddenly achieved her ambition of becoming a screen star, has had no opportunity of riding, but is not in the least deterred at the thought of bestriding any horses to hand for film purposes. If she has any breathing spaces between the early shooting of the film, Elaine intends to take some expert advice on horseback riding, and hopes to recover her poise and balance with practice.

When Elaine heard of the double zood fortune of winning The Australian Women's Weekly screen contest and the stardom awaiting her, she sent cables to her family in New Zealand, who were overjoyed at the good news.

Have You Seen

Sybil Ryle's heirloom jade consisting of a perfectly matched string of beads and a solid jade armlet?

The colored loaves of bread baked yellow one half, and green the other, which are now being featured by enterprise provision shops?

The Louis Quinze mirror belonging to Dagmar Roberts?

Leila Forsythe's earrings—crystal marguerites?

Mrs. Granville Satchell's blue and white flower ruff?

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

27

FRIENDLY... HALLWAYS

THE HALL is your guest's first impression... it either conveys to the visitor an air of welcome, of brightness, of charm and dignity, or just uninviting dullness...

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

STRANGE as it may seem, most women concentrate more upon making the living-rooms attractive than on the entrances to their homes. They think anything is good enough for a hall which is little more than a passage. But, I am afraid, such ideas are wrong. Even the tiniest hall can be furnished inexpensively, yet so tastefully that it will not only make a friendly impression, but a lasting impression of your charm and good taste.

JUST occasionally step outside the front door and view your hall from the standpoint of a visitor.

Look it over critically. Does it express the measure of taste to be expected in your home? Or have everyone's odd belongings contrived the habit of collecting there—golf sticks, tennis racquets, walking sticks, umbrellas, top coats, raincoats, hats? A good way of disposing of these, by the way, is to install a cupboard and devote it solely to holding—instead of displaying them.

Very often, all that is necessary to strike a note of friendly dignity and charm is a rearrangement of furnishings, the clearing out of unnecessary stuff—perhaps a chair moved here, a bowl of colorful flowers placed on a narrow table before a mirrored strip, the rug pulled forward a few inches the better to show its cleverly-chosen design.

There are various types of halls, of course. But the first thing the wise woman home-lover will not tolerate and will have removed, is the hat, coat, and umbrella stand which houses much of the heterogeneous collection of oddments already referred to. This may have looked all right once upon a time, but not in the modern hall of to-day.

Light Tints for Walls

THE next step is to look to the walls. A light tint is undoubtedly the best for the average-sized entrance hall. The walls can be washed over with any of the new water paints quite easily for the expenditure of a few shillings. You can apply this yourself.

Again, if you prefer wallpaper give consideration to the plainer papers, or those bearing an almost invisible pattern. Papers that will always be popular are those of the rough-textured variety. With the two lessons given by me recently on the art of applying wallpaper, you could even do this little job with ease.

In some quarters wallpaper seems to be superseding distemper, the reason being that it does not mark easily if the back of a chair, for instance, is pushed against it.

In the country where timber is used more often than brick and plaster, paint, of course, serves the purpose.

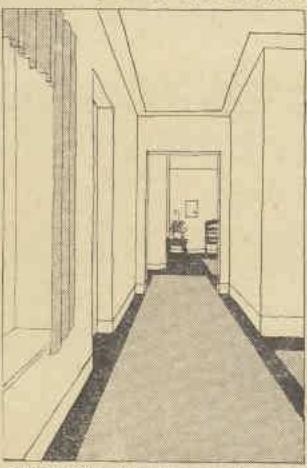
A paint-pot and brush in the hands of the country-dweller is by no means a foreign element. She does wonders with it. I feel compelled to mention here that one of the prettiest kitchens I have ever seen was discovered in a little country cottage and a credit to the

imagination and color sense of the little housewife.

Lighting a Feature

THE lighting of the hall is a most important matter. It should be noted that a very bright light is not desirable. To step at night from darkness into a blinding glare is unpleasant and rather trying.

It is much better to encounter the soft glow of one or more



THE LONG, narrow hall, inclined to be dark, can be made ever so cheerful by the skilful use of color and the correct choice and placing of furnishings. For the best results, you must depend upon the walls and floor for apparent spaciousness and light, as indicated in the above sketch.

shaded lights. Besides, it, or they, give a cosier appearance to the entrance of a small home.

If a central light is a fixture in your hallway you would be well advised to install the inverted bowl fitting, which casts most of the light to the ceiling. Lantern effects are a favorite with many and they cast a pleasing glow over the entrance at night time.

Scenes, too, for electric candles, are more artistically designed nowadays and need not be too expensive.

As regards pictures: They should be used sparingly. Choose them carefully for charm and brightness. One or two nice prints (or water colors if you are fortunate enough to have them) may be fitting, but remember, the fewer the better, because everything placed on the walls tends to reduce the apparent size of your hall.

VERY charming effects can be obtained by placing treasured pieces of china, interspersed with gleaming



JUST A SMALL entrance hall, to be sure, but how dignified and charming with its handsomely designed rug, narrow table and bowl of blooms, above which hangs a carefully-selected picture. As you enter, a pleasing glimpse of the living-room is afforded by the archway. And note the artistic effect to be gained by having colorful tiles, harmonising with the furnishings, inset into the plaster of the wall leading up the staircase.

light-catching oddments of brass or copper, on the plate rail.

Don't be tempted, however, to overdo this form of decoration.

If your hall does not boast of a plate rail—not regarded as so fashionable anyway, to-day—a small shelf could be fitted at the level of the picture rail just to give a little more friendliness to the hall by the addition of colorful bits and pieces.

Sometimes pleasing touches can be given by placing a few old plates, plaque fashion, above the picture rail, but this is just a matter for your own discrimination.

I have seen, too, much charm obtained by small, gay curtains over the front door panes. They help to make the hall more of a room than just a passage-way.

Now to return to the ground-furnishings:

With a small hall you must of necessity think in niches. With the unnecessary furniture abolished, concentrate on the hall table. In the tiny hall a narrow table of the simplest design is necessary. A table that juts out too far will spoil the effect.

If you have the telephone in the hall of the table variety it can stand on this but have nothing else except an attractive bowl of flowers.

Then a chair, of course, in keeping with the table, and a chest or cupboard, if you wish, to hold the coats and hats of visitors.

A rug of pleasing design completes the picture.

The Long Narrow Hall

MANY of the older types of homes possess a long and oftentimes narrow hall.

If yours is inclined to be dark you need not despair. This can be made ever so cheerful by the skilful use of color and the correct choice and placing of furnishings.

For the best results, you must depend upon the walls and floor for apparent spaciousness and light.

To counteract the darkness use for the walls such luminous colors as ivory, yellow, peach—all the lightest tints. All dark colors should be religiously avoided.

Mirrors reflect light, bring into the hall animation and light, and create an illusion of greater width.

Painted furniture for the narrow hall is to be recommended. It is lighter and gayer than the more sombre woods.

Emphasise, whenever possible, horizontal lines and group carefully using furniture small in scale.—E.G.

Clever IDEAS

FOR THE business girl with the small salary, instead of discarding silk dresses and underslips, make up into step-ins which can be made very attractive at a very small cost.—Miss M. Jeffray, c/o Preserve Pty., Ltd., 59 Stawell St., Burnley, E.I.

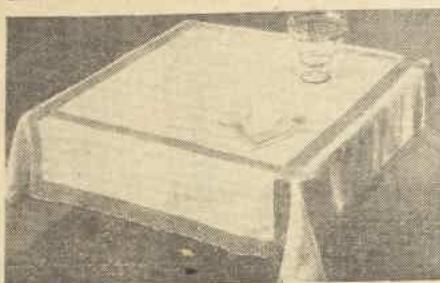
SAVE ALL scraps of bread and dry fruit in the oven. Put them through the mincer and store them in a screw-top jar. They will then be ready for cutlets, fish, brains etc.—Mrs. E. G. Johnson, Ingleswood, Vic.

IT IS useful to know when cooking that ten small or eight large eggs weigh one pound as a general rule. Four wine-glasses of any liquid are about equal to a tumblerful, or half a pint.—"Sadie," Rockhampton, Qld.

SOME OF us have the misfortune when machineing to get machine oil on the garment, and I find that equal parts of benzine and ether mixed together remove all traces of the stain.—Yvonne Sellars, 7 Oswald St., Bandwick, N.S.W.

WHEN BEATING-UP an egg, pour a little boiling water into it. It beats up twice as quickly and adds to the consistency of the egg.—Miss C. Bacon, Nursing Staff, M.R.D. Hospital, Taree, N.S.W.

TO KEEP your bread fresh, line the bottom of the bread-box with a thick layer of salt and cover it with a sheet of white paper. This will prevent any mighty smell or taste.—Miss Lois Ireland, Kingscote, Potts Point, Sydney.



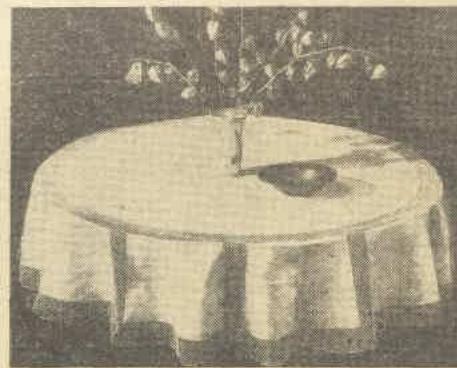
THE SQUARE CLOTH showing how simply the filet crochet can be applied. Bands of filet crochet are let into the linen cloth, and it is finished with a band of the filet all round.



A CLOSE-UP of the filet pattern in detail. The simple directions are given in the article.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

REGAL CHARM of FILET



BOTTOM Right: This round cloth shows the fascinating possibilities of filet crochet for the more experienced worker.

ANOTHER idea is to apply it to curtains. Have a band across the lower edge about 4 inches up, and two strips, one on either side, running up about 3 inches in from the edge. This would look effective, too, worked in coarse thread.

Filet crochet applied in the way suggested by the illustrations opens up an entirely new field for the home lover. The close-up and brief directions show the simplicity of the stitch.

THE charm of this filet crochet work is that it can be used in so many different and attractive ways. The bands of filet crochet let into or finishing off the edge of the cloth, bedspread, or curtain give distinction.

If you have a luncheon cloth of coarse, natural linen, work the filet in a correspondingly coarse thread. Serviettes to match would be a delightful addition.

There is, however, nothing to equal the snowy white cloth of fine linen; it definitely shows to greater advantage your chin and precious crystal. With the filet worked in fine linen thread, and tiny napkins bordered with filet, your table linen will earn for you a well-deserved reputation for good taste and refinement.

The more ambitious person — especially the little bride-to-be — could make it the central motive of her bedroom furnishing.

Have the bedspread in heavy natural linen with a three-inch hem all round, a strip of the filet on either side running nearly the depth of the bed, and another strip connecting the two at the bottom, and a small square medallion in each corner. For the table, a set of oblong mats bordered with filet, one medallion only in each mat, with an oblong cushion, and have two strips of filet running across, top and bottom.

Have a three-inch hem all round the curtains, with two strips of filet, two inches above the hem, and two inches apart. This idea for bedroom furnishing has the added attraction of being easily laundered, and, in consequence, always looking fresh and new.

Now for directions: Any crochet thread would be suitable for this work, with a steel crochet hook to correspond with the thickness of the thread. Start by making a chain slightly longer than the required length. Make one treble into 8th ch from hook. "3 ch. 1 tr. into 3rd ch from hook. Repeat from * to the end. Turn with 7 ch. 1 tr. on tr. ** 3 ch. 1 tr. on tr., repeat from ** to end. Continue in this way until filet is wide enough.

Very Capable, This Apron!

IT is made in linen of the very best quality — the kind that improves with every washing. At the bottom are four pretty designs traced for quick embroidery.

There's a quality of simplicity in its lines — so admirable in an apron. Inch and a half wide stripes of red edged with black outline the lower sides, and



THIS UTILITY APRON is made up ready for wear and is traced with quaint motifs for quick stitching. 2/- brings it to you!

the capacious pocket. Smaller double stripes of yellow, green, blue and red run vertically down the apron. In line with fashion's decrees for stripes this season, the effect is smart and attractive. Send in for it now. It will only cost you 2/- which includes postage.

Bargains at BEARS

True bargains in every sense of the word! . . . And what SERVICE! . . . Lowest cash prices; up to TWO YEARS' TERMS; and your old furniture

traded in as deposit on new . . . plus special cash concessions to The Australian Women's Weekly readers in the Metropolitan area . . . Examine these remarkable values below before inspecting elsewhere.

Use Our Easy Terms System



POLISHED FIGURED OAK BEDROOM SUITE. Consisting of a roomy wardrobe, dressing table with Plate glass mirror and gen'l's lowboy to match. Usually £28. Now with 2-drawer dressing table. With 3-drawer dressing table, as illustrated. £21/17/6

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Here's Further Proof of BEARS SUPERIOR VALUES IN CARPETS & FLOOR COVERS

BRITISH AXMINSTER SQUARES

These too are NEW to Sydney. Sensationally priced, three sizes only:
9ft. x 9ft. 10ft. 6in. x 9ft. 12ft. x 9ft.
£5/7/6 £6/5/- £7/5/-

BORDERED FLOOR SQUARES

British and overseas makers offer their greatest efforts in many stunning new designs.

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GENUINE CORK LINO.

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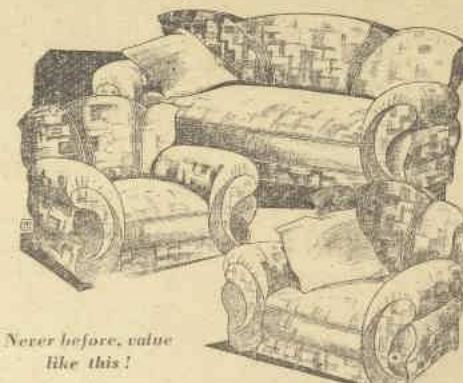
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Guaranteed All Cork Packed.



Never before value like this!

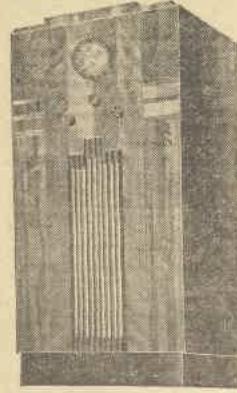
A New Design IN ATTRACTIVE TWO-TONE FINISH. Bears offer another exceptional lounge suite in this model. As illustrated, full deep roll arms and backs on all 3 pieces. Best Imported Fabric Upholsterer. THERE WAS NEVER VALUE LIKE THIS! EVEN AT BEARS. Inspect early and avoid disappointment.

£6/19/6

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4ft. 6in. DOUBLE BED MATTRESS. 30lbs. Weight.

Finest heavy kapok-filled. Best Belgian black and white or striped ticking. Bargain Basement (Pillows extra). 35/-



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These are Better Sets £3 Lower in Price
"UNIVOX" SUPERDEUTZ. Special features: 1935 Models; free demonstration; free service for 12 months; free of any heavy payments in advance; free illustrated instructions.

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Keeping Summer's Wispy Raiment Ever-Fresh

. . . Tubbing holds no terrors for the flimsiest gown—provided it is treated the right way

Muslins . . . laces . . . georgettes . . . chiffons—delicate, fragile garments—they're delightful, but take care to wash them gently, if you would keep them new-looking.

WASHING becomes quite a science. Each different fabric is washed in a different way, there are all sorts of odds and ends to remember, if you want your dress—or underwear—to look its best, and to last a long time. Often a dress is completely ruined at the first careless dip in the tub.

Let's see the procedure with these softer fabrics:

Muslin

MUSLIN very easily loses its shape, so you must be careful when washing. Use only lukewarm water and a good soap. Squeeze and dip it, but do not rub. Rinse first in tepid and then in

DAMP down clothes too dry to iron with a sprinkler bottle of hot water. This gives an even dampness to the garment and makes ironing easier.

cold water. Colored muslins can be soaked beforehand in water, adding a handful of salt to every gallon of water. White muslins may be blued.

Chiffon

CHIFFON is washed like muslin, but it dries very quickly and should not be left about. Never wring out or twist it, but if you are careful it can be put through a wringer.

Lace and Net

TO wash lace and net garments, soak them for an hour or longer in soap and warm water, with a teaspoon of borax to a quart of water. When you take it out of this water, squeeze in three different lathers, then rinse in tepid and then in cold water.

Georgette

GEORGETTE is a lovely material, which most women hesitate before attempting to wash. And yet it is quite simple, and if carefully done, very successful. Use very cool soapy water, and rinse in water of exactly the same temperature.

It is necessary to give georgette a "dressing." This is done by immersing the garment finally in gum water, which has first been strained through muslin. Use approximately a teaspoon of tube gum to a pint and a half of boiling water.

Crepes

CARE, too, must be taken with crepe materials. Crepes and satins with crepe backs often shrink after being washed. If this happens, put the garment back into the water and dry it again, stretch-

A LITTLE vinegar and a little salt added to the final rinsing water retains the color in artificial silks.

ing it by ironing carefully in both directions. To preserve the crinkled surface iron on the wrong side when practically dry.

Artificial Silks

ARTIFICIAL silks will not stand as much strain as some other fabrics. When wet, the silk loses about 50 per

cent of its strength and is apt to split and tear. So be very careful when washing. Hot water takes the lustre from the silk, leaving it dull. So wash in warm, soapy water, without rubbing. Put the articles through the wringer, spread flat between Turkish towels. Iron with a moderately hot iron on the right side, when almost dry.

Silk Stockings

SILK stockings or new artificial silk stockings are better if they are washed once before they are worn, in lukewarm, soapy water, with a little borax added. Avoid rubbing them with soap, and depend on dipping and squeezing in the soapy water to clean them. They must be well rinsed. See that your nails and hands are free from any roughness that might tear the stockings or cause ladders while washing. Stockings will not show rain spots if washed in salt water before being worn.

Cottons

COTTONS are best ironed rather damp. If they are dry, however, damp them down, using a bottle fitted with a metal sprinkler.

Crochet Work

TO retain its freshness, wash crochet work in lukewarm milk instead of water.

ARTIFICIAL silk articles should be washed in warm, soapy water and put through the wringer between towels.

Organie

ORGANIE should be washed in warm water, rinsed thoroughly, and then squeezed through a towel and ironed at once. By doing this the stitching in the material is retained.

Wash crinkled and embroidered organie in soots no hotter than the hand can stand. Iron when almost dry.

Ladies! Learn! HAIRDRESSING & BEAUTY CULTURE

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Prospective pupils of both sexes or their parents are cordially invited to visit the beautiful, new, modern premises of THE PREMIER SCHOOL OF HAIRDRESSING, 7th Floor, "The Block," 118 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY. Experts Train Every Branch of Hairdressing and Beauty Culture. Phone: MA5100. Send for Prospectus.

TO-DAY Tells You What You Should Know!

BROADCASTING is so much a part of our national life that good or bad programmes make all the difference between boredom and high-class entertainment to tens of thousands of people. In the current (October) number of To-Day the quality of Sydney's broadcast programmes is

critically examined, and valuable suggestions for improvement are made by one with inside knowledge.

A dozen other articles, all equally outspoken, deal informatively and trenchantly with topics of the moment. For instance, you have a new view of the treatment of "abos" in the north, a searchlight on Labor tactics at last elec-

tion, a statement by Mussolini in regard to Italy's present and future policy, and an article by a lawyer on breach of promise actions. With much more.

The full-page color illustrations of To-Day, with black and white drawings and jokes, make up a very attractive number, on sale for 6d. at all book-stalls.

milk

builds an A1 nation

The Doctor says:—

"Milk is the essential food to build bone and muscle. Everyone should have three glasses a day to drink and one in cookery."

More Milk means better health.

The Dentist says:—

"Milk is the supreme teeth builder and protector. A glass of Milk contains more lime than a glass of lime water."

More Milk means better teeth, makes you more attractive, gives better health.

Miss Sydney says:—

"A glass of Milk at 11 o'clock and one in the afternoon instead of tea, supplies energy and vigor, and keeps you fit and well."

MILK—The Perfect Food—contains all the vitamins. It is Nature's revitaliser — Nature's builder of rich red blood, strong bones and teeth. It gives energy. It builds up the body to resist ill-health.



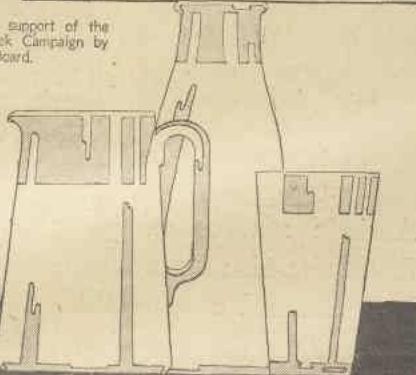
Children say:

"MILK—MORE AND MORE OF IT!"

A Glass of Milk is a glass of Health. MILK—NATURE'S COMPLETE FOOD. Drink more. Use more.



Inserted in support of the Health Week Campaign by the Milk Board.



HEADACHE POWDERS & TABLETS

Headaches and Neuralgia yield to "Presto" within a few minutes—you get quick, certain, safe relief! "Presto" is scientifically compounded to an entirely new improved A.P.C. Formula which gives magic results. Say good-bye to all kinds of pain with "Presto."

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

The purity of Presto Powders is guaranteed because they are manufactured by Elliotts & Australian Drug Ltd., the largest manufacturing chemists in Australia.

TAKE PRESTO FOR Headache, Neuralgia, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbar Sciatica, Influenza, Toothache & pains in general.



1/6 FOR 12 POWDERS OR 25 TABLETS

PRESTO MAGIC PAIN RELIEF!



IT HAPPENED IN SYDNEY!

Fleurbaix, Peacock St.,
Seaforth.

Dear Mrs. Bennet.

With feelings of deep gratitude I would like to express my appreciation of your great skill in regard to the recent illness of my son, Douglas. After a great many doctors, connected with a well-known Sydney hospital had failed to diagnose his complaint, and told me I could take him home to have the pleasure of his last hours, I brought him to you utterly helpless and wasted to a shadow, and you with marvelous efficiency and perseverance faced the task of healing him. In three months he was on his feet. In six months he was completely cured. Words are inadequate to express what we all feel—but if this testimonial is useful you may use it as you please.

(Signed) L. HARDY.

THIS IS TO REMIND YOU I AM

Still giving the electric VIT-O-NET treatment and massage, same as I gave this boy and thousands of others during 18½ years at Station House.

WARNING

No person has ever been associated in partnership with me. I personally superintend every case. I have always done so for 18½ years.

Mrs. J. BENNET

Station House, Rawson Place, Sydney. Phone, MA4108.

It's so easy to win Beauty

WERA ENGELS TELLS YOU HOW

"Some women mistakenly imagine it's a difficult matter to keep their skin alluringly soft and smooth. It's really the easiest thing in the world—thanks to Lux Toilet Soap! This gentle, exquisite soap does wonders for the complexion."

*Wera Engels*THE OFFICIAL SOAP IN
HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

Artistic studies of your favourite film stars wrapped around every tablet

A LEVER PRODUCT



LUX supercreamed TOILET SOAP

And How is Your VEGETABLE GARDEN?

Are you hillling, mulching, weeding, spraying as you should?

... Asks the Old Gardener

O serve crisp, big-hearted lettuce one month after planting sounds rather ambitious, but it's a possibility . . . How to accomplish this is only one of the many helpful and profitable tips crowded into this expert article on successful vegetable growing by The Old Gardener.

YES, here I am again, Miss, doing the rounds as usual . . .

We'll leave the flower garden alone this week, and turn our attention

once more to the profitable side of gardening—the vegetable garden.

This section of the home, as I said before, is very important, and one that can hardly be ignored.

Oh, here we are! Yes, everything seems to be doing well, but strict watching is needed. I notice weeds growing everywhere, so there is plenty of work ahead. Do you know, weeds are great robbers, and as soon as you clean this garden, the better the results. Get the dutch hoe going. These days are ideal for the work, and the younger the weeds the easier the work becomes.

All vegetables respond quickly to

beautiful lettuce, ready for the table one month after transplanting. All vegetables will be greatly assisted by applying sulphate.

Always remember, the quicker vegetables are grown the more palatable they are, being tender and sweet with all the nutrient stored up in them. Slow-growing vegetables become tough and bitter—salads especially.

The potato patch needs a good spraying with either bordeaux mixture or lime sulphur. See, this one has these dark brown spots—notice how they have commenced right on the top leaves! That's potato or Irish blight. Pull up, and destroy, otherwise in a few days the whole of the plot will become affected.

Early Tomatoes—This Way!

THIS tomato bed is doing well. Oh yes, you'll have early tomatoes, but you must prune them. See the laterals coming out between the branches and the main stem. Nip them out, and keep the plant with one stem only. All early tomatoes do much better kept to a single stem. The fruit is then forced out in clusters down the main stem. Tomatoes firm, solid and even, will follow. Spray with lime sulphur, 40 to 1, as directed, at least every ten to fourteen days.

Watch for the downy mildew and pumpkin beetle on the cucumbers and pumpkins. Spray with bordeaux mixture or lime sulphur, as directed, and



THE OLD GARDENER, of The Australian Women's Weekly, who supervises the gardens at Bishopscourt, caught by our camera while planting the flowers which Lady Game, who has just returned from England, brought with her from her mother's home in Dorset, for Mrs. Mowll. One is a pink anemone, and the other a pink scented verbena.

—Women's Weekly photo.

thorough cultivation. After weeds have been removed, hill the soil well up to the plants, and hoe half the soil between the rows each side of the plants. This method not only conserves the moisture, but the valleys or depressions between the rows act as a retainer for the rain, and watering.

When the hillling up is completed, mulch the whole bed with leaf mould, any old manure, bush scraping, grass, etc. This is done by packing all material around the plants, and between the rows.

Let me show you. Take this bed of beans. The surface is flat. When I pour this water on, most of it runs off, and by scraping a little of the soil away, you notice that just underneath it is still dry. Sandy soil, especially, will not allow the water to soak in.

Put this mulch on, and see the difference! When I water again it will soak well in. That is the value of mulch. Also, this mulching process assists the soil in conserving the moisture, and prevents rapid evaporation.

If mulch is not obtainable, fork up the ground, first loosening the surface a few inches. Then give a thorough watering, and continue this operation every few days, and your vegetable garden will thrive.

Quick-Growing Vegetables

VEGETABLES, such as lettuce, radish, beans, etc., must be grown quickly. So with constant attention, plenty of water, and good cultivation, success can be achieved.

Lettuce should be planted close—say, an ordinary space apart—so that the whole of the ground will be covered—the lettuce just meeting one another when growing. This method keeps the ground cool, and acts as a splendid mulch, conserving all the water given them.

Weekly applications of sulphate of ammonia, one dessertspoon to every gallon of water, and then poured between the plants, not allowing it to touch the foliage, is very good.

This constant attention will give you

HORN HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can quickly made with Holbrook's Anchovy Paste. # # #



NOURISHING DINNERS

that bring the glow of health to young cheeks, are the homely, wholesome kind—such as SOUPS, STEWS, PIES, PUDDINGS, and RICH BROWN GRAVIES made with GRAVOX, which instantly SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS. Simply blend and bring to the boil.

GRAVOX MAKES NO LUMPS

GRAVOX
THE IDEAL
GRAVY MAKER

MADE BY
KLEMBRO LTD.
MELBOURNE, VICTORIA



THE LITTLE ones, too, have their magic hour, and are whisked away in spirit to other lands and other times.

TUNE in for the PRINCE The Wireless marks His Progress

ASEFIELD, Poet Laureate and visitor to our shores, praised wireless in a recent interview: "I know that many people mourn the advent of the potted teachings of the wireless as tending to superficiality, but I rejoice that more and more people are coming to demand and to receive a pill of learning where they got no learning at all before."

IT is through wireless that we are able to keep in touch with the world's events. We have been able to follow the Prince's progress from his landing in Perth. We have been thrilled with the privileges of hearing Royalty speak in our own room, with hearing his cultured English voice.

Masefield said wireless gives us a pill of learning. It gives more than that—it gives us an incalculable store of pleasure.

Not so very many years ago to have a wireless set meant to have harsh music with a discordant accompaniment of statics. A refining process has been going on, so that now it is possible to have a rich, mellow tone, and tuning-in so smooth and simple that statics and irritating readjustments with knobs are things of the past.

Modern wireless sets are handsome things, now that greater attention is concentrated on the cabinets.

The cabinet, sketched on this page, by Petrov, which is by courtesy of the Reliance Radio Co., is an example of the handsome new cabinets, built on strong modern lines out of fine quality wood. This is only one of many offered at ridiculously low prices to the public.

Not only is it handsome in appearance, but it has an exceptionally fine toning—deep and mellow. The transmitting of voices is natural and beautiful. There is a fidelity of tone, a realistic quality that must appeal to every music-lover.

The Reliance Radio Company are radio manufacturers and wholesale merchants, so that they can keep their prices very low. Buy direct from them at Reliance House, 45 York St., and you will get real value.

Black Lace

To renovate black lace, wash it in a solution of water and a little ammonia, and for the final rinse put some strong coffee into the water.

INTERESTING Free Lectures

SMILINGLY declaring she is yet another Australian to make good in other climes, Dr. Elsie M. Port, Ph.D., has arrived in Sydney after seventeen years' absence in America and Europe.

That time was spent in study and work with doctors and specialists in medical and scientific research, practising in Hollywood, where she made contact with famous film stars, and culminating in world lecture tours, and now she has returned to her native land to pass on to all those who will stop and listen, her authoritative knowledge in the fundamental health principles that govern life.

It is what we eat, and what we drink, allied to the exercise we take and the way we think that makes or mars our existence, says Dr. Port.

Dr. Port is already convinced that the American girl appears to take more care of her health and was more interested in health subjects than the Australian girl. As they grow older, she said, they seem to preserve their youthful appearance to a far greater degree than the women of any other country.

Dr. Port commences a series of free lectures at the Lyceum Club, 77 King St., on Thursday, October 18, and will be assisted by Miss Evette Murdoch with facial rejuvenation demonstrations.



"YOU know what old friends are—they just walk right into the kitchen! And mine looked so dingy! I always had to apologise for it!"

"But I've painted the dingy stove, and the rusty pipes with Silvafros. Now, my kitchen's bright and clean!"

There are hundreds of uses for Taubmans Silvafros, the brilliant finish for all metal surfaces. Gas coppers, bathroom and laundry fittings, pipes, metal gates, fences, wire mattresses—wherever there's metal likely to rust and tarnish, there's a use for Silvafros. It brushes on easily, dries in half an hour—gives a lasting frosted silver finish—rustless and stainless—durable, heat resisting—protective!

Silvafros is sold at all stores, in handy household sizes.

Tune in to Taubmans "Favorites Old and New"—2GB 9.15 p.m. Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.—3DB 9.15 p.m. Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri.

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INDIVIDUAL STYLES

FOR EVERY OCCASION



The new "Supra" Machineless method ensures perfect results, with the most delicate or difficult-to-wave hair . . . positively no risk of frizzing, burns, or stiff artificial waves. It makes every wave so easygoing and gentle—so gracefully symmetrical as the loveliest of natural wavy hair . . .

AND WHAT'S JUST AS IMPORTANT

is the supreme comfort you enjoy—no electricity—chemical heating apparatus or heavy contraptions on the head. It is an entirely new method, and takes only 25 minutes to execute from commencement until the shampoo for resetting. Equally suitable for Bleached, Grey and White hair. **PERFECT RESULTS GUARANTEED OR REFUND OF MONEY.**

SHINGLE HEAD 17/6
BOB WITH RINGLET ENDS 25/-
Trim, Shampoo, Set, and Manicure . . . 4/-
BRING THIS ADVERTISEMENT WITH YOU
Ring F3141 for Appointment—We are Always Busy.

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NIGHTLY AT 8 P.M.
MATINEES WED. & SAT. AT 2 P.M.
England's Regatta Triumph
"SIXTEEN"
With the English Artist
JANE WOOD

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



"—Yes, the Society will Convert the policy into AN ANNUITY"

THE Society's counsellors, visiting amongst members, frequently find that members do not know of their privileges in regard to annuity payments.

Any member of the Society has the privilege of converting any sum assured payable at death (Table A.) or any Endowment Policy (Table J.) into an annuity, payable for any term he may elect, i.e., for 5, 10, 15, or 20 years after the claim has arisen or the policy has matured. Both the original sum assured and the accrued bonuses may be applied in this way.

Amounts of Annuities (payable quarterly) which may be obtained in exchange for each £100 of assurance, and Bonuses are:

Annuity payable per annum	Amount per annum.
5 years	£21 17 6
10 years	£17 17 8
15 years	£13 8 0
20 years	£9 6 17

Thus, a policy for £1,000, to which Reversionary Bonuses amounting to £500 have been added, may be exchanged for an Annuity of £178 5/- (in four quarterly payments) for 10 years.

Experienced counsellors will be glad to explain this privilege to any member or intending member living within reasonable distance of an A.M.P. office. To others the Society will gladly send full information by letter and booklets.

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INVESTED IN THE COMMONWEALTH AND NEW ZEALAND



THE DIP can be truly delightful . . .

A little Scrubb's in the bath—and how delightful the dip becomes! Lassitude leaves—you feel a glorious glow enveloping you—the whole system is toned! If you're careworn the quickest cure is a bath—softened and smoothed with Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia.

Now available are Scrubb's Ammoniated LIQUID BATH SALT, delightfully perfumed and refreshing!

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

DON'T FORGET

To assist the Linen Auxiliary of the Royal Hospital for Women, R.G.H. Happiness Club (Rose Bay Branch), a dance will be held at the Benevolent Society hall on October 20. Cards will also be arranged for bridge players.

Display and committees of the Belgrave School of Physical Culture at the Town Hall on October 20.

The Smith Family Japewavers are sponsoring a ball to be held at Hordern Brothers' on October 27 in aid of the orthopaedic clinic.

Sir Philip Street, K.C.M.O., will perform the official opening at the annual meeting of St. John Ambulance Association at the Lecture Hall, 44 Margaret St., on October 28, at 3.30 p.m.

The Impressionist Theatre has postponed the performances of "Salomé" from October 10 to November 5, 7, and 10 at the King's Hall. Miss Irene Vera Young's interpretation of Salomé's dance will be one of the main features of the programme.

A special midnight mystery will take place at the David Jones' Staff Ball, in aid of charity, which will be held in David Jones' ballroom on October 30.

Sir Kelso and Lady King have lent their home, Quamby Edgecliff, for a fete to be held in the garden on October 29 in aid of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association Clinic.

Mrs. Harry Norman will be the guest of the Business Girls' luncheon at Mackay's, Liddell Street, on October 22.

The Australian Composers and Writers' Association will precede their production of the Australian play, "Murdered," at St. James' Hall on October 23, with a short novella, "The Spirit of Jazz," which will feature Jessie Best.

That a musical will be held at the Y.W.C.A. Hall, Liverpool St., on October 31 at 2.30 p.m. Mrs. Bryce Carter is arranging the programme.

A welcome home card party for the Davis Cup players will be held at the Maxfield Galleries on October 26 in aid of the Royal Hospital for Women. Prizes include a two days' tour of the Peninsula, Grafton autographed tennis racket, a golf club, and lady's diamond

The Grand Spring Fete which will be opened by Lady Game at the Holy Trinity Church of England, Miller's Point, October 25, 26, and 27.



MISS NORMA CARPENTER, who is taking part in the gipsy ballet at the Cranbrook Gala Revue at the Winter Garden, Rose Bay, October 23.—Dayne.

YOUR BEST CHINA

Careless washing of fragile china is responsible for cracking and fading out of delicate colors, also for the majority of breakages.

CHINA ornaments require a great deal of care when they are being washed. They should first be dusted before being washed, and then gently sponged in warm, soapy water. Don't use soda, as it may hurt the delicate coloring.

Have plenty of hot, not too hot, water, rinse the china in it, after sponging, and allow to drain, in order to remove any trace of soap or grease—especially is this applicable to your best teacups.



Pretty bowls and vases will retain delicate colors longer with careful washing. Don't use soda!

A teapot is often neglected, and days even weeks, go by where they never get a thorough wash. Wash it carefully in fresh water, without soap, getting into all crannies, and dry well. And then do not put on the lid tightly, for you may make the pot smell musty. There are teapot brushes like small bottle brushes, which you can buy to clean the spouts.

Never put china in the sink or washing-up bowl and pour hot water over it, as this causes cracks. Milk jugs should always be well secured inside and left to air after being dried.

Some Helpful Hints

When papering, always glue size your walls first, after filling up all cracks with plaster, but do not size them if they are already papered and you do not intend to strip off the old before applying the new.

When painting your windows, if you are not too steady with the brush rub a little petroleum jelly over the glass near the woodwork. This you can easily wipe off when finished, and any paint will come off with it.

Wash your paint brushes clean after using, and let them stand in water until required again. If a varnish or varnish stain has been used, let the brush stand in a little linseed oil. Your paste-brush should be washed clean with lukewarm water and allowed to dry. Brushes used for lacquering must be cleaned with special thinners, as oil of turpentine will not mix with lacquer. If a brush after being used with lacquer is allowed to dry before cleaning you will find it a hopeless task trying to get it fit for use again.

"Many people have asked me how I keep my clothes so white..."

You
CAN HAVE BRIGHTER WASHES
AND NO HARD WORK

Don't drudge at a washtub for another minute. Do as millions of women have already done—without any hard work, start getting the whitest whites, the brightest colours and the softest woolies and silks you have ever had—start using Persil!

**LET PERSIL'S
Active OXYGEN-SUDS
WORK FOR YOU !!**

Once Persil is in the water you can forget the washing part of washing-day and just watch. Persil washes automatically! As you pour the Persil solution into the copper it sets free countless tiny oxygen bubbles. These oxygen bubbles immediately make the suds active. With all the cleansing power of nature's own purifier—oxygen—in them, the suds whirl to and fro through each stitch and thread of the clothes. Every tiny speck of dirt loosens out. Everything comes as clean and fresh as can be. And not a moment's rubbing to tire you or wear out your clothes!

Safe for washing everything
Because Persil washes thoroughly even in cool water it is the safest thing for dainty silks, colours, and woolens. And, because there's no rubbing in the Persil way to wash, your linings will last as long again—never frayed or worn in the tub.

**PERSIL WASHES
BEST alone . . .
DO NOT ADD ANYTHING ELSE**

**Absolutely
NO
WASHING TABLETS,
SOAP POWDERS,
BAR SOAP NEEDED.**

*Save what you
spend on EXTRAS'*

THE SIMPLE WAY IS THE

PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.,
Box 1590B G.P.O., Sydney.



DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK . . .

If Persil does not give you the easiest washing-days and the brightest washes you've ever had! Write to the address below.

PERSIL WAY

21.02.824

2GB HIGHLIGHTS

PIONEER FEMINIST

A LAUNDRESS said to Ellen Key, "It is not wealth we want, but we envy rich people their culture. We should like to have time to study art and music." Inspired by these words, Ellen Key organised social evenings where the more cultured and the poorer people had opportunities of meeting and studying together, and she placed her home at the disposal of a committee to arrange for four working women at a time to stay in that cultured home amongst the beautiful works of art she had collected.

Ellen Key became a Professor of History of Civilisation at the University of Stockholm, and played a prominent part in drawing up the programme of adult education in Sweden.

Through her own long and rich life she was the centre both of admiration and controversy because of her brilliance as a writer and her courage as a feminist. Strangely enough she believed that woman's place was the home and not the office or factory.

Ellen Key died in 1926 at the age of 77. Her life forms the subject of a talk from 2GB by Mrs. M. K. MacKay on Tuesday, October 23, at 12.15.

THE LADIES AGAIN

"WOMEN of Other Lands" that piquant session dealing with the femininities of countries other than our own, has programmed for next week "Women of Japan" on Monday, October 22, at 8.30, and "Women of Persia" on Friday, October 26.

HOW TO TELL STORIES

"THE telling of a story," says Ella Price, who conducts a 2GB story-teller session every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, at 1.45 p.m., "must combine the art of the raconteur and of the actor if the telling of a story is not to be a flat reading. It should resemble a drama, with the characters and the dialogue, through which they are expressed, brought out in relief against the background of the narrative."

Mr. Price tries to live his stories as he reads them, for then, he finds, there steals into his voice just that touch of emotional realism that carries conviction. As for preference in subject, Mr. Price has none. He roams the whole field of literature.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

SATURDAY afternoon's programme from 2GB has been completely re-organised. Miss Kathleen Jordan has now a lieutenant in Uncle George. Many new features have been added. There are three big sessions of music from the World Broadcasting series entitled "Melody Time," "Playing the Song Market," and "Spice of Life." Uncle George tells a short story and talks about pets. Kathleen Jordan continues with "Artists at Home," peeps at the private lives of recorded artists, and conducts the mail question box, from which you may learn anything from the Christian name of your movie star's sixth husband to the number of words "Schnozzle" Durante has spoken since he hit Hollywood.



OFF TO LONDON

ANGELA PARRELLE, popular 2GB singer, sings a farewell programme from 2GB on November 1, and in the meantime is being tendered a complimentary dance at Mark Foy's ballroom on Thursday, October 25.

AUSTRALIA'S JAZZ SINGER

A NONA WINN is the most broadcast of all Australian artists in London. She has sung 300 times or more from the R.B.C. in all types of programmes. This Sydney girl, who was trained at the "Con," originally intended to become an operatic singer, but her sense of humor prevailed, and she became a singer of "hot numbers" and syncopation. At least that is her explanation, and it's as good as any. A special record presentation from 2GB on October 23, at 2.15 p.m., will feature among other items one of her latest duet numbers, "In Sunny Monterey."

THE LORD PROTECTOR

DOUGH and puritanic, hard and hated, Cromwell yet remains a human and at times a lovable man. For always behind him seems to stand the patient, loving figure of his proud mother, George Edwards is to broadcast an historical drama, "Oliver Cromwell," on Tuesday, October 23, at 9.30 p.m.

A SAILOR'S LASSES

"SHE'S hard and thin, and she's never mellow; Her tongue's like a hammer, and she blows like a bellow."

That's the blacksmith's daughter, who is only one of the longshore lasses to be met with in Wilson Ewart's programme of "Jack Ahay" from 2GB on Tuesday, October 23, at 10 p.m.

WOMEN AND POLITICS

A PROMINENT writer once said that if a woman should ever try to think pure politics the effort would set her head on fire. Be that as it may, 2GB's experience is that women are among the most ardent listeners to the authoritative and provocative talks broadcast by Mr. A. M. Pooley on Fridays, at 9.30 p.m., and Sunday at 9.45 p.m. His two weekly sessions covering international affairs has for long been a popular session with thinking women. He is to be supplemented by Mr. Lloyd Ross, who acted as political commentator dur-

Particulars of the special Australian Women's Weekly Sessions on 2GB will be found elsewhere in this issue.

ing the recent elections. Mr. Ross is now to discuss, each Monday night at 10.15, the Australian political scene. Politics to Mr. Lloyd Ross gave three aspects—the political, the cultural, and the economic. Women should appreciate this widening of their political spheres of interest.

DIZZY AND HIS WIFE

A FRIEND of Disraeli's once asked him what he saw in the elderly, unattractive woman who was his beloved wife.

"George," was the retort, "there is one word in the English language of which you are ignorant."

"What is that?"

"Gratitude," replied Disraeli.

Even in their old age, Disraeli's wife used to send out for a supper of raised pie and champagne, and wait up for his return from a Cabinet meeting. "My dear, you are more like a mistress than a wife," he is said to have told her.

Dorothy Jordan tells the story of their love and marriage in her "Love Stories of Famous People" on Friday, October 19, at 11.15 a.m., and on Friday, October 26, will repeat "Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson."

LIFE-SIZE DOLL
UNBREAKABLE.
About 27 inches high.
Reproduction of a French Creation in fine, fast colours on cloth that won't tear. Intended to satisfy the demand for a Grandmother's Model Doll never fails to please. Will be given away with expensive Dolls. Price only 2/6 posted, and for the first few days one Baby Doll given free.

Angle-American Publishing Co., 82 Pitt St., Box 1183B, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

KEENEST VALUES!

SILKS

SNOWS

2/11½ HEAVYWEIGHT MAROCAIN

Shows standard quality—the weave we recommend to wear, for Frocks, Coats, etc. Choose from White, Black, and a complete range of light and dark shades. 36 inches wide. Usually 2/11½ NOW, yard

1/3½

1/11½ 36-INCH SUPER SATIN

Buy for Frocks, Furnishings, Linings, Undies, etc. In White, Black, Gold, Red, Pink, Vieus Rose, Green, Beige, Navy, and twenty other splendid shades. 36 inches wide. Usually 1/11½ NOW, yard

1/-

2/11 STRIPED SPUN CHENE

A marvellous range of vivid multi-colored dress stripes to choose from; also forty good shirting designs for Men's and Boys' Wear. Wear and washing guaranteed. 29 inches wide. Usually 2/11½ NOW, yard

1/9½

5/11 PRINTED CREPE DE CHENE

All Pure Silk quality, for cool Summer Frocks, Blouses, etc. A wonderful range of new designs on both light and dark grounds. 36 inches wide. Save 2/- on every yard! Usually 5/11½ NOW, yard

3/11½

4/11 CREPE SPLENDOUR

Twice as heavy as Pure Silk Crepe de Chene—pure silk reinforced with delustered yarn. Wear and washing guaranteed. In White and a full range of pastel lingerie shades. 36 inches wide. Usually 4/11½ NOW, yard

2/11½

6/11 36-IN. FRENCH COTELE

The new cord weave in White, Black, Navy, Fisherman Red, Pigeon Breast, Engadine Green, Als Green, Dusty Pink, Burness Blue, Glass Blue, Sandown, Salt Red, Rose, Wine, Gypsy Brown. Usually 6/11½ NOW, yard

4/11½

2/11 DOUBLE WEAR SPUN CHENE

Wear and washing guaranteed. Just the weave you want for hard-worked Tennis and Sports Frocks, Undies, Men's and Boys' wear, etc. White only! 29 inches wide. Value! Usually 2/11½ NOW, yard

1/3½

5/11 BRITISH FLORAL GEORGETTE

Cool, filmy Georgette, in patterns for either Street or Evening wear. A tempting range of new season's designs on pastel or dark grounds. British weave. 36 inches wide. Usually 5/11½ NOW, yard

4/6½

REGRET CANNOT FORWARD SAMPLES OF PRINTED GOODS.

LINENS

IN THE FOREFRONT OF FASHION!

Cool and colorful—Frequent tubbings mean nothing in their young lives!

36 inch "SILFLAX" LINEN

Show special finish Pure Linen, in best dyes. Every wanted shade to choose from, and White. Fast colors. NOW, yard

2/6½ 2/11½ 3/6½

1/11½ 2/6½ 2/11½

3/6½ PRINTED LINEN

"D.Y.R.O."—the brand is your safeguard! Buy your frock-lengths now at this greatly reduced price! Exquisite designs and colorings—guaranteed fadeless! 36 inches wide. Usually 3/6½ NOW, yard

2/6½

3/6½ KNOTTE CRUISE LINEN

New shipment just arrived and ready for speedy clearance at this price! Shades are Brown, Blue, Green, Red, Pink and Gold. Colors are all guaranteed fadeless. 36 inches wide. Usually 3/6½ NOW, yard

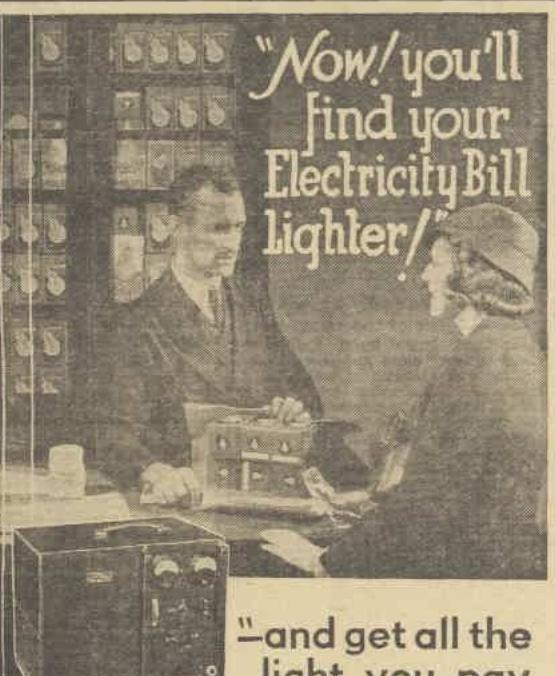
2/6½

5/11 LINEN TWEEDS

Nothing smarter than these quality Linen Tweeds for your Suit and Tailored Frocks! Novelty weaves in Knotte, Chick and gay Plaid effects. Colors guaranteed fadeless. 36 inches wide. Usually 5/11½ NOW, yard

4/6½

SYDNEY SNOW LTD., PITTS & LIVERPOOL STS.



"and get all the light you pay for!"

"Thank you, Mr. Brown — we are going to discard all our 'cheap' lamps and replace them with Philips!"

"You are very wise, Madam, for not only will you get much better lighting, but you will get all the light you pay for."

"The fact is, Mr. Brown, we had always used Philips, but we thought we could save money with 'cheap' lamps, even though the light was not quite so good!"

"And did you find 'cheap' lamps more economical?"

"No, Mr. Brown, far from it—we certainly saved a few pence on the cost of the lamps, but in spite of the poor light our electricity account is nearly double!"

"Well, Madam — thousands of women have made the same discovery — 'cheap' lamps are 'cheap' lamps and it pays to use only Philips."

PHILIPS LAMPS
MEASURED LIGHT

4-18

Grace Bros

38in. SILK SPONGE CLOTH

USUALLY
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ YD
10/-

Surely the lowest price ever for this popular fabric! Silk Sponge Cloth, in a fine colour range, which includes White, Pinks, Greens, Blue, Red, Saxe, Brown, Mauve, Lemon, etc. The ideal fabric for all out-o-door wear—Sports Frocks, Cruise Suits, or Beach Wear. Why not secure a length or two—now, at this special reduction? Usually 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

SPECIAL AT Yard . . . 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

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YARD



8 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4/- E.A.

Special Purchase!

400 ITALIAN PEDALINES—all individually trimmed. Sailors, Bretons, and Droop shapes, in all colours and fittings. Regular Value 8/11 each.

SPECIAL PURCHASE PRICE . . . 4/-

THE "BAREFOOT"

Lets the . . .
SUN SHINE IN

In ALL WHITE POLAR CALF—
most desirable for Beach and
Cruise wear. Full and half sizes, 2
to 7.

A WONDER-VALUE
AT 12/9



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Broadway
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The Well-Appointed CARD TABLE

. . . means much to hostess and guests alike. Even the bachelor girl finds that these little inexpensive extras and decorative novelties help to write "success" across her card parties.

CARDS, to-day, play a very important part in our social life, and form, perhaps, one of the happiest mediums for entertaining; for even the tiniest flat can be made to accommodate a four for bridge or five for poker. These two games seem to be universal favorites, and there are but few people, indeed, that do not play one or both of them.



THE BACHELOR GIRL who gathers her four—or eight—together for bridge finds it an easy way of entertaining, and also an inexpensive way of returning the hospitality of more fortunate friends. A few hours at cards, a dainty supper (prepared previously in the miniature kitchenette), interspersed with light chatter or interesting discussions—as the case may be—and she feels herself in her own right the perfect hostess.

Photo by courtesy of Grace Bros.

CARDS are really a great boon —think of the many charities that have been helped by local "drives," aided and abetted nobly by the ancient game of euchre, or its more modern successor—bridge. Thinks of the many lonely men in the outposts of our Empire, who have kept their reason in the long months of solitude by reading, and playing solitaire.

In most modern homes you will find the familiar baize-covered table—for cards fill in an evening very pleasantly.

For the bachelor girl especially, housed in a tiny flat with few facilities, and in most cases little money for entertaining are cards a blessing. She likes to return the hospitality—the shows, and dinners, and dances—her more fortunate friends give her, but to do so on the same scale is impossible. Therefore, she gathers her four or eight together—makes her room gay with flowers, spends an hour or so in her tiny kitchenette preparing a dainty supper, fills attractive containers with cigarettes and nuts—maybe mixes a cocktail or two, and is happy in the knowledge that only pure malevolent mischance can spoil her little party. She has the added assurance of being hostess in her own domain, and is free from the nagging thought that she is spending more than she can afford.

For all the little extras that go to make a card party a success, and not just a game of cards, can be purchased very cheaply—gum markers, quaint pencils, etc.

The characters from Walt Disney's cartoons have been utilised as trump-holders, even an ordinary cigarette tastes better from the crystal containers, with the colorful card symbols, and the same cigarette simply must be

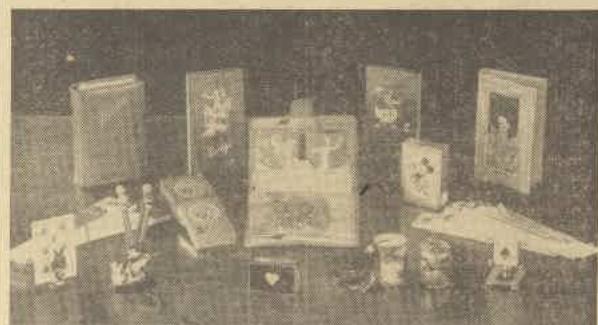
Bed and Breakfast

For Sixpence!

DID you know that in Germany you can get bed and breakfast for sixpence a night at quite a reputable guest-house? An English woman journalist, travelling the Continent, writes us that at Oberammergau—scene of the marvellous yearly play of Christ—she obtained good accommodation for sixpence—and had a hearty breakfast of bread and cheese! At an Austrian guest-house of good standing, she obtained a home for the night, breakfast the next morning—for 1/6!

lit by a match with a brilliantly colored head.

For the more affluent are the lovely cocktail and whisky sets of clear crystal with the suit motifs thereon, and the soft leather cases containing cards, and scorers, and pencils complete—but whatever the extent of our purses there are numerous novelties to be found to help make our parties go with a swing.



TODAY YOUR card table can be as varied and well-equipped as your dinner table. There are so many delightful decorative cards, scorers, match box and cigarette holders, ash trays—even the matches strike a bright color note. The card-table appointments pictured here are by courtesy of Grace Bros.



LIGHTWEIGHT COAT
WW755.—A lightweight summer coat is an essential item to a wardrobe. Collar is cut in one with the shoulder strap which threads through the material. Material for 36-inch bust, 4 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

GAILY SPOTTED FROCK
WW756.—If you want a simple little frock, choose this model. The contrast top has elbow sleeves with a pleated inset. Skirt has a shaped panel in the front. Material for 36-inch bust, 3 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

SUMMER ENSEMBLE
WW757.—You must have a summer ensemble to be smart. Frock has a contrast vest and collar, and skirt shows three low pleats front and back. Material for 36-inch bust, 4 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state the age of the child.

Pattern is cut to fit 36-inch bust. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment shown, fill in this coupon and post it, WITH 1d STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses, but a penny stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 228A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.

MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

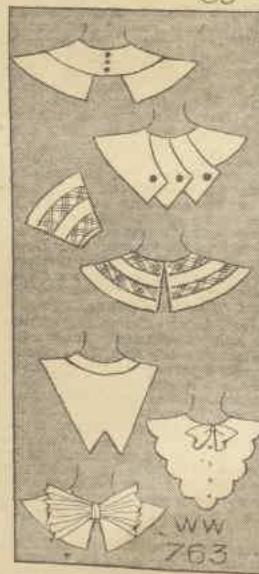
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 123X, G.P.O., Sydney.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please turn to the top right hand corner of the front page to obtain the address.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

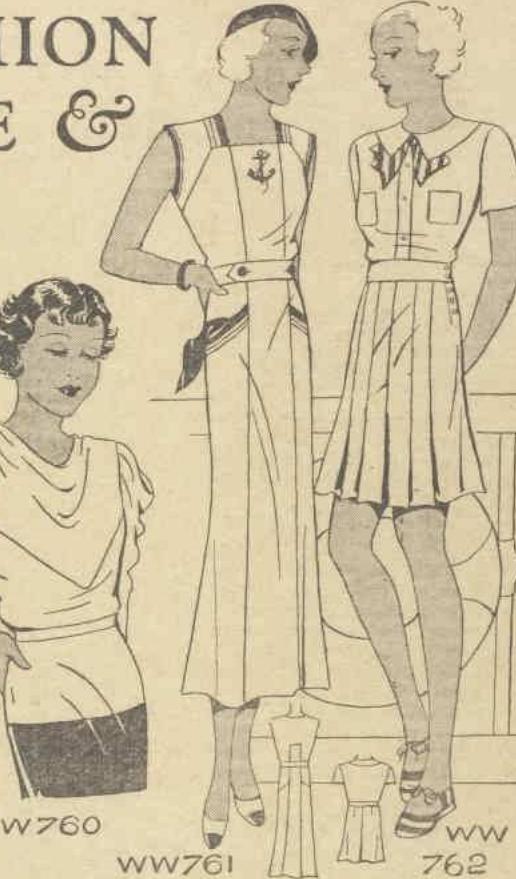
Name _____
Address _____
State _____
Pattern Coupon, 3d 10/-



USEFUL SUGGESTIONS

WW763.—Smarten up your summer frock with a new and dainty collar. These designs are smart and varied in style. PAPER PATTERN, including entire collar, set for 1/L.

Our FASHION SERVICE & Free Pattern



FOR THE SMALL GIRL

WW759.—This attractive little frock is made of wash silk, gathered or smocked each side, and has an embroidered pattern round the hem. Pattern for a child 1 to 2 years. Material required, 1 yard 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.



WW758

A NAUTICAL DESIGN

WW761.—A striking design for your new sports frock. It is a sleeveless model, with extended shoulder yoke. Material for 36-inch bust, 31 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

SPORTING ATTIRE

WW762.—The modern sports-woman who goes hiking or enjoys the beach parade will appreciate this blouse and shorts. Material for 36-inch bust, 2½ yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

WITH COWL NECK
WW760.—The dainty effect of cowl front and sleeves lends itself to soft summer fabrics. Material for 36-inch bust, 2½ yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

You won't mind if I tell you?

Hundreds of women suffer with unpleasant breath—but few have friends with the courage to tell them

No, Jane, I'm not offended—I'm glad you told me, but—what am I to do?

Jane: That's simple, my dear. Keep your system clean and these little disorders will quickly disappear.

To do this take a little Schumann's Salts first thing every morning in a long glass of warm water. Schumann's cleanses the whole system of all impurities and sets the body organs functioning regularly and naturally. For lack of appetite, unpleasant breath, nerves, and all stomach disorders, Schumann's has no substitute.

At all Chemists and Stores—1/6 & 2/9 per jar.

Schumann's Salts

PURIFIES BUT DOES NOT PURGE

"I'm Tom — you're Jerry, Fanny. It was your laugh, in that Labor Day thing, that did it. Mulgrey says there's no woman in the place who can laugh like that."

"But, Mack dear, it's impossible! I'd love the money like mad, and we'd have no end of fun, but the hour—it's an impossible hour. I'm always right in the midst of getting dinner."

"But, good heavens, can't you change your dinner hour?"

"Not with Chris getting home so tired. Mack. He works like a dog."

"I never saw a dog do anything except lie around in the sun. Say, what are Chris and Madge conferring about to-day?"

"It struck her like a blow. Made her feel cold and sick. But she showed nothing, just looked at him thoughtfully."

CHANGE of HEART

"I don't know. She consults him now and then. Where'd you see them?"

"She's crazy about him," Mack said darkly.

"Much—much good may it do her!" Fanny said.

"Oh, I don't mean there's anything wrong," Mack went on disgustedly.

"But it's so silly. What does she want to bother Chris for? I mean, it was all of us, or none of us for a while, but now you've married Chris—"

"I think Phyllis Maitland puts her up to it." Fanny said slowly in a voice she hardly knew for her own.

"That Maitland woman turns my stomach," Mack said simply.

A few minutes later Fanny went out, a little dazed, cold. Oh, where was the fun, where was the triumph of Chris's success, of her own dithering opportunity in the radio work, if this heartbreaking sort of thing was going to happen.

She walked a few blocks without knowing where she was going. The autumn day had a soft haze drawn across it. There were red leaves in the park now; the night would be deliciously cold and fresh.

"Oh, Chris, why?" Fanny said aloud. "Why didn't you tell me? He said he had an important engagement! He always comes home to lunch Saturdays, and we have such

fun, talking about things. And he was going with me to see Mack, too. But she got him!

"He couldn't tell me he loves me, the way he does, and be seeing Madge on the side, be liking it! But then why didn't he tell me—"

"I'm glad he likes Madge. I want him to. She's the oldest friend I have, after all. She's the only woman friend I have here. I wish she was dead. I wish she was blind. I wish she'd lose every cent of that money she's so proud of—"

*Here was the big library. Fanny had Christopher's enormous tome "On Torts," to return. She stood blindly at the desk while the woman accepted and checked it, started apologetically,

"I'm sorry, I didn't hear you!"

"This fell out of the book."

"Oh, thank you!" An open letter one sheet. Madge's handwriting.

The big room revolved about Fanny in stinking circles. She walked away, stood near a great window, looked down at the scribbled notes.

"CHRIS SWEETHEART"—it was Madge, writing to Chris, "Chris sweetheart, I'm the one that should be sorry—what a long wait that was Saturday, then, at the library at one, and I'll tell all—all. I can't wait!"

It was signed, "As it was in the beginning, Madge."

Fanny folded the note carefully, mechanically, and put it into her purse. She walked down the great library steps, between the lions, into the warm September haze, her mind in a fog. She could not make herself think.

It was all a blank. Life was big, hurtful, frightening. It wasn't funny any more; it wasn't anything to laugh at. Madge's case on Chris, and Phyllis's ridiculous fostering of it. They had caught Chris between them, and he was stumbling in deeper and deeper—simple, gentle, fine Chris, who believed everything any woman ever told him, and thought all women were true.

"I can't stand this!" Fanny said aloud, walking vaguely eastward, towards the homebound subway. She stopped at a drug store, telephoned Mack. "I will do that Tom and Jerry stuff. Mack: I've thought it over. Chris can—Chris can wait for his dinner."

"I thought you were going to Scarsdale?" Mack said, when he had expressed enthusiasm.

"I am. But not until four." How little the Bucknell case mattered now.

"That's right. It's only three-fifteen now. What's the matter? You sound kind of lifeless."

"T

THREE-FIFTEEN!" screamed Fanny, suddenly alive. "Oh, it can't be—good heavens, and I've got to go home and get our bag!"

Smashing the telephone into place, she ran for the subway, missed a train by seconds, walked up and down the littered platform in an agony of impatience until the next roared in. It was twenty-five minutes to four when she reached her own corner; there were four dreadful blocks to walk or, rather, run; Fanny naturally did not think of taxis, even if there had been a taxi in this neighborhood. Her face was scarlet and her forehead wet when she entered her own hallway; she was panting so violently as she opened her door that she had to put her hand tightly to her side. The surface was littered with the envelope from the table drawer and put it into the inner flap, looked about. Then after a glance at the gas stove to be sure that no light was burning, she bolted the inner apartment, accessible only from this room, pulled down the shades, picked up her bag, and going into the hall locked the door. There had been sneak thieves in the house; Fanny and Chris had little to be stolen, but clothes cost money, and the bolt a former tenant had left on the outside of the kitchen door did give them some protection. The fire escape outside of the kitchen window would give a marauder no access to the main room, anyway.

"Am I being efficient, and thinking and acting reasonably?" Fanny asked half aloud, completing these preparations for departure. She ran down the stairs, ran a hundred feet to look in at the drug store clock: twelve minutes of four. It couldn't be that terrible time had been slipping away at this rate—it couldn't—couldn't be! She was conscious of breathing fervent prayers as she ran back to the subway, no time to think of Chris and Madge now; only one thing was important, that she make the four-tear train and get the Bucknell notes to Mr. Mockby.

The subway smelled of earth, and sweating plaster, and dust, when she reached Forty-second St.; there seemed to be miles to run. The only clock she saw brought her heart chokingly into her throat; six minutes past four—and even in the sick second during which she glanced at it, the big minute hand fell ahead—seven minutes past four.

Continued from Page 5

Running, her hat slipping, carrying her bag and gloves, she was at the Information Desk at last; she was panting to the clerk:

"The Scarsdale train at four-tear?"

His dispassionate glance at the clock; his instant response:

"On Track Forty-two, downstairs; I doubt if you can—"

She was flying in the direction of his nod, rushing through groups of homeward-going Saturday workers gulping with a dry throat, counting track numbers wildly. "Thirty-seven—five over—forty—forty-one! Oh, God, let me get it!"

The gate was closed. No Chris, no anybody, except two officials leisurely strolling along together, and the comfortable folk who were wandering towards the four-seventeen on Track Forty-four.

Fanny went upstairs to the Information Desk. Her head ached now; she felt unutterably weary. The next train for Scarsdale would be the five-twenty-one. On Saturdays there was no four-twenty-two and no four-fifty. Slowly she walked to the telegraph station; slowly wrote a wire. It was all nauseating; it was inefficient; it was failure. Chris had failed her and she had failed Chris, and all the taste had gone out of life.

"Missed four-tear taking five-twenty—one bringing papers Fanny Thring," she wrote.

It was quarter-past four: a whole hour to wait. Fanny sat down limply, despondingly, on the great curve of a high-backed wooden seat.

"An hour won't make them or break them," she said half aloud. "What's an hour? It won't make them or break them!"

A square-shouldered dark man went by in a suit like Chris's suit; her heart leaped. It wasn't Chris. She was sick to get to Chris, to find him somewhere. She needed Chris! Instead she was sitting all alone here in this horrible station, and Chris and all of them in Scarsdale were thinking how completely irresponsible she was. Or maybe Chris was thinking of Madge

"An hour! What's an hour? They probably wouldn't get started for an hour anyway. I don't care; if he's going to treat me so horribly, I'll treat him horribly. Why should I care?"

"I wish I was dead and buried."

Please turn to Page 35.

ECZEMA

SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES

Succeeding even when specialists have been baffled, Mr. J. J. McHugh, the brilliant young dermatologist, has become famous for the complete relief of many cases of skin disease considered hopeless. His remarkable success is due to his expert formulating and unique methods of personal diagnosis. One of the most amazing cases of Eczema successfully treated by Mr. McHugh is that of an Astfield woman who had suffered for over five years and had spent over £200 in unsatisfactory treatment of all kinds, without relief.

Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S., has been throughout Australia, New Zealand and even in U.S.A., for successful treatment of Kerato, Phorians, Gensis under Nail, Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Tropics, Hinswern, Acne, Psoriasis, Rash, Dandruff, Hinswern, Acne, Psoriasis, Rash, skin diseases, complexion. His treatment ranks among the remarkable advances made in medical science. Hundreds of sufferers have been effectively treated by post as well as personally. The Australian Woman Weekly has invited these readers to enclose stamped envelope for full details of treatment to Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S., Ph.C., Consulting Chemist, 124W Liverpool Street (First Floor), opposite Snow, Sydney.

Consultation: Free from 9 to 5 daily, 9 to 12 Saturdays, and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Tuesdays and Fridays. Phone, MANSB. ***

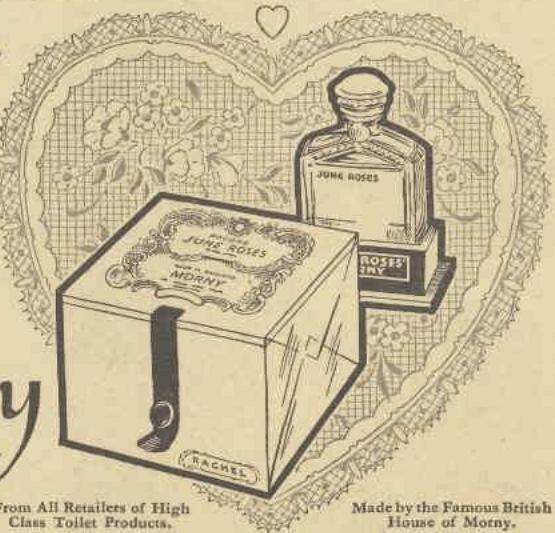
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From the Heart of a Rose -

Exquisite perfume from the fragrant hearts of heavily scented roses makes the use of Morny "June Roses" Face Powder sheer delight, and with "June Roses" Perfume, completes a toilette of subtle perfection. You can also obtain Morny Face Powder in the latest exquisite perfume, "Pink Lilac," in "Temptation," "Gardenia," and other Morny perfumes

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1540
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CHANGE of HEART

CHAPTER XX.

Continued from Page 36

EVERYTHING was slow, maddeningly slow to-day, and every waste instant seemed to be beating on her heart like a pulse. The subway trip home this afternoon had been one long drag, the subway train up town half an hour later had seemed to stop meaninglessly in the dark between stations for endless precious seconds; now the big Scarsdale train was dawdling, stopping, starting again.

Fanny put what mental, moral, physical pressure she could upon her impatience. The train was hot, crowded; she looked at her reflection in the dusty window; reasoned with herself.

"You might as well be calm. Whatever is going to happen will happen. Things like this seem terribly exciting when they are going on, and in a few hours they seem completely unimportant. In a few hours you'll have had a bath in the Mockby's spare room, and you'll have your crepe on and be going down to dinner and to play bridge."

"One hour never made a difference to anyone. Chris'll be there; I'll tell them that I forgot the notes and had to go back. No, I'll tell them—What's the truth, anyway? I might as well tell them that."

She opened her suitcase; the long manila envelope was safe. Fanny closed the case carefully; presently she left the train holding it tightly.

"They can't kill me, and Chris will survive it, and if he's really as good as they say they'll have forgotten the whole thing by to-morrow—or day after to-morrow."

"It wish it was the day after to-morrow!"

"Chris dear," her thoughts ran unceasingly, "this is the most ridiculous thing. I was up town to see Mack about the radio thing, and returning your book—"

The memory of the book and of the note that had dropped from the book stabbed her, and she reflected that if Chris had come home instead of secretly meeting Mudge none of this would have happened; they would have had their happy Saturday lunch, and gone to the train together—

She looked vaguely about Scarsdale; what was the next step?

"Taxi?" a man asked, touching a yellow cap.

"Oh, yes—wait a minute, please! Do you know where the Mockbys live?"

"You mean Jesse Mockby's place?" the man asked, after consideration.

"I guess so. Anyway, it's the lawyer."

"Sure, that's him. It's quite a ways. It'll cost you," the taximan said, interpreting her look correctly, "about eighty cents."

FANNY looked in her purse. The fare was there, and with it some 20 cents more. But her ticket to Scarsdale had been an unexpected expense, and this taxi trip would cut her down to pennies.

"Madam, you were so kind to me in the train," said a nice old voice apologetically, at her side. The old man who had been sitting next to her was addressing her. They had been talking of hard times; Fanny had blithely observed that she knew no other, and he had said that his destination was also Scarsdale, but she had not noticed his presence on the platform until now. It was dark in the strange town except where the station lights pierced the sweet cool night with tumults of brilliance. Little cars had been scuttling away busily. The scene was almost deserted now. "Did you say," said the old man humbly, "that you were going to Mr. Jesse Mockby's? That—that is my friend. Or rather, we used to be friends. I had hoped to see him to-night."

"I have to go out there," Fanny said a little dubiously. He was not an especially impressive companion. He was a nice old man, but he looked poor and forlorn. She had been only a shade too shy to offer him twenty-five cents for his dinner on the train. If he were really a friend of old Judge Mockby that would have been an embarrassing mistake.

But perhaps he wasn't. In any case, it would be a little trying to arrive late with profuse apologies and explanations, and with this rather disreputable old citizen in tow. However, there was no help for it. He had told her his name was Eugene Towler, and that he came from Sydney, Australia. She said now politely: "I'd be glad to have you come with me, Mr. Towler."

The old man immediately climbed into the waiting cab, and Fanny got in after him, and they set off with a great sweep through the quiet streets. It was now just half-past six, and Fanny was conscious of very much

HOST HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing 'Joy' vinegar. I call it Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar—*

wanting her dinner. It was a relief, after about fifteen minutes of fast driving, to find themselves entering big gates, and approaching a rather formidable mansion, whose front door gushed light. Fanny rushed across the gravel, up the shallow steps, addressed a butler smiling.

"Mr. Mockby?"

"One moment, madam. I'll see if he's in," the man said repressively. An elderly man and woman were at that moment descending the stairs with great dignity. The butler spoke to them. The woman came forward to the open doorway, and said mildly:

"You want Mr. Mockby?"

"My husband was to meet me here," said Fanny. "He's in Mr. Mockby's law firm—"

"Oh, then, it's the Gerald Mockby's you want. They're at the other side of town, quite near the station. They're relatives of my husband. But we—we—" She hesitated, and over her delicate, middle-aged face a flush spread. "But you've let your taxi go?" she asked concernedly.

Fanny was experiencing the horrible sensations of the sleeper who must run from some overpowering terror, and whose feet are firmly glued to the ground. A great weariness began to envelop her, a great need to see Chris—to hear his voice and feel his arm about her.

"I'm—I'm afraid I did."

"Wait," Mrs. Mockby said thoughtfully, looking at her. "Come with me. I'll have Jake—Jesse," she said to the old man, "have Jake bring the little car round. We'll send this young lady to Ger—so Judge Mockby's."

"Jake," the man expostulated in a low voice, "will be just having his dinner, my dear."

"His dinner can wait!" Mrs. Mockby persisted mildly, and after a minute her husband reluctantly went after the butler, shaking his head. "Come upstairs with me—it'll be a few minutes. Our old Jake is very slow," the woman said then. "It's just the time I usually go to see my daughter putting the children to bed. Her husband is a naval officer, so we're fortunate enough to have them with us a good deal."

SUCH beautiful, spacious, softly warmed halls! Such a pleasant, comfortable house, with a hint of dinner preparations under way, and a suggestion of books and music and hospitality and old-fashioned home life. Fanny, weary, and grimy, and nervous, saw beauty and luxury on all sides, was presently introduced into a nursery, where a wood fire was leaping, reflected in a hundred white tiles, and where three small children in woolly pyjamas were running and shouting in the warm glow.

"You're—?" Mrs. Mockby said, with a glance at Fanny.

"Mrs. Thring."

"Mrs. —?" Her pleasant, faded smile again. "You seem so young! This is my daughter, Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Thring. And these are John and Kenneth and Melissa."

"You see them at their wildest," Mrs. Bull said, in unconcealed pride. "Mrs. Gram now, Jackie, so stop sucking it and let me throw the horrid old thing in the fire. Their latest," the young mother went on, with a glance for Fanny, "is to save their chop or chicken bones—oh, finish their supper, apple sauce and cookies and all—and then bring forth these disgusting bones and go on with the gnawing indefinitely. Sweetheart, it's all nasty—let me throw it in the fire!"

"Oh, Mummy," mourned John, leaning against her knee, watching the incineration regretfully.

"Come on, now, Kan, you're all unbuttoned down the back!" she buried her face in the three-year-old's neck for a kiss as her right hand moved busily down the line of buttonholes. "Mutton fat all over your face!" she said.

Fanny sat in a deep chair and watched; she was the instant slave of all children, and these were exquisite children. The baby, fourteen months old, with scarlet touches of tooth-rash on her small face, and mutinous dark eyes bright under dark curly hair, had tottered to a safe distance and had been watching the visitor from cover suspiciously. Now, suddenly abandoning all caution, she gave a wild shriek in which only the word "yoddy" could be distinguished, and dashed forward into the centre of the group drunkenly.

"Her wants her daddy," John said soberly, even momentously. He glanced expectantly at his mother.

"Oh, yes, poor yoddy. Where is 'at baby's daddy?" Mrs. Bull took it up sympathetically.

"Gone!" Melissa pronounced, at her mother's knee, in a little liquid voice of grieving.

"This is acting," said the mother. "We dramatize everything. Has Kate got her?"

"No Kate," Melissa said, shaking her curls.

Please turn to Page 40

Have you bought your TOBRALCO yet?



"Mine looks marvellous."

Yes, I've made it up . . .

Wearing it now. The blue and white, you know, in that lovely floral design. And I've made a hat to match, and one of those wee caplets. Oh, of course I'm clever! But Tobralco always gives me ideas . . . And this year it's lovelier than ever."

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That which is to be loved long must be loved with reason rather than with passion.—Dr. Johnson.

Of the uses of adversity which are sweet, none are sweeter than those which grow out of disappointed love.—Sir Henry Taylor.

Even an inconstant flame may burn brightly, if the soul is naturally combustible.—Santayana.

Young men make great mistakes in life; for one thing, they idealize love too much.—Jowett.

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You know that gas is the simplest, quickest and most convenient method of cooking...that a gas cooker is the only appliance that enables you to boil, fry, grill, toast and bake with equal facility, and that only gas will give you heat at the very moment you want it and at the exact temperature required, but, do you also know that cooking by gas costs only $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per person per day? Study the menu in this advertisement; it is one of many "1d. per person per day" gas-cooked menus for 4 people and illustrates the unmatched economy of the modern gas cooker.

A ha'penny per person per day

The meals were cooked under the conditions mentioned in the gas cooker. Study the dishes. They are simple and easy to prepare. They are wholesome and nourishing and there is a liberal helping for 4 people. Breakfast: Porridge, Bacon and Eggs, Toast, Tea. Luncheon: Cold Collation, Tea, etc. Dinner: Roast Lamb, Green Peas, Baked Potatoes, Baked Pumpkin, French and Custard, Tea—and the cooking cost only $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per person per day. It is real economy. It is real cooking. It is what a modern gas cooker will do.

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Under our Gas Kitchen Modernising Scheme you can trade-in your old gas stove or your fuel or electric stove—for an up-to-date gas stove and under this scheme a liberal allowance will be given for the purchase of a gas stove and installing a new one. A liberal trade-in allowance will be made on fuel and electric stoves and the installation of a gas cooker will be carried out at a specially reduced charge.

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IN THE SYDNEY METROPOLITAN AREA 98 OUT OF EVERY 100 HOMES

COOK BY GAS

DOROTHY: It must be quite four years since I saw you last. I hardly knew you, you have aged so!

Doreen: Well, I wouldn't have known you either, except for that dress.

"Is your new secretary as good as the last one you had?" asked one clubman of another.

"Dammit, yes!" was the annoyed reply.

MISTRESS (indignantly): Just look at the dust on this sideboard, Mary. It's at least six weeks old!

Mary: Then it's nothing to do with me. I've only been here a month.

Copyright

For YOUNG & WIVES & MOTHERS Preparation for Motherhood

This article is one of a series traversing the art of mothercraft, from the pre-natal stage to the feeding and care of the toddler. In response to many requests, the next few articles will deal specially with the expectant mother and will be of particular value to those who have not followed this series from its commencement.

THE woman who knows that within her lies the beginning of another life, usually realizes her great responsibility to do everything in her power—before baby comes—to ensure that he is the strongest and healthiest of little babies at birth.

For nine months the mother has the opportunity of laying a solid foundation for her child's physical and mental well-being. It behoves her to find out the best mode of living for herself during this time, so that her babe may be given the best possible start in life.

The expectant mother's first duty is to visit a doctor; and this visit should take place as soon as she grows a little one—on the way. One cannot stress this point too strongly. One finds many mothers-to-be who put off this all-important visit from month to month, thus taking unnecessary risks both with their own health and that of the coming baby.

Perhaps such mothers do not fully understand the necessity for visiting a doctor in the early stage of pregnancy. Were this necessity better realized, we should not have in Australia the present high maternal death-rate which is such a source of worry to health authorities.

It has been stated, and on good authority, that over 60 per cent. of present-day maternal deaths could be pre-

vented if the women had adequate instruction and care during the carrying period, and were afforded greater protection and safety during and immediately after labor.

The wise woman will visit her physician at least once monthly during the first four months, and twice monthly during the remainder of the time. Should the mother be attending some Mothercraft Centre for instruction regarding food, exercise, clothing, etc., she should not look upon this as discharging her from the duty of keeping herself under medical attention.

For those who cannot afford a private physician there are the antenatal sections of the obstetric hospitals within reach of the majority.

The First Visit

IT is necessary when making your first visit at this time to take with you a specimen of your morning urine. Testing of the urine is one of the most important duties of the doctor or clinic nurse. It is sometimes the only means of detecting certain complications which, if dealt with at an early stage, can be righted by suitable treatment before child-birth.

Make a point of having this test made at least once a month during the first six months, and every fortnight during the last three months of pregnancy.

Also on your first visit ask your doctor to have a blood test made.

It makes the visit easier for the mother if she takes someone with her—her own mother, or her husband, or a woman friend. There may be many little things the doctor wishes to impress upon the mother, some of which she might forget if not reminded by her companion. If going alone, take along a notebook and pencil.

Before leaving home, make sure that the bowels have acted well, as this will aid the doctor in his examination. Be ready to tell the doctor the date on which the last monthly period began, also whether or not there have been any previous miscarriages or confinements.

The expectant mother should tell her medical adviser of any illnesses she has suffered from during life—such as scarlet fever, measles, rheumatic fever, kidney or bladder trouble. Be prepared to answer all questions regarding your

Women's Weekly Feature Sessions From 2GB

Day Sessions by Dorothea Vautier.
FRIDAY.—11.45 a.m. featured talk and music. 3.30 p.m. "From Far and Near," news items from abroad.

SATURDAY.—9.15 p.m. - 9.45, Celebrity recital conducted by "Discobolus."

SUNDAY.—9.15 p.m.-9.45, "Billy Jones and Ernie Hare," world entertainers.

MONDAY.—11.45 a.m., "People in the Limelight," "From Far and Near."

TUESDAY.—11.45 a.m., So They Say topics. 3.30 p.m., "Letter from Abroad."

WEDNESDAY.—11.45 a.m., "What the World is Reading." 3.30 p.m., music and featured talk.

THURSDAY.—11.45 a.m., Highights of The Australian Women's Weekly. 3.30 p.m., So They Say topics.

health from the time of childhood. Be frank with the doctor, as you would wish him to be frank with you.

A complete understanding between the mother and her medical adviser will pave the way for a happy lying-in period. It is no use trying to hoodwink a doctor; he should be regarded in the light of a confessor. For instance, if your age is 38, it is utterly foolish to tell the doctor it is 29. To begin with, he won't believe you, and your lack of truthfulness will not be a happy basis for co-operation with him. Diseases have varying significances at varying ages—what might be serious at 29, might be of far less consequence at 38, and vice versa.

In the majority of cases there is no disease to detect, as pregnancy is a normal function; but the early finding of any disease present naturally lessens the risks of child-birth considerably.

Consult Dentist, Too

JUST as important as your visits to the doctor are your visits to your dentist. Do not go through pregnancy with teeth which need stopping or extracting or with bleeding gums. Your mouth should be in perfect order during the nine months, and any delay in this matter is dangerous. No severe dental treatment will be given if you tell the dentist of your condition, or secure a note for him from your antenatal clinic to that effect.

It is absolutely necessary for the expectant mother to have plenty of fresh air and sunshine, good food, eight hours' sleep every night, plenty of water to drink, a regular bowel action at about the same time every day, a daily walk, and special exercises designed to strengthen the muscles of the abdomen. A list of these exercises will be sent to anyone sending a stamped addressed envelope with their request, to the Sister-in-Charge, Australian Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

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How annoying it is to run short of fresh milk! Avoid this inconvenience by always keeping a few tins of "Ideal" Milk on hand. "Ideal" Milk is always ready for use. It is rich, country milk reduced almost to the consistency of cream and contains more than twice the richness of ordinary milk.



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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

SOME HEALTH and Beauty SECRETS . . .

Of the Famous Russian Ballet as told to Muriel Segal, Our Special Representative in Europe

THE beautiful Russian ballet girls who are conceded to be the cleverest dancers in the world have, by reason of their wondrous grace and beauty, taken London by storm. Yet their life is one of hard work—almost without any kind of leisure. All the same, each one of them has her golden rules for health and beauty—as our representative learned when she went back-stage and talked to three of the leading ballerinas.

THE Russian ballet season at Covent Garden has had the greatest success of the last few years, and everyone has been talking about the beautiful girls with the impossible names.

After the festive occasion of the first performance I went back-stage and talked to three of the leading ballerinas.

These girls looked as fresh as daisies in spite of the strain of the first performance after hard months of strenuous rehearsing.

I learnt that a great secret of the Russian ballet is the perfect health of all its members.

The secret of their health is very interesting and quite surprising. The girls scorn the idea of strict dieting. They eat practically everything and whenever they feel like it. Rehearsals often make regular meal-times impossible.

Tamara, Irina and Tamara are all as slim and little as possible with none of the ugly bulging over-developed muscles that we used to associate with ballet.

They told me that this is the old-fashioned sort of training, and modern schools combine strength with graceful slenderness and concentrate on balancing the feet so that the weight is evenly distributed instead of falling on one part and over-developing certain muscles.

Clever Make-up

IRINA BARANOVA was taking off some of her complicated make-up while she talked to me. She is fair-haired and blue-eyed, a typical blonde Russian. And she is only fifteen. Irina considers this feature far too flippant for a principal member of the Russian ballet, so she arrives at the theatre a couple of hours before the curtain rises and builds it up to a classical or Grecian line. "Then I feel better fitted to interpret my different roles," she said; so this young lady is somewhat of a psychologist!

Being the baby of the ballet she is much petted, and confessed a great secret which she wouldn't have anyone else know for the world. "More than anything she misses her dolls which she has left in Russia."

Then Tamara Toumanova skipped

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



STANDING ON half-toe and twisting the torso from side to side develops balance. Posed by a member of the Albertina Rasch Ballet, appearing in M.G.M. pictures.

Conducted by
EVELYN



TAMARA TOUMANOVA is sixteen and tries to be sophisticated, but remains delightfully naive. She isn't allowed to dive or swim because of her ballet work. She speaks half a dozen languages.

No, none of us ever put on weight," she said. "Our dancing keeps us slim, we eat lots of green vegetables and fruit, and plenty of meat and a little chocolate, and none of us younger girls drink or smoke at all. We are up at nine for training whatever hour we get

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME ...BY A DOCTOR...

PATIENT: I am experiencing difficulty in breathing and shortness of breath which someone has suggested may be due to asthma. Do you think this is likely?

THE term "asthma" has come to be used rather loosely for almost any condition in which there is shortness of breath.

It should be limited to that disease in which the difficulty in breathing is caused by spasms of the bronchi, the tubes which lead from the throat into the lungs.

Shortness of breath may be caused by heart trouble, by disease of the kidneys, by hardening of the arteries, by certain anaemic conditions, by diabetes, and even by an attack of acute indigestion.

These examples of difficulty in breathing should not be considered as true asthma. What occurs in the latter condition is that the bronchi suddenly contract, that is, they get smaller. This is the theory that is most generally accepted.

What is more, such spasms may have no relationship whatever to derangements in other parts of the body. The whole phenomenon of asthma may be purely of nervous origin.

ATTACKS of asthma occur most frequently at night. Often the patient feels a sort of uneasiness—a warning that an attack is impending. There may be sensations of feeling "chilly" the chest may feel tight, "gas" on the stomach is often experienced.

On the mental side there may be irritability or depression, or both.

Often the attack itself occurs after the patient has been in bed and even slept for an hour or two. Then, suddenly, he is awakened by feelings of constriction in the chest. Soon thereafter breathing becomes markedly labored.

Because the bronchial tubes are narrowed, the patient finds great difficulty in inhaling and exhaling.

Since the chest muscles, which have to do with inspiration, are stronger than those that deal with expiration, air accumulates in the lungs which cannot be breathed out. This produces an enlarged chest and wheezing noises, especially during expiration, which is prolonged.

Besides the mental anguish which naturally accompanies an asthmatic attack, the patient looks pale and, if the attack persists, beads of perspiration may appear and the extremities become cold.

An attack may last a few minutes or several hours. There are cases where repeated attacks continue for days. Often one attack quickly follows another. It is a strange fact that sometimes when the patient is suffering the most, the breathing suddenly becomes easier and the attack abruptly comes to an end.

Sometimes it is a fit of coughing that seems to terminate the attack.

For the attack itself various remedies are available. Each asthmatic patient seems to have his own favorite. Despite the violence of such attacks, death has rarely resulted.

All persons subject to asthma should determine, first of all, whether they are sensitive to certain weeds, flowers, foods, feathers, or fruits. Climate may be a factor. As a rule, patients do better in the city, and in high, dry altitudes. Sugars and starches should be reduced in the diet and heavy meals at night eliminated. Often, the one possible cause that is overlooked is the nervous system, a functional upset of which is entirely to blame.



IRINA BARANOVA, the baby of the ballet, is only fifteen, but is said to be an inspired dancer with extraordinary technique. She turns her tip-tilted nose into a classical line by clever make-up.

COMPACTS

OLIVE OIL or vaseline rubbed into the lips before applying lipstick will ensure it going on more smoothly and prevent and eliminate dryness.

RAINWATER IS delightful for the skin. Use it cold. Splash it on your face, your arms, your neck. It will cleanse the skin, its coldness will close the pores, brace the muscles, and bring the blood surging to the surface.

HANDS WHICH during the summer seem to be hot and clammy can be kept dry by dipping them in cold water after washing. They should then be rubbed well with toilet eau de Cologne and dusted with talc powder.

ROUGH AND red elbows are often caused through leaning too much upon them. The quickest way to improve them would be to scrub them before you go to bed with soapy water, and then massage in a liberal amount of lemon cream. Tie round with a kerchief and leave on all night.



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CORSETS

LIFE never gives us what we want at
the moment that we consider appro-
priate. Adventures do occur, but not
punctually—E. M. Forster, in "A Pas-
sage to India."

ENVY is the sincerest form of flattery.
—Churton Collins

TRUTH is beautiful. Without doubt,
and so are lies.—Emerson.

The highest form of vanity is love of
fame. It is a passion easy to deride,
but hard to understand, and in men
who live at all by imagination almost
impossible to eradicate.—Santayana.

CHANGE of HEART

Continued from Page 37

"MAYBE we left her
in the garden!" exclaimed Mrs. Bull,
dramatising it suddenly in her turn.
"Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"No gargon," the baby mourned,
with the same business air before,
"Dee, dee, dee!"

"She's tryin' to say garden!" crooned
John. He laughed exhaustively, and
Kenneth, watching his face, laughed
with tremendous gusto and affection.
"She's tryin' to say garden," he added
loudly, tugging at his mother's elbow
as she sat on a low chair by the fire.
And immediately he began to shout
angrily. "She's tryin' to say garden,
Mother, she's tryin' to say garden, she's
tryin' to say garden!"

"Jackie, hush not so loud! Darling,
you're deafening us! Baby, let
Mum wipe your little face—"

John was now tugging at Fanny furiously
and shouting over and over again:
"Do you want to see my Peter
book? Do you want to see my Peter
book?"

"Jack if you can't be quieten you'll
have to bring your chair and sit here
nicely for a while—My darling, what
is it?"

This last was a sort of scream, and as
she puttting Melissa down hastily, and
pushing John aside, the mother caught
at the shrieking Ken, whose deep
cries brought his grandmother to her
feet, to bend anxiously over him, and
brought the nurse running from the
adjoining room, with a crib sheet in
her hands.

"What did he do—what is it—what
did he do?" the agitated voices chorused.
"My precious show Mummy.
My poor darling—ah, a-h-h-h! Look,
Gram, he touched his darling little
finger to the hot andiron—show Gram
just where—poor old scrap!"

"This goes on for an hour every
night, and more or less all day," said
Margaret Bull, when Ken had been
borne towards ungently by the sym-
pathetic Kate, and comparative peace
had once more descended.

"I love it!" Fanny said, her face
radiant.

"Have you children of your own,
Mrs. Thring?"

"No. We—we were only married last
spring."

"Oh?" said Margaret, laughing and
confused. "Then it's a little soon—"

FANNY'S eyes laughing
too, fell upon the mantel clock.
"Good heavens—seven o'clock!" she
stammered, getting to her feet. "I
ought to be—good heavens!"

"Jake has been downstairs waiting
some minutes," Mrs. Mockby said, with
her air of faded graciousness.

"Oh, I didn't know it!" Fanny took
the other young woman's hand. "I'll
never forget your babies," she said.
Mrs. Bull quite impulsively kissed her,
and said: "Then come and see them
again."

Mrs. Mockby went with her to the
top of the big staircase, and talked
kindly as they descended.

"You're friends of the Gerald Mock-
bys, Mrs. Thring?"

"No. I've met Mrs. Mockby, and, of
course, I've met Mr. Gerald Mockby in
the office. But my husband is just one
of the—the young lawyers in the firm."

"And you live in New York?"

"Yes, we do," Fanny said, finding it
hard to make the statement interesting.

"Keeping house? Where are you in
the city?"

"On Avenue A, in the thirties. It's
rather—I don't know New York very
well, but it's rather a—a popular
neighborhood."

"Avenue A in the thirties; I must
tell Jesse, my husband," Mrs. Mockby
said, as if she were talking to herself.
"We—we were there, but it's thirty
years and more ago now. You aren't
doing it on what we had to do it on.
I imagine. Mr. Mockby and his twin
brother went into a drygoods firm just
after leaving college, and our income—
salary, I ought to call it—was
twenty-five dollars a week."

"No, we haven't that," Fanny con-
ceded thoughtfully. "Sixteen."

"Sixteen what?" said Mrs. Mockby,
pausing.

"Dollars a week," Fanny supplied
innocently.

"You mean—that's all you have,
dear?"

"We do it," Fanny said, flushing a
little in the heat that she was making
a sentimental appeal. The older
woman laid a hand on her shoulder,
looked at her in the soft, mellow light
of the upper hall.

"No; do you really, my dear?"

"Oh, splendidly!" said Fanny.

"But these are such very hard times.
One wonders. You mean that every-
thing—everything is going along all
right?"

"If I make a little money on the
radio," boasted Fanny. "It goes in the
bank."

"I wish," Mrs. Mockby spoke in her
gentle, wavering way. "I wish Mr.
Mockby could hear this, my dear. We
often speak—we like to remember—"
She paused.

"His brother Joseph and Joseph's
wife, Dora," she began again, "had the

pleasure and surprise and curiosity
oddly blended on her tired, dirty, pale
young face.

"At the other Mockby house—the
Geralds, you'll see Dora—the older
Mrs. Mockby. Will you just say—I
mean, of course if it comes in naturally
that you came here by mistake,
and that I—I had Jake—they know
Jake!—leave his dinner to take you
over there?"

"I'm so sorry!" interpolated Fanny,
not in the least understanding.

"My dear, as if that mattered! It's
nothing—Here comes Jesse." Mrs.
Mockby caught Fanny's arm, drew her
a little aside.

"Do that for me! If you see Mrs.
Mockby," she said in a quick undertone,
"I mean Joseph's wife—that's
the older Mrs. Mockby—will you tell
her that—that Sarah was delighted to
do for her even this little favor. Just
that—that Sarah was delighted to do
even this much for her. Will you re-
member? There's been," she went on
hesitantly, "there's been a little—but
never mind. Just tell her that Jesse
—she went on questioning, as
her husband came out into the lower
hall. Fanny saw that the man of the
house was smiling.

"Who d'you think's turned up,
Sally?"

"Well, who?"
"Towler. Gene Towler. Remember
Gene Towler, who was with us—
Don't you remember my father's coach-
man who was in Sydney with us when
Margaret and Lily had scarlet—Of
course you do!"

"Uncle Gene!" Mrs. Mockby ex-
claimed. "Jesse, I am so glad! Where
is he? Margaret! I want to see him
—you know we've said a thousand
times—But I mustn't delay you, my
dear," she interrupted herself to say
to Fanny. "Jake'll take you safely,
and don't—don't forget my little mes-
sage."

"And thank you so much, Mrs.
Mockby," Fanny said. "I've been
doing stupid things all day, but I did
love seeing the children, so I'm not so
sorry for this one! But I wish I could
get hold of Chris!"

To Be Continued

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PINEAPPLES ARE plentiful and cheap at present. Have you a favorite pineapple recipe? If so, send it in before October 29. It may win a cash prize in our special competition.

Winners will be announced on November 10.

THERE'S No NEED for Monotony in MUTTON DISHES!

Here are Recipes that Provide a Pleasing Variety

MUTTON appears so often on the menu that each of us, I am sure, has at times been harassed by the problem of how to find a new way to serve it. So you will all welcome this week's recipes, which feature a number of methods of preparing mutton, each of which is a little unusual. You will be well repaid for any extra trouble involved in the preparation by the family's appreciation of the new guises they give to the dish which is, for most households, the staple article in the meat diet.

GOOD mutton comes from a sheep three years old, and is a nutritious food, though the fat is not as easily digested as that of beef. To overcome the strong flavor of mutton, remove the pink skin and surplus fat.

Short loin chops have a small piece of tenderloin on one side of the bone and correspond to porterhouse steaks to beef. They are suitable for grilling. Rib chops have the bone cut short and scraped clean, and are called French chops or cutlets.

The leg is sold whole for boiling or roasting. The forequarter is used for stews, fricassées, or broths.

YORKSHIRE LAMB

Remove the shank from the lamb

BY
MARGARET SHEPHERD
INSTRUCTOR TO
LEADING HOSPITALS

BARBECUED LAMB

Slices of cold roast lamb reheated in a sauce made as follows: 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 cup red currant jelly, 1 teaspoon French mustard, salt, and cayenne to taste.

Serve with mashed potato and moulds of spinach.

RECHAUFFE OF LAMB

Put two tablespoons butter into a saucer. Cover with a suet crust made as follows: 1lb beef suet, 1lb flour, salt, pepper, dash nutmeg, 1 small teaspoon baking powder, cold water, a little salted lemon rind.

Sift the flour, baking powder, salt, nutmeg, and lemon rind into a basin.

Add the finely-chopped beef suet. Mix the suet into the flour with the finger tips. When well mixed, add cold water, a little at a time, mixing it into a stiff dough.

Roll out to the size of the lamb.

Cover the lamb; knead the joint together with the fingers. Then roll it in a lightly-floured cloth.

Tie securely, or sew into the cloth. Immerse in boiling water, and boil steadily for 1½ hours.

Remove from cloth. Serve with a sauce, made of finely-chopped mint and parsley, with melted butter, salt, and pepper. Pour over

the slices and reheat in sauce. (Do not boil.)

TURKISH MUTTON

2lb lean mutton, peppercorns, salt, 4 onions cut in halves, 1lb rice, half-boiled, raisins, cucumbers.

Cut the mutton into slices and soak in vinegar for six hours. Put into a saucer with peppercorns, salt, onions cut in halves, and the rice, which has been washed and parboiled. Cover the pot tightly, and stand in another vessel of water.

Cook until the meat and rice are tender. Serve the meat on rounds of fried bread with the rice around the dish.

Make a sauce with the rice liquid, vinegar, and slices of red peppers stewed together. Strain and thicken with flour and butter mixed together.

Boil four minutes. Add 1 tablespoon seeded raisins, and slices of fried cucumber. Pour over dish of meat.

SHEEP'S HEAD JELLY

Wash a sheep's head into a large vessel with a bay leaf, allspice, water, cloves, and salt. Boil until the bones can be removed. Skin the tongue. Put into a mould. Boil the bones in the broth with one small cup vinegar, 1 onion (sliced), one teaspoon turmeric. Strain it into the mould. Leave till next day. Turn out and garnish with lettuce and slices tomato.

LEG OF MUTTON PIE

Three eggs, 4 dry biscuits (rolled and sifted), 3 tablespoons melted butter, salt, pepper, onion juice to taste, cream, 5 trimmed lean chops.

Very finely chop the hard-boiled egg whites. Rub the egg yolks through a sieve.

Add the sifted biscuit crumbs, salt, pepper, and onion juice. Molten

chilled butter and cream to make it the right consistency to spread. Cover chops with the mixture and wrap in well-buttered paper. Bake 25 minutes

in a hot oven. Remove from the paper and serve on a hot plate. Garnish with parsley. Surround the dish with cooked spaghetti.

All these recipes have been tested by Mrs. Shepherd in her own kitchen.

BEST RECIPES

PINEAPPLES are plentiful just now, and this delicious fruit affords a novel opportunity to prospective entrants in our weekly cooking competition. Send in your favorite pineapple recipe. It may win a cash prize.

In our issue of November 10, the prizes will be awarded for the recipes suggesting the best use of pineapples. Entrants may give recipes for using pineapples in any way, for instance, in jams, preserves or puddings. Every recipe for using pineapples will be eligible in our competition.

Our weekly recipe competition has been the means of publishing a widely-assorted collection of excellent recipes.

SEND in your favorite recipe straight away and your favorite pineapple recipe for our special competition. Entrants in the pineapple recipe contest must reach our office on or before Monday, October 29.

This week's prize-winners are—

BLACK COFFEE SANDWICH

Beat to a cream half-cup melted butter, and 1 cup brown sugar. Add 3 eggs and beat well for about 5 minutes. Add half-cup strong hot coffee, and mix for another five minutes. Then add 2 cups of flour into which has been sifted 1 teaspoon each salt, and 2 teaspoons of baking powder. Knead, mix all together well, divide into two well-greased sandwich tins, and bake half-hour in a moderate oven. When cool, join together with filling made from 1 cup butter, 3 tablespoons jam, 1 cup (heaped), and 1 tablespoon of sugar beaten to a cream, and a few drops of almond or vanilla essence.

First Prize of £1 to L. C. Lynch, Thomas St., Greensteeps, Brisbane.

YOUNG CARROT SOUP

Scrape 1lb of young carrots and let them simmer for about 3 hours with 2 onions, bay leaf, and a little salt and pepper, in 2½ pints of water. At the end of this time take out the carrots and press them through a fine sieve into another saucepan, and then strain the liquid over them.

Cook about 10 minutes longer. At the last minute add the pulp of an orange beaten in a little cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Mary W. Adcock, 7 Barnard St., North Adelaide, S.A.

SWEETBREADS AND CELERY SALAD

One or 2 sets of sweetbreads, 1 head celery, 1oz walnuts (chopped), lettuce, mayonnaise.

Wash and soak the sweetbreads in salted

water for half an hour, then cook slowly in salted water till tender. Press between two plates, and when cold cut into dice. Wash and dry the celery. Cut the white part into dice, making equal quantities of sweetened and celery. Chop the nuts and mix in. Arrange in a salad bowl lined with lettuce leaves, and pour mayonnaise over the mixture.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Philips, Kitchener Ed., Croydon, Vic.

PINEAPPLE GINGER-PUFF SWEET

Melt slowly 2 tablespoons butter with half-cup brown sugar in a small pan. When a light caramel mixture is formed, pour into two 4-inch sandwich tins. Sprinkle evenly over the bottom of each tin 3 slices of fresh, canned pineapple in each (in ones slice in centre and smaller pieces around). Fill spaces between fruit with chopped preserved ginger, and chopped nuts.

GINGER-PUFF BATTIE

Beat 2 dessertspoons of butter to a cream, with ½lb sugar. Add 2 eggs, and beat again. Add 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 oz. dried ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour over the pineapple, and bake 25 minutes. Serve as a sweet with creamy sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Becke, 77 Cascade St., Paddington, N.S.W.

TASTY BREAKFAST DILLY

Cook up 4 hard-boiled eggs and mix with 4 tablespoons minced cooked ham, 2 teaspoons flour, and a beaten egg. Add seasoning. Make into sausage shapes, roll in breadcrumbs, and fry in deep fat until golden brown. Delicacies served with fried or grilled tomatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to "Lester," Palmwoods, Qld.

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to see them
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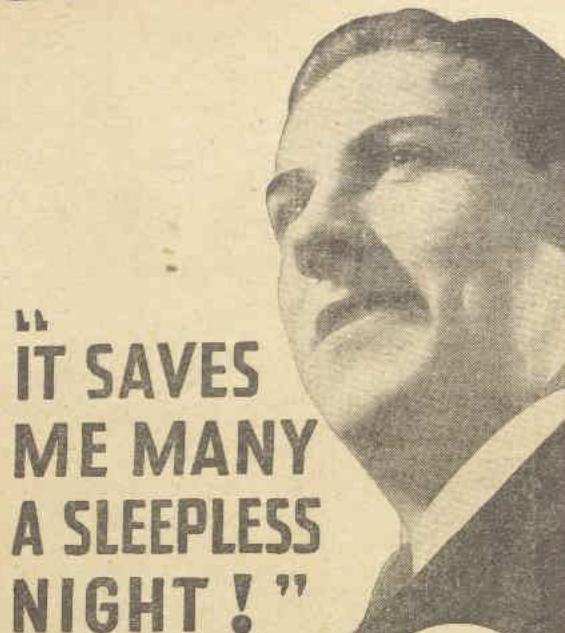
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Comedy is happy intermixed in this delightful romance currently screening at Sydney Regent.

FOX FILM

A Partner for MARY

Continued from Page 11

THE King's Own West Anglicans had the reputation of doing things well. To-night, it appeared, they were excelling themselves. Ernesto da Costa's band from the Hotel Cosmopolite was playing dreamily, and every woman in the place seemed to have a new frock for the occasion.

Amabel and Cecile floated away in West Anglican and Artillery arms.

George said: "I—er—I hope you'll give me as many as possible, Miss Lyceum."

"I'm not staying long," gushed Mary, and with a horrible ache in her throat and heart, placed her hand in George's and they joined the dancers.

Then followed for the poor girl a night over which every depression that had ever moved southward from the Azores seemed to have settled. The music was brilliant, the floor superb, the buffet worth calling one and no mistake, and yet Mary knew no moment of enjoyment. George stuck fast to her side like a clam. Doing his duty with a vengeance, she told herself.

The only dance she didn't have with him was the one with Rummy Montague, and, as soon as it was over George buttonholed her again, with an earnest:

"You're panting for something in the cup line, I can see that. Let's find a quiet spot and slake our thirsts in comfort."

"I'm going to sit out for a bit," said Mary dismally. "Don't mind leaving me, Mr. Snowe, I—I like being alone."

"I LIKE a rest, too," said the faithful George. Amabel had been right. Consciousness was certainly the adjective for him.

He slipped a hand through the girl's arm and guided her down the length of the ballroom. Mary saw interested eyes turned from every direction to follow their progress, and felt ready to burst into humiliated tears before them all. To-morrow, she knew quite well, the one topic of conversation round the drawing-rooms and messes would be the latest example of George Snowe's good nature.

"In here," said George. "This is where we keep the billiard cues. Fine hidey hole, isn't it?"

He sat down beside Mary in a curtained-off recess of the billiard room. Obviously, it had been arranged with an eye to sitters out. The lighting was discreet and rosy, some exotic flowering shrub filled the air with a mysterious scented loveliness, and the seating accommodation was limited to one small sofa.

"Now," thought Mary desperately. "He's going to be a gallant gentleman and kiss me, and give the infant her one big moment."

"Will you smoke?" asked George, extending his case. She shook her head and covered miserably back into her corner of the sofa. He snapped the case shut, but did not return it to his pocket, for she felt its cool surface against her shoulder as his hand closed over it.

"You're red to the teeth with all this, aren't you?" he said. "Dear, darling kid." And then he kissed her.

Her hand, excellent at wielding a spade in the garden at home, slapped him full in the face. "A proper clout," George described it inwardly. They gaped at each other speculatively for an instant, too surprised to move.

Then Mary found her tongue. "There!" she said furiously, and she flung herself through the curtains, almost straight into the arms of Cecile on the point of drawing them aside.

"Hello, darling," exclaimed Cecile effusively, "where are—oh, hello George. My dear, I've been hunting for you everywhere. Aren't you ever going to ask me for a dance?"

Mary was too full of her own troubles even to notice her sister-in-law's sudden change of tactics—usually Cecile ignored George as though it were rabies he suffered from, instead of merely his subaltern's pay. She rushed through the billiard room and out into the club courtyard.

Ten minutes later a half-frozen, dishevelled, tear-stained young woman in a lace taffeta frock emerged. Conscience by the dining-room window, having no key and being too humiliated to let the maid set her in such a pitiable condition, and crept upstairs to bed.

IT WAS hours later, when the others returned. Mary heard them laughing in the hall before muffling their laughter on the stairs for fear of waking the baby, and subdued voices bidding each other goodnight outside her door.

"Poor kid," she overheard. Rupert's kindly whisper. "I daresay she was dog-tired," and Cecile's little shrill

HOBIE HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty ***

voice, with a distinctly purposeful note in it, saying, apropos of something or the other: "Extraordinary. I haven't got over it yet. Nighty-night."

Mary blew her nose violently and pressed her aching forehead into the pillow. Well, one thing when George Snowe came round to apologise to-morrow, as he doubtless would do, he wouldn't find her. She'd be miles away by then. Her plans were made, her bags were packed. She was going home—by the seven-forty-four train, before anyone else was up.

"And I—I hope I never see him again as long as I live," was her final and most unoriginal waking thought.

It was a bleak morning. Mary was conscious of many things as well as its bleakness, as she waited on the station: that her nose was wind-bitten from the drive, that her head ached intolerably, that Rupert, with early duty before him, would get an unpleasant jar when he discovered that the garage, instead of housing his car, contained nothing but a scrawled intimation that that elderly coupe was awaiting him at the station, left there by a decamping sister. Most of all, that she was taking back to Yorkshire a painful hole where her heart used to be, and leaving that organ with a man who didn't want it.

The train puffed into view through the thin light, bringing its first-class carriages to rest immediately in front of Mary. She turned to pick up her dressing-case.

"Hi!" said a familiar voice.

SHE glanced round, felt her jaw drop, and stood for an instant transfixed. George Snowe, staring at her through a window. He flung open the door.

"My word! Mary! Come on in. What on earth are you doing here, child?"

"G-going home." Like an automaton she entered the compartment and sank down on the seat, while he piled her bags on the rack. "If it comes to that," she said, recovering somewhat, "what are you doing, too?"

"Also home—not in at Porton. You know it's that cousin of mine; special leave. Do you mean to tell me no one came to see you off?" He sat down beside her and peered into her face.

Please turn to Page 43



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Congie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS—

Here is quite a jolly game that will provide endless fun for, say, half a dozen players or more. First of all, lots are drawn to see who shall begin the game, and when this matter has been fixed up, everyone goes out of the room except the chosen one. He or she then closes the door and changes the position of some object in the room.

The rest of the party is called in and asked what has been altered. Whoever finds out quickest takes his turn in changing some article in the same way as before. Now, it would be hardly fair to place some little ornament where it does not ordinarily stand. Turn a picture upside down or move the fire screen somewhere else. Make a change that is soon discovered.

Isobel Bridge (14), 94 Wynter St., Tarro (N.S.W.), wins the \$5 prize for the best letter of the week. Her letter was well written and beautifully expressed, and in it she told me all about her home town.

Well, good-bye Pals until next week.

Cheerio,
From your Pal,
CONNIE.



YOU GREEDY DOG! Prize of 2/- to Declan Kearney, Flat 4, No. 12 Guillieye Av., Double Bay, for this clever sketch.

My Problem

By Elva Brooks.

MY Grandma says I've Daddy's nose. Before I came he'd two, I suppose. She always adds, "And what is more. You're Mother's eyes. Did she have four? You're not like my mother, she's skin from Grandma's husband, Benjamin. He died before I was born, you see. And must have wished them both to me. But what do you think they had?"

Father's bird is also of bare. But what can I really like to know—What troubles me and tries me so—Because I just come odds and ends, and don't know what to do with them; Or do you think it can be—There's something left that's really ME?

Prize of 5/- to Elva Brooks (12), High St., Wunchup, N.S.W., for this original verse.

FUNNY NOTICES

Lost—A black umbrella by a man with an ivory head. Found by a lady with a black and white nose.

Lost—A goat taken by a man with a bonnie dial.

Found—A white bag by a lady with creolene hair.

Lost—A toy rabbit by a child with two black ears.

Prize Card to Margaret Bainbridge, 9 Ravens St., Strathfield, N.S.W.

JUST CHATTER

DETER CROWCROFT, of Launceston (Tas.), does clever sketches; Helen Stubbs, of Tamworth (N.S.W.) dislikes rainy weather; Monica Fleming, of Innisplassie (Qld.), writes very interesting letters; Jack Shand, of Woolstonecraft (N.S.W.), has a boy friend in the country; Linda Hume, of Rolliston (Qld.), only receives mail once a week.

Abel Roberts, of Cooks Gap (N.S.W.), is an old hand at drawing; Alice Gregory, of Mandurah (W.A.), has a big brown dog called Zip; Mary Dunlop, of Ashdale (S.A.), has three brothers and two sisters; Douglas McCay, of Rockhampton (Qld.), will be visiting Sydney this summer; the cleverest house-builders; Jim Daniels, of Hallstatt (Vic.), has a little black pony; Mrs. Reidy, of Rosedale (N.S.W.), has visited Hobart twice; Don Sayer, of Fort Pirie (S.A.), has two dogs and a cat for his pets; Peter Peterson, of Petersham (N.S.W.), does clever drawings; Mary Cunningham, of Parkes (Vic.), likes painting; Shirley Skarpe, of Minna Vale (Qld.), has a dog called Dally; Mrs. Von Westenholz, of Northcote (Vic.), has a cat, a cockatoo, and three parrots for her pets.

CLARE STEELE, of Macksville (N.S.W.) lives on a tobacco plantation; Valerie Clardie, of Warragul (Vic.), likes making hats; Madge Harvey, of New (Vic.), likes playing tennis; House Counsel, of Mortdale (Qld.), is fond of collecting shells of all kinds; Madeline Davies of Cairns (Qld.), likes learning history; Dorothy, of Ararat (Vic.), likes drawing subjects; Neddy Le Haine of Milnerton (Vic.), in spite of his family; Eve Brock of Camperdown (N.S.W.), paints pretty pictures; Don Bealey, of Townsville (Qld.), has a toy motor car.

THE FAIRY KING, of Kangaroo Flat, gets a great deal of pleasure out of walking. Dulcie Woodburn, of Casino (N.S.W.), is at present working hard at her music; Emily Roles, of Ordby (Qld.), says the Archerfield Aerodrome, which she and her brother are to manage, of Albany (N.S.W.), hopes to attend High School next year.

Irene Vohland, of Moyle (Qld.), recently won a gold medal in the 100 yards at the N.S.W. winter sports meet; Nita Whitehouse, of Greenwich Point (Qld.), is full of surprising vigour; Heather Walker, of Taringa (Qld.), attends Brisbane Girls' Grammar School; Barbara Lee, of Mirroon (Qld.), is a new girl.

TEACHER! Now, children, you all understand that an anonymous person is one who does not wish to be known. Mr.—who's that talking?"

A small voice. An anonymous person, teacher. Prize Card to Mary Rabbitt, c/o Malabar Post Office, Malabar, N.S.W.

A Christmas present—Can Even promised to visit his friend in Hastings, but, lacking sick, sent his brother to the telegraph office to send a wire about it.

This is what he handed in:

"Even Kinn, come to Hastings when we can," said (Signed) "Willie Kinn."

Prize Card to Patricia McGowan, Biunda St., Cobden, N.S.W.

Teacher! If any boy wishes to ask a question about long-distance calls, and my husband,

Papa! Please, sir, how many policemen's feet does it take to make a Scotland Yard?"

Prize Card to Marie Ellis, 15 Gedwin St., Woollahra, N.S.W.

Trainer: Where is the elephant found? Jack (caught unaware): Mr—or—the elephant is such a big animal that it is seldom lost, if ever, lost.

Flower Seller: Penny each, sir. Twelve for a chipping. Amount—mindful. Don't forget. Curried.

Prize Card to Ruth Burgess, Evelyn St., Grange, Qld.

Tommy's first school report read: "Trying." The second term's stated: "Still trying." T. M. (Tommy) is a poor sport, and all hopes with "Still very trying."

Shamie: Do you keep anything to relieve the pain?

Chesterine: Where is it? Chesterine: It hasn't run yet, but rather is reading my school report.

Prize Card to Allen E. McAllie, 22 Bowes St., Alford, Vic.

FOR FUN & FANCY

SOME NEW RIDDLES

Why did the man call his rooster Robinson? Because it crew so "Orrussus."

If your mother is not your aunt, what is she called mother?

What coin is worth twice as much when half taken away?—A ha'penny.

What is the difference between Noah's Ark and Noah's Ark?—It is made of wood and the other is made of Orleans.

Prize Card to Joan Wiggle, c/o Mansfield and Nundah Eds., Hendra, Qld.

Why did the coal smite?—Because the poker would poker.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and a bull?—One is heir to the throne, the other is thrown to the lions.

Why did the star twinkle?—Because it saw the ocean wave.

Prize Card to Jack Shaller, 84 Wallis St., Woollahra, N.S.W.



THE FAIRY OFFERING. Prize of 5/- to Dorothy Anderson, 17 Richmond St., Eastwood (N.S.W.), for this original sketch in black and white. Color in nicely, and send entry to Pat Connell, Box 1252, G.T.O., Sydney. Prize of 5/- will be given for the prettiest effort received before November 1.

TO HAVE and TO SCOLD

Continued from Page 7

"I KNEW you would be, Glory. And—well—I was wondering if you'd mind saying a good word for me down at Bedford's."

Gloria's eyes deepened almost black with excitement.

"Tommy!" Round and round the room she danced in a manner that raised reasonable doubts in Tommy's mind as to her sanity. "Tommy, I have the wildest, maddest idea—and yet . . . Gloria came to a halt and confronted Tommy. "Are you game to present yourself at Bedford's as my husband?" she wanted to know.

She explained the whole thing to him.

"We can tell Carita the whole story," Gloria ended enthusiastically. "and she won't mind when she knows it's going to save that good old ceremony from a cancellation."

Tommy grabbed both of Gloria's hands.

"You're a wonder, Glory," he complimented her. "I know we can do it. Only let's keep it from Carita. She's a dear and all that, but you don't understand the Spanish temperament."

Tommy gave a sheepish grin. "I think she's more than half jealous of you already. I'm always telling her what a great little scoundrel you are."

Gloria was a little nervous the next morning when she presented Tommy to her employer.

He rose from the big mahogany desk and came forward.

"So this is Mr. Nash!" On Ross Bedford's handsome face was the look of a man who grimly determines to like another even if it kills him. "You're a lucky man, Mr. Nash." He glowered at Tommy. "I hope you realize that."

Tommy cast ridiculously adoring eyes at Gloria.

"Lucky!" he breathed fervently. "I'm blessed by the gods, Mr. Bedford!"

Gloria thought Tommy was putting

it on a bit thick, but she could see Ross Bedford was impressed.

In the days that followed, Tommy seemed to have no particular trouble in adapting himself to the situation, except on occasions when somebody unexpectedly called him "Mr. Nash." At such times Tommy would gaze at them so blankly it simply terrified Gloria.

"You'll have to be more careful," she warned him, the day their most important client addressed "Mr. Nash" three times without receiving any visible response.

"But, Glory, I've been answering to the name Sutton so long; Tommy defended himself, "nothing else means anything to me."

Gloria did her best to mend matters by circulating the report that Mr. Nash was a trifle hard of hearing.

"I tell you, Glory," Tommy complained querulously a few days later, "it's getting on my nerves having people shout at me all day long. You couldn't have told them I was just a little hard of hearing. You must have said I was deaf to anything but canons."

Gloria eyed him coldly. Her nerves were none too good either these days.

"How do you think I feel when you suddenly go Sutton and forget to be Nash?"

For a moment they glared at each other. Then Tommy laughed.

"We used to hit it off much better, Glory, before we started this married-in-the-job-only proposition."

There were other things, too, that Tommy did which caused Gloria endless anxiety. For instance, the office expected Tommy and her to lunch together daily. But Tommy was so absent-minded he would walk right past her in a restaurant and casually

Gloria couldn't tell what Ross Bedford thought.

"He's the only one who doesn't make me feel as if I wore a tag reading 'Portrait of a Deserted Wife,'" she giggled to Tommy. "and yet I don't know."

Tommy cast rididously adoring eyes at Gloria.

"Lucky!" he breathed fervently. "I'm blessed by the gods, Mr. Bedford!"

Gloria thought Tommy was putting

it on a bit thick, but she could see Ross Bedford was impressed.

It was at another table if he happened to see somebody else he knew. Then invariably at closing time he would dash off to keep an early appointment with Carita, forgetting to wait for Gloria to leave the office.

Every time Gloria pointed out to Tommy how the office was gossiping about his apparent neglect he would call her "darling" three times in public next day and think he had squared everything.

"It's important that these people should like you," she protested one day with an annoyed laugh. "that is, if you want to get on."

Tommy mopped his brow and groaned.

"Gosh, Glory, if this is a sample of marriage, it's almost put me off the real thing. This to-have-and-to-scold business becomes a bit wearing. We're only pretending, but I can't help wondering what it's going to be like when Carita and I begin playing in earnest."

TO HAVE and TO SCOLD

Continued from Page 7

she lieve he quite approves of you, Mr. Nash."

It was a lovely spring morning, or at least it would have been if Tommy hadn't burst in and utterly destroyed Gloria's peace of mind. He had been waiting all the morning for Mr. Bedford to go out and give him the opportunity.

"I say, Glory," Tommy announced in a tragic tone. "Carita's smell a rat. I phoned her a little while ago, and she said a friend had just told her that we were lunching together twice last week I tried to tell her I was only being decent to you for getting me this job, but it was no use."

"Tommy, not so loud!" Gloria's violet eyes were panicky. "Mr. Bedford might come back any minute."

"I finally calmed her down," Tommy continued in a lowered voice, "and I'm lunching her in a big way at the Mayfair today. Sort of peace offering. But she made me swear, Glory, I'd never so much as walk a step with you as long as I live."

Gloria scarcely ate a bite of her lunch that day; she was so worried about Tommy and Carita. If she had done anything to break up their engagement she would never forgive herself.

She breathed a sigh of relief when Tommy came back from lunch with an ear-to-ear grin that could mean only one thing.

"Everything is fine, Glory," Tommy began, then he stopped abruptly.

Standing in the doorway was Ross Bedford. There was a formidable look in their employer's grey eyes, and his always determined chin was set at an angle known as foreboding.

"May I see you alone, Mr. Nash?"

Weekly Diet Hint

Women who are concerned about weight should always consider the total calories they take during an entire day, rather than those for a meal or two only. In the former case, they will then count the sweets and beverages they eat between meals but which they promptly forget about.

By no stretch of the imagination could this be called anything so polite as a question.

Gloria taking the hint, obediently left the room. Not that she went far. She came to a sudden halt at the other side of the door and plastered herself against it. She didn't have to strain her ears either. Ross Bedford, in conjunction with the rest of the office, labored under the delusion that Mr. Nash was a bit hard of hearing.

"I don't as a rule," Ross Bedford began mercilessly on poor Tommy, "concern myself with the private lives of my employees. But when I see a man"—here Bedford's voice shook with uncontrollable fury—"as flagrantly unfaithful as you, Mr. Nash, and with as little cause, I cannot remain silent."

Gloria could bear Tommy's dismayed gasp.

"What—what do you mean, sir?"

"I mean," Ross Bedford shouted at Tommy, "that I saw you lunching with that—that Mexican at the Mayfair today."

Please turn to Page 46

New Recipes for the Housewife

Cheese Souffle

1 cup Arnott's Square Biscuit crumbs 1 cup milk
1 cup grated cheese 3 eggs
1/2 cup cream salt and cayenne

Bring the milk to boiling point, pour on to the biscuit crumbs; add salt and cayenne, cheese and yolks of eggs; mix well, stir in the stony beaten whites lightly. Pour into a well greased fireproof dish; cook until firm in a moderate oven over 20 to 25 minutes.

Charlotte Russe

Some Arnott's Savoy Biscuits or Ladies' Finger Biscuits
Red jelly (raspberry or strawberry) 1 pint cream
2 teaspoons powdered gelatine 1 pint milk

Set about one and a half inches of jelly in a plain mould. Split and trim the Arnott's Ladies' Finger Biscuits, line the mould with them; they must fit closely together. Dissolve the gelatine in the milk; add the sugar to the cream and whip slightly; mix with the milk. When partly set, pour gently into the mould. Before serving trim the Arnott's Ladies' Finger Biscuits level with the filling. Turn out and garnish with chopped jelly.

Caramel Filling

1 cup brown sugar 1 cup milk
1 dessertspoon butter 1 teaspoon vanilla
Put milk, sugar and brown sugar in a double saucepan; cook until thick; add the vanilla. Pour into a basin; and heat till the mixture is stiff enough to spread. Make a sandwich of Arnott's Tea Cake or Malted Milk Biscuits with the filling between.

Cricketers' Custard
Crush very fine ten Arnott's Cracknell Biscuits, rub into a paste with a little milk. Pour into a pint of milk, in which four eggs have been beaten, and two tablespoonsfuls of sugar. Flavour with lemon extract. Stir together, adding a ounce of dissolved butter. Place in a well buttered dish and set well in a moderate oven about forty-five minutes or less.

Commonwealth Pudding
Crush five ounces of Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits, then sift together two ounces of flour, two of sugar, a salt-spoon of cinnamon, a pinch of salt, and half a teaspoon of baking powder, which add to the crushed biscuits. Add the grated rind of a lemon and three ounces of currants, washed and dried, then rub in three ounces of finely chopped beef suet. Wet into a stiff mixture with three beaten eggs and the juice of a lemon. Place in a well-greased mould, which must not be quite full, and steam for two hours, and serve with any nice sauce preferred.

Chelmsford Cream

From one quart of milk, take enough to blend thoroughly three-quarters of a cup of Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits, crushed and sifted; let the remainder of the milk come to a boil, and then pour it on the biscuit mixture, stirring it well. When smooth, turn it back into the saucepan and let it boil until it thickens. Meantime, in another pot (an iron one is best), melt and brown one cup of sugar, letting it burn according to taste. Into this pour the boiling milk, etc., and let all boil up well together, then pour into a mould; when cold, turn out and serve with cream or whipped cream around it.

Fairy" Caramel Pudding (Steamed)

Arnott's Fairy Cakes 1 oz. sugar caster
1/2 pint milk 1 oz. vanilla or other flavouring
1/2 oz. castor sugar 2 eggs

Place the loaf sugar in an iron saucepan with one tablespoon of water and heat over a low gas till it is a dark coffee colour. Add the milk and stir till the sugar is dissolved. Have the Arnott's Fairy Cake crumbs in a basin and strain the caramel over them; add the castor sugar, flavouring and the beaten yolks of eggs. Beat the whites of eggs stiffly and fold carefully into the other ingredients in a buttered mould covered with a paper buttered on both sides and steam for about one hour. Serve with boiled custard.

Honolulu Salad

6 Arnott's Round Cakes 1/2 oz. salt
1/2 oz. cream 1/2 oz. cream
1/2 oz. onions 1/2 oz. onions
1/2 oz. lettuce 1/2 oz. lettuce
1/2 oz. sliced pineapple 1/2 oz. sliced pineapple

Cut rounds of lettuce the same size as the Arnott's Round Cakes. Cut the pineapple slices in halves, place on the lettuce leaves with the round edge of the slices meeting in the centre. Next a little mayonnaise at the join, and then a stoned date. Dot small pieces of olives round the inside of the pineapple slices. Serve on individual plates.

Fish Pie

1 broom or flathead Few capers, salt and pepper
1 dessertspoon butter Mashed potato
1 oz. flour Arnott's Shred. Wheatmeal Biscuit crumbs
2 hard boiled eggs 1 pint milk

Flake the fish. Put a layer in a greased pie dish cover with sauce made with butter, flour and milk; season with salt, pepper and chopped parsley; sprinkle with chopped capers, then a layer of slices of hard boiled egg. Repeat the layers of fish, sauce and egg until the dish is filled; cover with a layer of mashed potato, sprinkle with Arnott's Shred. Wheatmeal Biscuit crumbs. Dot with butter; bake twenty minutes in a fairly hot oven.

Hamilton Fritters

1/2 cup Arnott's Fairy Cake

crumbs, very fine and dry, one cup of boiling water, two tablespoonsfuls of powdered sugar, one tablespoonful of cornflour, wet in a little cold milk, two tablespoonsfuls of currant jelly. Soak the crumbs in the boiling milk and stir in the cornflour. Bring all to a boil, continuously stirring. Beat the yolks light, and add to this as it cools, with the sugar. Whip in the jelly, a little at a time, and add the whites, beaten to a stiff froth, at the last. Drop into smoking hot fat by spoonfuls and fry a golden brown.

Iced Lemon Pudding

Arnott's Ladies' Finger Biscuits 1 cup sugar
Biscuits 1 cup milk
1/2 cup cream 2 eggs
1 tablespoon honey juice of 1 lemon

layer of Arnott's Ladies' Finger Biscuits in a double crust on top. Place in ice chest till set. Steepen. Blend the cornflour with the milk, mix with the beaten yolks; add to the butter and sugar; cook until smooth. While warm, add the stiffly beaten whites and the lemon juice. Line a mould with the Arnott's Ladies' Finger Biscuits (sides and bottom of mould); pour in half the mixture, then a layer of Arnott's Ladies' Finger Biscuits, the rest of the mixture and a layer of Arnott's Ladies' Finger Biscuits on top. Turn out and serve with cream or custard.

Lemon Cakes

2 Arnott's Jam Fairy Cake Biscuits crumbed
Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon
1/2 oz. baking powder
2 oz. butter 1 egg
2 oz. sugar 4 oz. sheet crust

Line some small tart tins with the pastry. Beat butter, add the sugar and cream till white, add the well beaten egg, the rind and juice of the lemon, then cake crumbs and baking powder stirred in lightly. Put one good teaspoonful of the mixture into each pastry; cook in a moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Large Cheese Biscuits

Arnott's Large Cheese Biscuits are delicious spread with butter, mustard, grated cheese, a few drops of lemon juice, salt, pepper and a sprinkling of fine breadcrumbs. Press down with a knife, then place under a hot griller till the cheese is melted and golden brown in colour. Garnish with parsley.

Hobart Pudding

Butter a pie dish and line it with Arnott's Crystallised Cocoanut Bar Biscuits. Mix one quart of boiling milk with four tablespoons each of cornflour and sugar. Pour into the dish. When cool, dot over the top with some bright coloured jelly, then cover the pudding with sweetened and whipped cream. Set away until quite cold.

Launceston Pudding

Butter a mould and place Arnott's Iced Vero Biscuits round, fitting them closely. Make a rich custard, pour it into the mould, which must be full, cover the top with paper, and steam the pudding very slowly for one hour. Turn out on to a dish and serve with steamed fruit and cream, whipped.

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S AND BE SURE YOU GET THEM

ECZEMA CAUSED DISFIGUREMENT

In Blotches on Face and Arms. Cuticura Healed.

"Eczema appeared in blotches on my face and arms, causing disfigurement and a certain amount of pain. The irritation which I had at the time caused me to scratch and made it fester and spread, and at night the irritation resulted in restlessness and loss of sleep."

"I suffered for six months. I tried dozens of supposed cures, all with no results. I saw a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment advertised and decided to give them a trial. I found them so soothing that I got more and in about three months I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss V. K. Turner, Hill Crest, North Merton, Tas.

Use Cuticura to heal skin troubles.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. and 2s.
Talcum 1s. 3d. Sample such free.
Address: R. Town & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 6d.

A TRUE STORY

By A TEACHER

whose discovery ten years ago, has made a great difference in his boy's life

A PROMINENT school teacher, like so many others whose work prevents them from getting the proper amount of exercise, quite suddenly came to the realization that he was a victim of chronic constipation. He tried various kinds of medicines, which relieved him for a time, but nothing gave him permanent results until he discovered Nujol.

"I have tried several other brands," he writes, "but there is nothing I have found equal to Nujol in effectiveness. The density of it appears to be just right, and Nujol has no unpleasant taste. It is the only thing my youngster of thirteen will take. He has used Nujol since he was three years old. He is strong, and well—and I think Nujol has a great deal to do with his excellent health."

"You can publish this letter if you think it may do somebody else some good."

Indeed we do think it may do somebody else some good. This ten-year record of father and son certainly proves that Nujol is harmless used over a long period of years. Use Nujol yourself—bring up your children on it. Nujol will make them as regular as clockwork.

Nujol can now be obtained in a flavoured form—Cream of Nujol. Cream of Nujol has a delicious taste, and your children are sure to like it. Grown-ups also enjoy its palatable flavour. Cream of Nujol contains no cathartic drugs and its beneficial action is entirely due to the Nujol content. Both Nujol and Cream of Nujol are obtainable at all chemists.

DRINK HABIT CONQUERED

SECRETLY or voluntarily, thousands rendered their bodies healthy again through Nujol. **30 YEARS SUCCESS** all over Australia. Grateful Testimonials from hundreds of men of EUCRASY. SPEEDY, safe, and NOT COSTLY. A boon to wives, mothers, and drinkers who want to be sober. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Worldwide Testimonials.

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"Just a line to tell you that 'Varex' treatment has been quite a success in my case—wrote a grateful man. 'The ulcer, with its enormous pain and swelling has entirely disappeared, and the leg is quite normal.' 'Varex' is a simple, inexpensive home treatment. No resting required. Only one dressing per week. Write for free booklet. Address: British Pharmaceutical Chemicals, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Diamond's Building, 4249 George Street, Sydney. ***"

TO HAVE and TO SCOLD

Continued from Page 45

TOMMY was flabbergasted—however, not to the extent that he would allow a misstatement as to his fiancee's lineage pass uncorrected.

"She's not a Mexican!" he yelled back at Ross Bedford. "Carita's a pure-bred Castilian."

"I don't care what she is," Ross Bedford continued rudely. "Here's your wife, one of the sweetest, one of the loveliest, one of the . . ." He pulled himself up sharply. "Your poor wife eats her lunch in a messy teashop down the street, while you take the money that is rightfully hers and squander it on a Mex—a pure-bred Castilian. What have you to say for yourself?"

Tommy, for once in his life, seemed at a loss for words.

"Now, I'll tell you one thing, Nash." Ross Bedford went on sternly. "either you treat your wife decently in the future and give up this—this pure-bred Castilian, or you'll get out of my employ." There was an ominous pause. "That's all sir!"

Tommy lost no time in leaving the room.

"Isn't it an awful mess, Glory?" he wailed, as he bumped into Gloria outside the door. "If I take you out, Carita gives me back my ring. If I don't, Bedford's through with little Tommy." He rolled his eyes heavenward in despair. "This, my children, is the well-known story of the devil and the deep sea."

For the next two weeks Tommy was so painfully considerate of Gloria that the whole office began to think they had misjudged him. He called her "darling" at masterfully regular intervals, stuck daisies on her desk until she bordered on hay fever, and did everything he thought was expected of a husband except take her to lunch. The office didn't hold this against him. Mr. Nash always had so much work it seemed could be done at no other time but during his lunch hour.

TOMMY'S hard work at the Bedford Advertising Company was beginning to attract attention. Mr. Bedford promoted him to a position he had been angling to get for some time. He told him about it when Gloria was in the room. She was just as delighted as Tommy.

"Suppose you both have dinner with me tonight," their employer suggested.

"Just to celebrate the promotion, you know."

Gloria and Tommy's smiles faded into sickly grins. This was the night of the week that Carita took Tommy to her Aunt Tina's Spanish cooking. Carita's attitude always had been that nothing should break this standing engagement for Aunt Tina's Spanish cooking but the death of one of the contracting diners. And it was simply impossible to refuse Mr. Bedford's gracious invitation.

Nobody really enjoyed the lovely dinner at the Mayfair. Gloria had on her best white frock, which her employer vowed made her look like a Botticelli angel, and there was everything she adored from mushrooms toiced peaches but somehow the occasion lacked that spontaneous gaiety generally associated with a party.

Tommy behaved disgracefully. He had phoned Carita he was working at the office, and he had spent the entire evening trembling for fear that somebody who knew Carita would see him. The moment they arrived at the Mayfair, with shocking lack of breeding. Tommy grabbed the best place at the table for himself, because, as he whispered later to Gloria, the palm tree behind sort of shaded his face. Even with this protection, every time somebody entered the dining-room he grew so white and shaky that Gloria thought he would collapse.

"If Carita ever hears of this," Tommy whispered hoarsely over his glass, "it'll be the end of me."

Ross Bedford did not seem particularly exhilarated either. Even when he danced to that heavenly music, even when he held Gloria tighter than he intended, he didn't seem to be enjoying himself.

"What do you think of marriage?" her employer asked her curiously as they danced.

Gloria was about to reply truthfully that she didn't know anything about it when she remembered and flushed.

"Tommy calls it a to-have-and-to-sold proposition," she said evasively. Ross Bedford glanced towards the table where sat Tommy in morbid solitude.

"I don't think your husband has much grounds for that contention," he murmured stiffly.

Ross Bedford told Gloria that there were two classes of men who had his sympathy—those who never fell in love, and those who had the rotten luck to fall in love with other men's wives.

Gloria gazed up at him longingly.

H. S. HOLBROOK says: For picking or table-use Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar is a brew of excellent quality. ***

"I hope, Mr. Bedford," she murmured naively, "you're not the sort who never falls in love."

Ross Bedford led her back to Tommy before replying.

"That," he told her curtly, "is not my trouble."

Tommy didn't draw an easy breath until their employer's car deposited them at the boarding-house door.

"Thanks for a great evening, Mr. Bedford."

Tommy tried in vain to instil a little natural warmth into his voice.

Mr. Bedford merely nodded.

"We'll have to do it again some time," he murmured indefinitely.

Even when Tommy said good-night to Gloria, the cloud didn't lift from his worried face.

"You can laugh if you like, Glory," he muttered gloomily, "but my womanly intuition tells me I haven't heard the last of this yet."

The next morning Gloria seemed to have caught some of Tommy's gloom. She suddenly discovered that it was a frightful effort to smile, and all the sparkle of the night before had completely vanished, leaving her a pretty flat affair. For the first time she couldn't convincingly tell herself that everything was going to work out all right. How could it? If she told Ross Bedford the truth, he'd probably lose all respect for her and perhaps discharge Tommy into the bargain. Still, it wasn't possible to go on in this way when she was so awfully in love. The situation was intolerable.

Gloria's broodings were broken by a sudden commotion in the outer office.

"Doan lie to me!" an irate voice was shrieking at the dumbfounded switchboard operator. "I know Mr. Tommee Sutton he work here!"

Tommy evidently heard the voice, too, for he hurriedly came out of his office.

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ENGLISH Tennis Team ... will Be HERE SOON

Visit of International Champions
Will Help Our Juniors
By RUTH PREDDEY

Australia is shortly to be invaded by many international sportswomen, who will compete against most of our outstanding players. Teams of croquet, tennis, cricket, and hockey players are expected, and the first of these international matches will be that in which the English women tennis players will meet Australia in Sydney.

Numerous men's tennis teams have visited Australia, but this occasion will be the first on which an overseas women's tennis team has ever been invited to partake in tennis matches in Australia.

THE first of the international women's matches is set down to take place in Sydney on November 21 and 22. This will be between the British and the Australian women's tennis teams. The English team comprises Dorothy Round, Evelyn Dearman, and Nancy Lyle. The Australian team has not been selected yet.

Miss Dorothy Edith Round, to give her full name, comes to Australia with a reputation that any girl would envy. Still in her early twenties, she is the present-day world's champion, and represented England for the first time when she played against Scotland in 1928.

The following year she took part in the French championships, and in 1931 she represented Great Britain in the Wightman Cup and also in matches against France and Germany. It was in this year that she became runner-up to Madame Mathieu in the women's hardcourt championship of Great Britain and also runner-up to Helen Wille Moody in the Wimbledon championship.

This year Dorothy Round did not play in the French Championships or in the Wightman Cup, but she won the Wimbledon championship when opposed to America's champion, Helen Jacobs.

Doubles Players

England has also sent two of her best doubles players in Evelyn Mary Dearman and Nancy Margaret Lyle. Both these players came into prominence in the tennis world in 1930, when they played for England against Wales. Since then they have been steadily gaining honors until to-day they have a reputation as the finest doubles players in Britain.

They have also represented Britain in Germany, Belgium, Finland, Sweden, Scotland, Wales, America, and will now add Australia to their list of places visited for tennis matches.

Both Miss Lyle and Miss Dearman play golf, and Miss Lyle is keenly interested in squash racquets. On the other hand, Miss Round has been a



MISS NANCY LYLE (left), and Miss Evelyn Dearman, who are outstanding as doubles players.

hockey player, and is also interested in badminton.

Our Players

HOWEVER, before the arrival of these champions, all States will be keenly interested in the players who may be chosen to represent Australia. At present interest centres on the outstanding players in all States.

From South Australia we have Kathie Messerier and Dorothy Weston. Nancy Clitty, May Black, or Nancy Lewis are players from Victoria who might gain places. Mrs. Moleworth and Mrs. Westcott, from Queensland, are considered to have a great chance. Mrs. Westcott appears to be a certainty for the doubles.

New South Wales is favored with Miss Joan Hartigan, who is Australia's foremost woman player, and is ranked among the world's ten best players. Her position in the team is assured.

Then there is Miss Louise Bickerton, who has already represented Australia



MISS DOROTHY ROUND, the finest singles player in the world today.



abroad, and appears likely to be the first player in Australia to also have this honor in her own State.

Mrs. Hopman, who has just returned from abroad, also must be considered seriously by the selectors.

Women delegates to the N.S.W. Tennis Council—Mediemus Conway, Warburton, and Miss Bickerton—are largely responsible for the bringing of this British team to Australia, for it was they that insisted on the council bringing the matter before the Australian Lawn Tennis Association, and stressing the necessity for a visit of this kind.

Having achieved their object in that direction they are now concentrating on giving the Juniors every opportunity to benefit from the visit of these three experienced British players.

With this object in view they have arranged for the first day of the international match in Sydney to be a day in which school-children can attend, and nearly two thousand seats have been made available for the school tennis enthusiasts.

It is hoped that other States will follow this example, for it is to the present-day junior players that Australia must look to for her future champions. Australian women must have their teams taking part in all the important overseas matches, and this can only be accomplished by co-operation and encouragement for the junior players.

24th Year as Swimming Secretary

Mrs. W. Chambers, the popular secretary of the New South Wales Women's Amateur Swimming Association, has once more been elected to carry on the position of secretary for the ensuing season.

Mrs. Chambers has successfully filled this position for the last 23 years, which is undoubtedly a record for sportswomen in Australia.

MRS. CHAMBERS became associated with the Swimming Association in 1907, when she was elected assistant secretary. Four years later she was elected secretary in place of Miss E. Durack, a sister of Australia's first woman Olympic representative, Miss Fanny Durack.

This energetic secretary, backed by a powerful organising committee, brought the first international woman swimmer to Australia, in Miss Ethelreda Blightley, who visited Australia about ten years ago. Following up the success of this visit, many other well-known swimmers were induced to come to Australia, perhaps the most popular being Miss Joyce Cooper, who was then the British champion.

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"SMART Frockers," Says MRS. SARAZEN

Golf Champions Make Friends in Australia

Golfers in Australia are experiencing a great amount of thrills and set-backs since they have been introduced to Gene Sarazen, the American champion and the winner of the British and American open golf championships, and Joe Kirkwood, who first learnt to play golf on the links at Manly, in New South Wales.

BOTH these world-famous players have upset many of the fundamental rules as laid down by veteran golfers.

During lectures and exhibitions of the game at Anthony Horderns, Gene Sarazen said:

"It's all 'bunk' to keep your eyes on the ball. Keep your eyes on your hands instead," he advocates, and then demonstrates with perfect ease and grace the correct method of holding your stick.

This, he points out, must be done so that the four knuckles of the left hand can be seen. The right hand is well over the shaft, so that the two V's are in line with the club face. The club must be held firmly, but not tightly, and the muscles must be relaxed for all shots.

"Golf is a game of relaxed muscles and common sense," says Sarazen. He also reminded his listeners that the shorter the shot, the closer the ball should be to the right foot.

Joe Kirkwood brings the humorous side into his lectures, and shows the trick shots, which prove how skilful a player he is.

Gene Sarazen then explains that it took him five years to perfect his grip, and even now he is not satisfied with it. Although he uses the underlocking grip, he advocates the overlapping grip for all players. "The hands lead the swing, and the head follows the hands," is a rule he gives for golfers to follow.

Mrs. Sarazen Watches

AND while Gene Sarazen is playing in his championship games, Mrs. Sarazen follows most of the play, watching her husband play.

Mrs. Sarazen plays golf, but has not taken the game up seriously, as she

Varsity Swimmers Change to Crawl

A DELAIDE University women swimmers are hoping for better results this year, for they will change their style from the trudgeon stroke to the crawl.

prefers to play just for her own enjoyment. Fair, smart and with a pleasant manner, Mrs. Sarazen has nothing but praise for Australia and Australians. "Your girls are smart frockers, and I don't know when I have seen any prettier in all my travels."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Sarazen enjoy travelling, and so anxious are they to see as much of Australia as possible, they have cancelled their train trips and intend travelling to the various States by car.

When asked what has impressed them most during their first few days here, Mrs. Sarazen replied that both she and her husband found "the sportsmanship displayed on the links marvellous." Mrs. Sarazen also found the hospitality they were receiving rather overwhelming, and although there were times when she felt a wee bit homesick, she was sure both she and her husband were going to enjoy Australia immensely.

After spending a week in Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. Sarazen and Mr. Kirkwood left for Brisbane on Tuesday, where they will spend a few days before proceeding to Melbourne to take part in the Centenary golf championships.

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821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006, 1007, 1008, 1009, 1010, 1011, 1012, 1013, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1020, 1021, 1022, 1023, 1024, 1025, 1026, 1027, 1028, 1029, 1030, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1039, 1040, 1041, 1042, 1043, 1044, 1045, 1046, 1047, 1048, 1049, 1050, 1051, 1052, 1053, 1054, 1055, 1056, 1057, 1058, 1059, 1060, 1061, 1062

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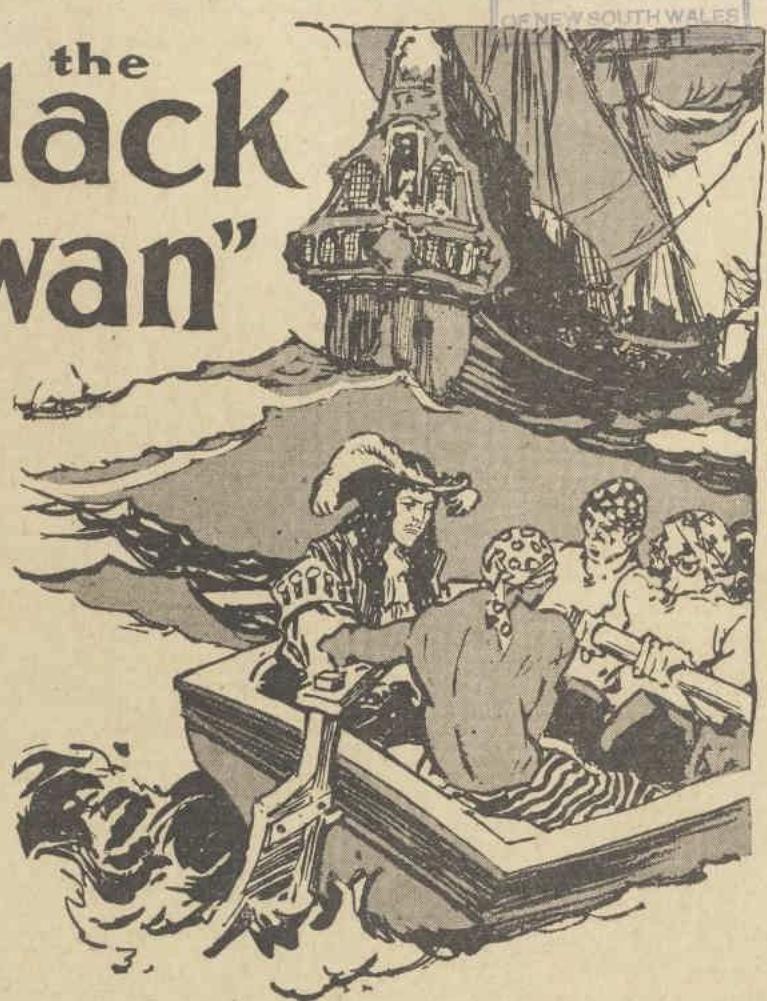
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The Black Swan

RAFAEL SABATINI



CHAPTER 1
MAJOR SANDS, conscious of his high descent, was disposed to receive with condescension the gifts which he perceived that Fortune offered him. She could not bribe him with them into a regard for her discernment. He had seen her shower favors upon the worthless and defraud the meritorious of their just reward. And she had kept him waiting. If at last she turned to him, he supposed that it was less from any gracious sense of justice in herself than because Major Sands had known how to constrain her.

This, from all the evidence I have sifted, I take to have been the complexion of his thoughts as he lounged beside the day-bed set for Miss Priscilla Harradine under the awning of brown sailcloth which had been improvised on the high poop of the Centaur.

The trim yellow ship lay at anchor in the spacious bay of Port Royal, which she had made her first port of call after the short run from Barbados. They were taking fresh water aboard, and this was providing an occasion to induce them to take other things. In the forechains the negro steward and the cook were receiving a bombardment of mangled English and smooth French from a cluster of periagues, laden with fruit and vegetables, that bumped and scraped alongside, manned by whites, half-castes, negroes and Caribs all of them, vociferous in their eagerness to sell.

At the head of the entrance ladder stood Captain Bransome in a stiff-skirted coat of dark blue with tarnished gold lace, refusing admission to the gabardined and persistent Jew in the cockboat at the foot of it, who was offering him bargains in cocoa, ginger, and spices.

Captain Bransome, his glance alternating between the Jew who would not be dismissed, and a longboat that half a mile away was heading for the ship, removed his round black castor. Under this his head was swathed in a blue cotton handkerchief, as being cooler than a periwig. He stood mopping his brow while he waited. He was feeling the heat in the ponderous European finery which, out of regard for the dignity of his office of master, he donned whenever putting into port.

On the poop above, despite the breeze and the shadow of the awning, Major Sands, too, was feeling the heat, inclining as he did to a rather fleshy habit of body, and this despite a protracted sojourn in the tropic of Cancer. He had come out five years ago while King Charles II was still alive. He had volunteered for service overseas in the conviction that in the New World he would find that fortune

which eluded him in the Old. The necessity was imposed upon him by a dissolute father who had gamed and drunk away the broad family estates in Wiltshire. Major Sands's inheritance, therefore, had been scanty. At least, it did not include—and for this he daily returned thanks to his Maker—the wasteful, impudent proclivities of his sire. The Major was no man for hazards. In contrast with his profligate father, he was of that cold and calculating temperament which, when allied with intelligence, will carry a man far. In Major Sands the intelligence was absent; but like most men in his case he was not aware of it. If he had not realized his hopes strictly in accordance with the expectations that had sent him overseas, he perceived that he was about to realize them very fully, nevertheless. And however unforeseen the circumstances to which the fact was due, this no-wise troubled his perception that the achievement proceeded from his own merit and address. Hence his disdainful attitude towards Fortune. The issue, after all, was a simple one. He had come out to the West Indies in quest of fortune. And in the West Indies he had found it. He had achieved what he came to achieve. Could cause and effect be linked more closely?

This fortune which he had won, or the winning of which awaited now his pleasure, reclined on a daybed of cane and carved oak, and was extremely good to look upon. Slim and straight, clean-limbed and moderately tall, Priscilla Harradine displayed an outward grace of body that was but the reflection of an inner grace of mind. The young face under the shadow of the wide-brimmed hat was of a winning loveliness; it was of that delicate tint that went with the deep golden of her hair, and it offered little evidence of long years spent in the blistering climate of Antigua. If there was spirit in her resolute little chin and firmly modelled lips, there was only tenderness and candor in the eyes, wide-set and intelligent and of a color that was something between the deep blue of the sky and the jade-green of the sea on which they gazed. She wore a high-waisted gown of ivory-colored silk, and the scalloped edges of her bodice were finely laced with gold. Languidly she waved a fan, fashioned from the vivid green-and-scarlet of parrots' feathers, in the heart of which a little oval mirror had been set.

Her father, Sir John Harradine, had been actuated by motives similar to those of Major Sands in exiling himself from England to a remote colonial settlement. His fortunes, too, had been at a low ebb; and as much for the sake of his only and motherless child as for his own, he had accepted the position of Captain-General of the Leeward Islands, the offer of which a friend at court had procured for him. Great opportunities of for-

tune came the way of an alert colonial governor. Sir John had known how to seize them and squeeze them during the six years that his governorship had lasted, and when at last he died—prematurely cut off by a tropical fever—he was in a position to make amends to his daughter for the years of exile she had shared with him, by leaving her mistress of a very substantial fortune and of a very fair estate in his native Kent which a trustworthy agent in England had acquired for him.

It had been Sir John's wish that she should go home at once to this, and to his sister who would guide her. On his deathbed he protested that too much of her youth already had she wasted in the West Indies through his selfishness. For this he begged her pardon, and so died.

They had been constant companions and good friends, she and her father. She missed him sorely, and might have missed him more, might have been dejected by his death into a deeper sense of loneliness, but for the ready friendship, attention, and service of Major Sands.

CHAPTER 2.

BARTHOLOMEW SANDS had acted as the Captain-General's second-in-command. He had lived at Government House with them so long that Miss Priscilla had come to look upon him as of the family, and was glad enough to lean upon him now. And the Major was even more glad to be leaned upon. His hopes of succeeding Sir John in the governorship of Antigua were slight. Not that in his view he lacked the ability. He knew that he had ability to spare. But court favor in these matters, he supposed, counted for more than talent or experience; and court favor no doubt would be filling the vacant post with some inept rattle from home.

The perception of this quickened his further perception that his first duty was to Miss Priscilla. He told her so, and overwhelmed the child by displays of what she accounted an altruistic nobility. For she was under the assumption that his natural place was in her father's vacant seat, an assumption which he was far from wishing to dispel. It might well be so, he opined; but it could matter little when weighed against her possible needs of him. She would be going home to England now. The voyage was long, tedious, and fraught with many perils. To him it was as inconceivable as it was intolerable that she should take this voyage unaccompanied and unprotected, even though he should jeopardise his chances of the succession of the governorship.

Overhearing her gentle objections to this self-sacrifice, he had given himself leave of absence, and had appointed Captain Grey to the lieutenant-governorship until fresh

orders should come from Whitehall. And so he had shipped himself with her aboard the Centaur, and with her at first had been her black waiting-woman Isabella. Unfortunately, the Negress had suffered so terribly from seasickness that it was impossible to take her across the ocean, and they had been constrained to land her at Barbados, so that henceforth Miss Priscilla must wait upon herself.

Major Sands had chosen the Centaur for her fine roominess and seaworthy qualities despite the fact that before setting a course for home her master had business to transact farther south in Barbados. If anything, the Major actually welcomed this prolongation of the voyage, and consequently of this close and intimate association with Miss Priscilla. It was in his calculating nature to proceed slowly, to spoil nothing by precipitancy. He realised that his wooing of Sir John Harradine's heiress, which, indeed, had not begun until after Sir John's death had cast her, as it were, upon his hands, must be conducted yet some little way before he could account that he had won her. After all, although undoubtedly a very personable man—a fact of which his mirror gave him the most confident assurances—there was an undeniable disparity of age between them. Miss Priscilla was not yet twenty-five, whilst Major Sands had already turned his back on forty, and was growing rather bald under his golden periwig. At first he had clearly perceived that she was but too conscious of his years. She had treated him with an almost filial deference, which had brought him some pain and more dismay. With the close association that had been theirs and the suggestive skill with which he had come to establish a sense of approximate coevality, this attitude in her was being gradually dispelled. He looked now to the voyage to enable him to complete the work so well begun. He would be a dot, indeed, if he could not contrive that this extremely desirable lady and her equally desirable fortune should be contracted to him before they cast anchor in Plymouth Roads. It was upon this that he had staked his slender chances of succession to the governorship of Antigua. But, as I have said, Major Sands was no gambler. And this was no gambler's throw. He knew himself, his personableness, his charms and his arts, well enough to be confident of the issue.

This was his settled conviction as he leaned forward in his chair, leaned nearer to tempt her with the Peruvian sweetmeats in the silver box he proffered, procured for her with that touching anticipation of her every possible wish which by now she must have come to remark in him.

She stirred against the cushion of purple velvet with its gold tassels, which his solicitous hands had fetched from the cabin and placed

THE BLACK SWAN

3

behind her. She shook her head in refusal; but smiled upon him with a gentleness that was almost tender.

"You are so watchful of my comfort, Major Sands, that it is almost ungracious to refuse anything you bring. But . . ." She waved her green-and-scarlet fan.

He feigned ill-humour, which may not have been entirely feigned.

"If I am to be Major Sands to you to the end of my days, faith, I'll bring you nothing more. I am called Bartholomew, ma'm. Bartholomew."

"A fine name," said she. "But too fine and long for common everyday use, in such heat as this."

His answer to that was almost eager. Disregarding her rallying note, he chose to take her literally.

"I have been called Bart upon occasion, by my friends. It's what my mother called me always. I make you free of it, Priscilla."

"I am honored, Bart," she laughed, and so rejoiced him.

Four couplets sounded from the ship's bellry. It brought her to sit up as if it had been a signal.

"Eight bells, and we are still at anchor, Captain Bransome said we should be gone before now." She rose. "What keeps us here, I wonder?"

As if to seek an answer to her question, she moved from the shadow of the awning. Major Sands who had risen with her, stepped beside her to the taffrail.

The longboat, which Captain Bransome had been watching, was coming alongside at the foot of the entrance ladder. From her stern-sheets rose the tall, slim, vigorous figure of a man in a suit of pale blue taffetas with silver lace. About the wide brim of his black hat curled a pale blue ostrich plume, and the hand he put forth to steady himself upon the ladder was gloved and emerged from a cloud of fine lace.

"Odd life!" quoth Major Sands, in amazement at this modishness off Martinique. "And who may this be?"

His amazement increased to behold the practised agility with which this modish fellow came swiftly up that awkward ladder. He was followed, more clumsily, by a half-caste in a cotton shirt and breeches of hairy, untanned hide, who carried a cloak, a rapier, and a sling of purple leather, stiff with bullion, from the ends of which protruded the chased silver butts of a brace of pistols.

The newcomer reached the deck. A moment he paused, tall and commanding at the ladder's head; then he stepped down into the waist, and doffed his hat in courteous response to the Captain's similar salutation. He revealed a swarthy countenance below a glossy black periwig that was sedulously curled.

The Captain barked an order. Two of the hands sprang to the main hatch for a canvas sling, and went to lower it from the bulwarks.

By this the watchers on the poop saw first one chest, and then another hauled up to the deck.

"He comes to stay, it seems," said Major Sands.

"He has the air of a person of importance," ventured Miss Priscilla.

The Major was perversely moved to contradict her. "You judge by his toppling finery. But externals, my dear, can be deceptive. Look at his servant, if that rascal is his

convenience you to send me ashore in a boat."

"That's because ye don't understand my reasons," said Bransome.

"I've no mind to sail within ten miles of Guadeloupe. If trouble comes my way, faith, I can deal with it. But I'm not seeking it. This is my last voyage, and I want it safe and peaceful. I've a wife and four children at home in Devon, and it's time I were seeing something of them. So I'm giving a wide berth to a pirates' nest like Guadeloupe. It's bad enough to be taking to Sainte Croix."

A shrill blast from the bo'sun's whistle was piping the hands to quarters, and the ship suddenly became alive with briskly moving men.

As the creak of windlass and the clatter of chain announced the weighing of the anchor, and the hands went swarming aloft to set the sails, the Major realised that their departure had been delayed because they had waited for this voyager to come aboard. For the second time he vaguely asked of the north-easterly breeze: "I wonder who the devil he may be?"

CHAPTER 3

T

To say that their curiosity on the subject of the newcomer was gratified in the course of the next hour, when they met him at dinner, would not be merely an overstatement; it would be in utter conflict with the fact. That meeting, which took place in the great cabin, where dinner was served, merely went to excite a deeper curiosity.

He was presented to his two fellow-passengers by Captain Bransome as Monsieur Charles de Bernis, from which it transpired that he was French. But the fact was hardly to have been suspected from the smooth fluency of his English, which bore only the faintest trace of a Gallic accent. Major Sands, who had come prepared to dislike him, was glad to discover in the fellow's personality no cause to do otherwise. If there had been nothing else against the man, his foreign origin would have been more than enough for Major Sands had a loity disdain for all those who did not share his own good fortune of having been born a Briton.

Monseur de Bernis was very tall, and if spare he yet conveyed a sense of toughness. The lean leg in its creatureless pale blue stocking looked as if made of whipcord. He was very swarthy, and bore, as Major Sands perceived at once, a curious likeness to his late Majesty King Charles II. in his younger days: for the Frenchman could be scarcely more than 35. He had the same hatchet face with its prominent cheekbones, the same jutting chin and nose, the same tiny black moustache above full lips about which hovered the same faintly sardonic expression that had marked the countenance of the Stuart sovereign. Under intensely black brows his eyes were dark and large, and although normally soft and velvety, they could, as he soon revealed, by a blazing directness of glance be extremely disconcerting.

If his fellow-passengers were interested in him, it could hardly be said that he returned the compliment at first. The very quality of his courtesy towards them seemed in itself to raise a barrier beyond which he held aloof. His air was preoccupied, and such concern as his conversation manifested whilst they ate was directed to the matter of his destination.

He seemed to be resuming an earlier discussion between himself and the master of the Centaur.

"Even if you will not put in at Marigalante, Captain, I cannot perceive that it could delay or in-

convenience you to send me ashore in a boat."

"That's because ye don't understand my reasons," said Bransome.

"I've no mind to sail within ten miles of Guadeloupe. If trouble comes my way, faith, I can deal with it. But I'm not seeking it. This is my last voyage, and I want it safe and peaceful. I've a wife and four children at home in Devon, and it's time I were seeing something of them. So I'm giving a wide berth to a pirates' nest like Guadeloupe. It's bad enough to be taking to Sainte Croix."

"You will think of it now, monsieur?"

Monsieur de Bernis' dark eyes glowed as they rested upon her; but his smile was wistful.

"By my faith, mademoiselle, you must compel a man to do so."

Major Sands sniffed audibly at what he accounted an expression of irrepressible impudent Gallic gallantry. Then, after a slight pause, Monsieur de Bernis added with a deepening of his wistful smile:

"But alas! A friend awaits me in Sainte Croix. I am to cross with him to France."

The Major interposed, a mild astonishment in his voice.

"I thought it was at Guadeloupe that you desired to be put ashore; and that your going to Sainte Croix was forced upon you by the Cactin."

The Frenchman turned to him slowly, with smiling, but the wistfulness had given place to a contemptuous amusement.

"But why unveil the innocent deception which courtesy to a lady thrust upon me? It is more shrewd than kind, Major Sands."

CHAPTER 4

T

HE Major was left with an uncomfortable sense of being diminished. It rankled in him, and found expression later when with Miss Priscilla he was once more upon the poop.

"I do not think the Frenchman was pleased at being put down," said he.

At table the Major's scarcely veiled hostility to the stranger had offended her sense of fitness. In her eyes he had compared badly with the suave and easy Frenchman. His present snugness revived her irritation.

"Oho!" Vehemently Captain Bransome blew out his cheeks.

"Buccaneers," said Major Sands, "are things of the past."

The Captain's face was seen to turn a deeper red. His contradiction took the form of elaborate sarcasm.

"To be sure, it's as safe cruising in the Caribbean to-day as on any of the English lakes."

After that he gave his attention to his dinner, while Major Sands addressed himself to Monsieur de Bernis.

"You go with us, then, no farther than Sainte Croix?" His manner was more pleasant than it had yet been, for his good humor was being restored by the discovery that this intrusion was to be only a short one.

"No farther," said Monsieur de Bernis.

The laconic answer did not encourage questions. Nevertheless Major Sands persisted.

"You will have interests in Sainte Croix?"

"No interests. No, I seek a ship. A ship to take me to France." It was characteristic of him to speak in short, sharp sentences.

The Major was puzzled. "But surely, being aboard so fine a ship as this, you might travel comfortably to Plymouth, and there find a steamer to put you across the Channel."

"True," said Monsieur de Bernis.

"True! I had not thought of it."

"I see little cause for thanksgiving. Monsieur de Bernis should prove a lively companion on a voyage."

The Major's brows were raised.

"You conceive him lively?"

"Did not you? Was there no wit in his parries when you engaged him?"

THE BLACK SWAN

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"Wit! Lord! I thought him an clumsy a liar as I have met."

A black hat embellished by a sweeping plume of blue appeared above the break of the quarter-deck. Monsieur de Bernis was ascending the companion. He came to join them on the poop.

The Major was disposed to regard his advent as an unbidden intrusion. But Miss Priscilla's eyes gleamed a welcome to the courtly Frenchman; and when she moved aside invitingly to the head of the day-bed, so as to make room for him to sit beside her, Major Sands must mask his vexation as best he could in chill civilities.

Martinique by now was falling hazily astern, and the Centaur under a full spread of canvas was bearing to westward with a larboard list that gently canted her yellow deck.

Monsieur de Bernis commanded the north-easterly breeze in terms of one familiar with such matters. They were fortunate in it, he opined. At this season of the year the prevailing wind was from the north. He expressed the further opinion that if it held they should be off Dominica before to-morrow's dawn.

The Major, not to be left behind by Monsieur de Bernis in the display of knowledge of Caribbean matters, announced himself astonished that Captain Bransome should be putting in at an island mainly peopled by Caribs, with only an indifferent French settlement at Roseau. The readiness of the Frenchman's answer took him by surprise.

"For freights in the ordinary way I should agree with you, Major. Roseau would not be worth a visit; but for a captain trading on his own account it can be very profitable. This, you may suppose to be the case of Captain Bransome."

The accuracy of his surmise was revealed upon the morrow, when they lay at anchor before Roseau, on the western side of Dominica. Bransome, who traded in partnership with his owners, went ashore for a purchase of hides, for which he had left himself abundant room under hatches. He knew of some French traders here, from whom he could buy at half the price he would have to pay in Martinique or elsewhere; for the Caribs who slew and flayed the beasts were content with infinitely less than it cost to procure and maintain the negro slaves who did the work in the more established settlements.

Since the loading of the hides was to delay them there for a day or two, Monsieur de Bernis proposed to his fellow passengers an excursion to the interior of the island, a proposal so warmly approved by Miss Priscilla that it was instantly adopted.

They procured ponies ashore, and the three of them, attended only by Pierre, de Bernis' half-caste servant, rode out to view that marvel of Dominica, the boiling lake, and the fertile plains watered by the Layou.

The Major would have insisted upon an escort. But Monsieur de Bernis, again displaying his knowledge of these regions, assured them that they would find the Caribs of Dominica a gentle, friendly race, from whom no evil was to be apprehended.

Priscilla rode that day between her two cavaliers; but it was the ready-witted de Bernis who chiefly held her attention, until Major

Sands began to wonder whether the fellow's remarkable resemblance to his late Majesty might not extend beyond his personal appearance.

Monsieur de Bernis made it plain, the Major thought, that he was endowed with the same gifts of spontaneous gallantry, and the Major was vexed to perceive signs that he possessed something of King Charles's attraction for the opposite sex.

His alarm might have gone considerably deeper but for the soothing knowledge that in a day or two this long-legged, gipsy-faced interloper would drop out of their lives at Sainte Croix. What Miss Priscilla could discern in the man, that she should bestow so much of her attention upon him, the Major could not imagine. As compared with his own solid worth, the fellow was no better than a shallow trifle.

That he was an adventures Major Sands was persuaded. He flattered himself that he could read a man at a glance, and his every instinct warned him against this saturnine rascal. His persuasions were confirmed that very evening at Roseau.

On the beach there, when they had relinquished their ponies, they came upon a burly, elderly, rudely-clad Frenchman, who reeked of rum and tobacco one of the traders from whom Captain Bransome was purchasing his hides. The man halted before them as if thunderstruck, and stared in round-eyed wonder at Monsieur de Bernis for a long moment. Then a queer grin spread upon his weather-beaten face, he pulled a ragged hat from a grizzled, ill-kempt head, with a courtesy rendered ironical by exaggeration.

Major Sands knew no French. But the impudently familiar tone of the greeting was not to be mistaken.

"C'est bien toi, de Bernis? Par dieu! Je ne crovais pas te revoir."

De Bernis checked to answer him, and his reply reflected the other's easy, half-mocking tone. "Et toi, mon drole? Ah tu fais le marchand de peaux maintenant?"

Major Sands moved on with Miss Priscilla, leaving de Bernis in talk with his oddly met acquaintance. The Major was curiously amused.

CHAPTER 5.

A QUÉER encounter for our fine gentleman. Most queer. Like the quality of his friends. More than ever I wonder who the devil he may be." But Miss Priscilla was impatient of his wonder and his amusement. She found him petty. She knew the islands better, it seemed, than did he. She knew that colonial life could impose the oddest accusations on a man, and that only the rash or the ignorant would draw conclusions from them.

She said something of the kind. "Odds life, ma'am! Dye defend him?"

"I've not perceived him to be attacked, unless you mean to attack him, Bart. After all, Monsieur de Bernis has never pretended that he comes to us from Versailles."

"That will be because he doubts if it would carry conviction. Pitch, child. The fellow's an adventurer."

Her agreement shocked and dismayed him more than contradiction could have done.

"So I had supposed," she smiled distractingly. "I love adventurers and the adventurous."

Only the fact that de Bernis came striding to overtake them saved her from a homily. But her answer, which the Major accounted flippant, rankled with him. And it may have been due to this that after supper that night when they were all assembled in the great cabin, he alluded to the matter of that meeting.

"That was a queer chance, Monsieur de Bernis, your coming face to face with an acquaintance here on Dominica."

"A queer chance, indeed," the Frenchman agreed readily. "That was an old brother-in-arms."

The Major's sandy brows went up. "Ye've been a soldier, sir?"

There was an odd light in the Frenchman's eyes as for a long moment they considered his questioner. He seemed faintly amused.

"Oh, after a fashion," he said at last. Then he swung to Bransome, who sat at his ease now, in cotton shirt and calico drawers, the European finery discarded. It was Lafache, Captain. He tells me that he is trading with you."

And he went on: "We were on Santa Catalina together under the Sieur Simon, and among the very few who survived the Spanish raid there of Perez de Guzman. Lafache and I and two others, who had hidden ourselves in a maize field, when all was lost, got away that night in an open boat, and contrived to reach the Main. So far as I know we were the only four who escaped alive of the hundred and twenty men who were on Santa Catalina with Simon. When Perez took the Island, he ruthlessly avenged the defence it had made by putting to the sword every man who had remained alive. A vile massacre. A wanton cruelty."

He fell pensive, and might have left the matter there but that Miss Priscilla broke the ensuing silence to press him for more details.

In yielding, he told her of the colony which Mansvelt had established on Santa Catalina, of how they had gone to work to cultivate the land, planting maize and plantains, sweet potatoes, cassava, and tobacco.

While she listened to him with parted lips and softened eyes, he drew a picture of the flourishing condition which had been reached by the plantations when Don Juan Perez de Guzman came over from Panama, with four ships and an overwhelming force to wreak his mischief.

He told of Simon's proud answer when summoned to surrender, that he held the settlement for the English Crown, and that sooner than yield it up he and those with him would yield up their lives.

He stirred their blood by the picture he drew of the gallant stand made by that little garrison against the overwhelming Spanish odds. And he moved them to compassion by the tale of the massacre that followed, and the wanton destruction of the plantations so laboriously sown.

When he reached the end there was a smile at once grim and wistful on his lean, pipsy-tinted face. The deep lines in it, lines far deeper than were warranted by his years, became more marked.

"The Spaniards paid for it at Porto Bello and at Panama and elsewhere. How they paid. But not all the Spanish blood that has since been shed could avenge the

brutal, cowardly destruction of the English and the French who were in alliance at Santa Catalina."

He had impressed himself upon them by that glimpse into his past and into the history of West Indian settlements. Even the Major, however he might struggle against it, found himself caught in the spell of this queer fellow's personality.

Later, when supper was done and the table had been cleared, Monsieur de Bernis went to fetch a guitar from among the effects in his cabin. Seated on the stern-locker, with his back to the great window that stood open to the purple tropical night, he sang some little songs of his native province and one or two queerly moving Spanish airs set in the minor key, of the kind that were freely composed in Malaga.

Rendered by his mellow baritone voice they had power to leave Miss Priscilla with stinging eyes and an ache at the heart; and even Major Sands was moved to admit that Monsieur de Bernis had a prodigious fine gift of song.

CHAPTER 6.

THEY were leaning at the time upon the carved rail of the quarter-deck to watch the loading conducted under the jealous eyes of Captain Bransome, himself, who was not content to leave the matter to the quartermaster and the boatswain.

The coalmongers were off the main hatch, and by slings from the yard-arm the bales of hides were being hoisted aboard from the rafts that brought them alongside. In the waist a dozen, hairy seamen, naked above their belts, heaved and sweated in the merciless heat, whilst down in the stifling, reeking gloom of the hold others labored at the stowage.

Into this sweltering bustle stepped Monsieur de Bernis from the gangway that led aft. As a concession to the heat he wore no coat. In the bulging white cambric shirt with its wealth of ruffles, clothing him above a pair of claret breeches, he looked cool and easy despite his heavy black periwig and broad black hat.

He greeted Bransome with familiar ease, and not only Bransome, but Sprat, the boatswain. From the bulwarks he stood surveying the rafts below with their silent crews of naked Caribs and noisy, directing French overseers. He called down to them—Major Sands assumed it to be some French ribaldry—and set them laughing and answering him with raucously merry freedom. He said something to the hands about the hatchway, and had them presently all ajar. Then, when the trader Lafache came climbing to the deck, mopping himself, and demanding rum, there was de Bernis supporting the demand, and thrusting Bransome before him to the after gangway, whilst himself he followed, bringing Lafache with him, an arm flung carelessly about the villainous old trader's shoulder.

"A raffish fellow, without dignity or sense of discipline," was the Major's disgusted comment.

Miss Priscilla looked at him sideways and a little frown puckered her brow at the root of her daintily chiselled nose.

"That is not how I judge him."

"No?" He was surprised. He un-

THE BLACK SWAN

5

crossed his plump legs, took his arms from the poop-rail, and stood up, a heavy figure rendered the more ponderous by an air of self-sufficiency.

"Yet seeing him there, so very much at ease with that riff-raff, how else should he read? I should be sorry to see myself in the like case. Stab me, I should."

"You stand in no danger of it."

"I thank you. No."

"Because a man needs to be very sure of himself before he can command so far." It was a little cruel. But his sneering tone of superiority had annoyed her curiously.

Astonishment froze him. "I... I do not think I understand. Stab me if I do."

She was as merciless in her explanation, unmitigated by his frosty looks.

"I see in Monsieur de Bernis a man placed by birth and experience above the petty need of standing upon his dignity."

He found her exasperating. But he did not tell her so. He cursed his rising heat. A lady so well endowed must be humoured by a prudent man who looks to make her his wife. And Major Sands was a very prudent man.

"But dear Priscilla, it is because you will not be answered. You are a little obstinate, child. Be smitten to humor her. You should trust to my riper judgment of men. You should, so, stab me!" And then he changed his tone. "But why waste breath on a man who to-morrow or the next day will have gone, and whom we shall never see again?"

She sighed and gently waved her fan. It may be that her next words were uttered merely to plague and punish him. "Take no satisfaction in the thought. We meet so few whom we are concerned ever to meet again. To me Monsieur de Bernis is one of those few."

"In that case," said she, holding himself hard to keep his voice cool and level, "I thank heaven the gentleman is so soon to go his ways. In these outlandish settlements you have had little chance, my dear, of learning—ah—discrimination in the choice of associates. A few months in England will give you a very different outlook."

"Yes. That is probable," said she, with a sweet submissiveness. "Until now I have been compelled to accept the associations which circumstance has thrust upon me. In England it will be mine to choose."

This was a little devastating in its ambiguity. If he was left in doubt of her real meaning, he was in no doubt that, before England was reached, and the choice afforded her, he would have placed her beyond the need of exercising her instinct as a husband was concerned.

But she had not yet completed her task of chastising his superciliousness.

"As for Monsieur de Bernis, it yet might be possible to persuade him to make the voyage with us. Good company upon a voyage is not to be disdained. The time can be monstrous tedious."

He stared at her, his florid face flushed. She smiled up at him over the edge of her fan, very sweetly. "Will you try to persuade him, Bart?"

"If Persuade him?" He spoke in hoarse. "Stab my vitals! Persuade him? If? You jest, of course."

She laughed a trilling little enigma.

math laugh, and was content to leave the matter there.

Later, whilst still they lingered on the quarter-deck, they were sought by Monsieur de Bernis. He came laden with a basket woven of palmetto, containing fresh oranges and limes. He brought it as an offering to Miss Priscilla, announcing that he had sent Pierre, his half-caste servant, ashore to gather the fruit for her that morning. Graciously she accepted, thanking him. He waved the thanks aside.

"A very trilling gift."

In gifts, sir, it is the thought that counts."

The Major was left considering that he must practise thoughtfulness in future. He remained silent and brooding, whilst Monsieur de Bernis hung there in talk with Miss Priscilla. The Frenchman was gay, witty and amusing, and to the Major it seemed that Miss Priscilla was very easily moved to laughter. His boldness leaving him little skill in the lighter social arts, he became increasingly uneasy. What if this French adventurer, growing too conscious of Miss Priscilla's attractions, were after all to decide to make the voyage to Europe on the Centaur? What if Miss Priscilla, whose laughter and general manner seemed in the Major's jaundiced eyes to be almost tinged with wantonness, should so far forget her dignity, as, herself, to invite de Bernis to such a course?

Major Sands, inwardly cursing the delays resulting from these loadings of hides, was sulky and uneasy all that day. His chance, however, and his revenge upon the man who had occasioned him these pangs was unexpectedly to be vouchsafed him that evening at dinner.

The Centaur left Dominica a little before sunset, and with the wind on her starboard quarter set a westerly course for the Isle of Avos, so as to give a wide berth to Guadeloupe.

Having conned the ship, the Captain went below to supper, and came in high good-humor to the spacious cabin, flanked to port and starboard by the lesser cabins which his passengers were now occupying.

The great horn windows in the stern stood wide to the air and to the green reeding mass of the island, which Captain Bransome announced with a sigh that he would never see again. His good-humor was rooted in the fact that his last call made and his cargo safely stowed, he was now definitely setting his face towards home and the serene ease in the bosom of a family that scarcely knew him.

CHAPTER 7

CONTENTMENT made him more than ordinarily loquacious, as he sat there in shirt and drawers, a burly, jovial figure at the head of his own table, with Sam, the white-jacketed negro steward, in attendance, and Monsieur de Bernis' servant lending him assistance.

A feast was spread that evening. There was fresh meat and turtle and vegetables taken aboard that day, and the roasted flesh of a great albacore that Monsieur de Bernis had caught in the course of the afternoon; and in honor of what to him was a great occasion, Captain Bransome regaled them with a sweet Peruvian wine which

his own rude taste accounted very choice.

In this wine Monsieur de Bernis pledged his safe return and many happy years in the bosom of that family of which so far the Captain had seen so little.

"Seems queer," the Captain said,

"that a man should scarcely know

his own children. Unnatural.

There's four fine lads well-nigh

grown to manhood, and all but

strangers to me that got 'em."

A pensive smile lighted the broad

ruddy features of his good-

humored face. "But the future is

ours now, and it'll have to make

amends to me for the past. Aye,

and to that sweet patient woman

o' mine who waits at Babblecombe.

I'll be beside her now to show her

that the years I've been away

haven't been wasted. And this last

voyage o' mine'll prove the most

prosperous of all. There's a mort

c' money in them hides when we

comes to market them at home.

Old Lafache has served me well

this trip."

The mention of the old French trader shifted the current of his thoughts. He looked at Monsieur de Bernis, who sat alone one side of the board, his back to the light, opposite the Major and the lady who were side by side on the master's right.

The "Queer, your meeting the old buccaneer again like that, by chance, after all these years. And queer, too, that I should not have remembered who ye were, for all that your name was kind of familiar, until old Lafache reminded me."

"Yes," de Bernis quietly agreed.

"Life is a matter of queer chances. It made me feel old to meet him and to see into what he has grown. That's the result of beginning life while most men are still at school."

The Major had pricked up his ears. Here were interesting facts. Facts to be investigated.

"D'ye say that French trader was

once a buccaneer?"

It was de Bernis who answered him. "Faith, we were little better at Santa Catalina. And after that we sailed with Morgan."

"With Morgan?" The Major could hardly believe his ears. "D'ye mean

Henry Morgan?"

"Sir Henry Morgan. Yes. He that

is now Governor of Jamaica."

"But..." The Major paused, frowning. "D'ye say that you, too, sailed with him?"

Monsieur de Bernis did not seem to remark the incredulity in the other's voice. He answered simply and naturally.

"Why, yes. And I marched with him, too. I was at Porto Bello with him, and at Panama. At Panama I

was in command of the French contingent of his forces. We took a proud vengeance then for the blood

that was shed at Santa Catalina."

Miss Priscilla looked brightly

alert and eager. Without knowl-

edge of West Indian affairs to per-

ceive the implications that had

shocked the Major, she was aware

only that here was another story

of brave doings, and hoped that

Monsieur de Bernis would be in-

duced to tell it. But the Major's

face was blank and seemed to have

lost some of its high color.

There fell a long pause, during

which Monsieur de Bernis helped

himself to a slab of guava cheese

and poured himself another cup of

the Peruvian wine. He was setting

down the squat bottle when at last

the Major exploded.

"So that you're just... just a darned pirate! A damned pirate!

And, stab me, ye've the effrontery to confess it!"

Miss Priscilla and the Captain cried out upon him simultaneously in alarm.

"Bart!" ejaculated the lady.

"Major Sands, sir!" exclaimed

the Captain.

Condemnation was in the voice of each. But Monsieur de Bernis showed no resentment. He smiled upon their dismay and waved a long fine hand to pacify them.

"A pirate?" Almost he seemed amused. "Ah, no. A filibuster, please. A buccaneer."

The Major curled his heavy lip.

"And the difference?"

"The difference? Oh, but all the difference in the world."

Captain Bransome came to the rescue with the explanation which Monsieur de Bernis seemed to disdain to offer. The buccaneers had a sort of charter behind them. They had been encouraged by the Governments of both England and France, because they had kept in check the rapacity of Spain, confining their raids to Spanish ships and Spanish settlements.

Monsieur de Bernis was moved by this to take up the tale. "And doing it as I'll swear none others could have done it. You would not sneer, Major Sands, had you crossed Darien with us."

He was launched upon reminiscences. He began to tell them of that incredibly arduous journey made partly on foot and partly by water on the Chagres River.

"If the Spaniards had only driven in their cattle from the savannah where we lay the night before the battle, starvation must have made us an easy prey to them. I should not now be telling you of these things. But the cattle were there, the steers and horses, and we took and killed what we required, and ate the flesh almost raw. And so by the grace of God, we found the strength to deliver the attack, and carry the town in the teeth of its defenders."

"By the grace of God!" said the Major, scandalised. "It is blasphemous, sir."

De Bernis was singularly patient. "Ye're intolerant, Major," was all he said.

"Of thieving rogues? To be sure, I am. I call a thing by its proper name. Ye can throw no glamour over the sack of Panama, sir. With whatever arts you tell the tale of it, it remains a thieving raid, and the men who took part in it—Morgan and his cut-throats—were just bloodthirsty, thieving scoundrels."

CHAPTER 8

BEFORE such direct offensiveness Captain Bransome became deeply alarmed. Whatever Monsieur de Bernis might be to-day, it was certain that, since once he had followed the trade of a buccaneer, there must be wild blood in him. If it were roused, there might be mischief done; and he wanted none of that aboard the Centaur. He was considering intervention, when the Frenchman, who, whatever he may have felt, still betrayed no outward sign of irritation, forestalled him.

"By my faith, Major, do you realise that what you say is almost treason? It is a reproach to your King, who does not share your so

THE BLACK SWAN

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

sensitive honesty. For if he regarded Henry Morgan as you describe him, he would never have raised him to the dignity of knighthood and made him Governor of Jamaica."

"And that's the fact," Captain Bransome supported him, hoping to curb the Major's rashness. "And ye should also be told that Monsieur de Bernis here holds the appointment of Sir Henry Morgan's lieutenant, to help him keep order upon the seas."

Contradiction came not from the Major, but from Monsieur de Bernis himself.

"Ah, but that is over now. I have resigned my post." Like yourself Captain, I am going home to enjoy the rest I have earned.

"No matter for that. The fact that ye held the post, held the King's Commission in spite of Panama and Porto Bello and the rest, should be answer enough for Major Sands."

But Major Sands was not to be put down. "Ye know very well that was but setting a thief to catch a thief. You may sing the praises of your buccaneers never so eloquently, sir. But you now they had become such a pest that to deliver the seas of them your friend Henry Morgan was tried with a knighthood and a King's commission to turn upon his old associates. I'll own that since then he seems to have gone more vigorously about the business of sweeping the seas clean. But that don't make me forget that it was he and his kind who fouled them."

"Don't grudge him his due, Major," Bransome pleaded. "It's to be doubted if another could ha' done what he has done. It needed him with his own lads behind him to tackle the disorders abroad and put an end to them."

But the Major would not yield. In the heat of argument and exasperation he plunged recklessly into matters from which, yesterday, concern for Priscilla had made him steer them. "Put an end to it? I seem to have heard of a buccaneering villain named Tom Leach who still goes roaring up and down the Caribbean setting Morgan at defiance."

Bransome's face darkened. "Tom Leach, ay. Rot his soul! But Morgan'll get him. It's known from Campeche to Trinidad and from Trinidad to the Bahamas that Morgan is offering five hundred pounds for the head of the last of the buccaneers."

And he fell to relating horrors of Leach's performance, until de Bernis raised a long, graceful hand to check him.

"You nauseate Miss Priscilla." Made aware of her pallor, the Captain begged her pardon, and closed the subject with a prayer.

"I hope that filthy villain may soon come to moorings in execution dock."

Miss Priscilla intervened.

"You have talked enough of pirates," she censured them, and rendered the Major at last aware of his enormity.

She leaped across to Monsieur de Bernis, smiling up at him, perhaps all the more sweetly because she desired to reward him for his admirable patience and self-restraint under provocation that had been gross. "Monsieur de Bernis, will you not fetch your guitar and sing to us again?"

The Frenchman rose to do her bidding, whilst Major Sands was

left to marvel ill-humoredly that all that had been revealed touching this adventurer's abominable antecedents should have made so little impression upon the lady in his charge. Decidedly she was in urgent need of a season of the sedate dignity of English country life to bring the world into perspective to her eyes.

The historical truth of the situation, as it concerned Sir Henry Morgan and the notorious Tom Leach, emerges so clearly from that conversation in the cabin of the Centaur that little remains to be added by a commentator.

Morgan had certainly been shaken up by the authorities at home for his lack of seal in the prosecution of the task entrusted to him of exterminating the brigands who infested the Caribbean. He had been admonished with more severity than justice; for, after all, in the short time that had elapsed since his own retirement from the Brotherhood of the Coast, he had wrought miracles in the discharge of his duty assumed. The very force of his example had in itself gone far. The very fact that he had ranged himself under the banners of law and order, with the consequent disbanding of the buccaneer fleet of which he had been the admiral, had compelled the men who had followed him to drift back gradually to the peaceful arts of logwood-cutting, planting, and boucanining proper. Many more had been induced to quit the seas by the general amnesty Morgan had been authorized to proclaim backed by a grant of twenty-five acres of land to every filibuster who should choose to take advantage of it. Those who defiantly remained afloat he pursued so actively and relentlessly as to have deserved better of the Government than a reprimand and the threat of deposition or worse. Because in spite of his endeavors there were some sea-robbers who still eluded him, the authorities at home did not scruple to suggest that Morgan might be playing a double game and might be receiving tribute from those who still remained at large.

Sir Henry was not merely enraged by the insinuation; he was fearful of a solid indictment being built upon it which might end by depriving him of his head. It made the old pirate realize that in accepting a knighthood and the King's commission he had given stern hostages to Fortune. And whilst he may have cursed the one and the other, he addressed himself fearfully to the business of satisfying his terrible taskmaster. The business was rendered heavy by the lawless activities of his old associate, Tom Leach, whom Major Sands had named. Tom Leach, as crafty a seaman as he was a brutal remorseless scoundrel, had gathered about him a host of those buccaneers who were reluctant to forsake their old ways of life, and with these, in a powerful forty-gun ship, the Black Swan, he was in strength upon the Caribbean and wreaking fearful havoc. Being outlawed now, an Ishmael with every man's hand against him, he practised none of the old discrimination of the Brethren of the Coast; the buccaneers had been called. He was just a brigand, making war upon every ship that sailed, and caring nothing what flag was flown by the vessels he captured, stripped, and sank.

For four anxious months, Mor-

gan had been hunting him in vain, and so as to encourage others to hunt him, he had put the price of five hundred pounds upon the ruffian's head. Not only had Leach eluded him and grown ever more defiant in his depredations, but two months ago off Granada, when two ships of the Jamaica squadron had cornered him, he had delivered battle so successfully that he had sunk one of the Government frigates and disabled the other.

CHAPTER 8.

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ELL might Captain Bransome have uttered his prayer that this evil villain should soon come to moorings in execution dock. The following morning was to bring him the urgent dread that, if the prayer was to be answered at all, it was not likely to be answered in time to be of profit to the Centaur.

Going early on deck to take the air and summon his fellow passengers to breakfast, Monsieur de Bernis found the Captain on the poop, levelling a telescope at a ship some three or four miles away to eastward of their starboard quarter. Beside him stood Major Sands in his burnt-red coat and Miss Priscilla very daintily in a gown of lettuce-green with ivory lace that revealed the lissom beauty of her milk-white neck.

The Centaur was rippling through the sea on a course almost due west. She was still some leagues southeast of Aves, and land was nowhere in sight. The master lowered his telescope as de Bernis came up. Turning his head and seeing the Frenchman, he first pointed with the glass, then proffered it.

"Tell me what you make of her, Mossom."

Monsieur de Bernis took the glass. He had not observed the grave look in Bransome's eyes, for he displayed no urgency in complying. He paused first to exchange a greeting with Miss Priscilla and the Major. But when at last he did bear the glass to his eye, he kept it there for an unconscionable time. When he lowered it, his countenance reflected the gravity worn by the Captain's. Even then he did not speak. He stepped deliberately to the side, and setting his elbows on the rail for steadiness, levelled the glass once more. This time his observations were even more protracted. So long was he in this inspection that at last the Captain's hard-held patience slipped from him.

"Well, sir? Well? What d'ye make of her?" Monsieur de Bernis lowered the glass again, and faced his questioner. He was calm and smiling. "A fine, powerful ship," he said casually, and turned to the other. "Breakfast waits in the cabin."

The Major, whose appetite was never feeble, required no further invitation. He departed, taking Miss Priscilla with him. As they disappeared into the gangway leading aft, the smile left the face of Monsieur de Bernis. Solemnly his long dark eyes met the Captain's questioning glance.

"I desired not to alarm the lady. It is as I think you already suspect. Tom Leach's ship, The Black Swan."

"Ye're certain?"

"As certain as that she's steering to cross your course."

The Captain swore in his red beard. "And this on my last voyage!" he complained. "Pate might

ha' let me end my sailing days in peace. Ye think . . . Dye think she means to attack me?"

Monsieur de Bernis shrugged. "It is Tom Leach. And he steers to cross your course."

The Captain fell to ranting and swearing as a man will who is spirited and yet conscious of impotence when beset. "The black-hearted, blackguardly swine! What's your fine Sir Henry Morgan doing to leave him loose upon the seas? What for did the King knight him and make him Governor of Jamaica?"

"Sir Henry will get him in the end. Be sure of that."

The Frenchman's calm in the face of this overwhelming peril served only to increase the Captain's fury. "In the end! In the end! And how will that help me? What's to be done?"

"What can you do?"

"I must fight or run."

"Which would you prefer?"

Bransome considered merely to explode in exasperation. "How can I fight? She carries twice my guns, and, if it comes to boarding, her men outnumber mine by ten to one or more."

"You will run, then?"

"How can I run? She has twice my canvas." Bransome was grim.

In the waist some of the hands newly descended from aloft were shading their eyes to survey the distant ship, but idly, without suspicion yet of her identity.

De Bernis returned to the study of her through the telescope. He spoke presently with the glass still to his eye. "For all her canvas, her sailing's labored," he pronounced. "She's been overlong at sea. Her bottom's foul. That's plain." He lowered the glass again. "In your place, Captain, I should come a point or two nearer to the wind. You'd beat up against it a deal more nimbly than will she in her present stale condition."

"That's if the breeze holds. And who's to warrant me the breeze'll hold? It's an unnatural wind for this time o' year." He swore again in his frenzy of indecision. "If I was to go about, and run for Dominica again? It's none so far, and safest, after all."

"But it's down wind, and down wind, with all her canvas spread, shall overhaul you quickly for all her foulness."

CHAPTER 10.

BRAUNSOME, however, was rendered obstinate by panic, and another hope had come to visitate his reasoning. "Towards Dominica we're likeliest to meet other shipping." Without waiting for the Frenchman's answer, he stepped to the poop-rail and bawled an order to the quartermaster at the whipsnaff to put down the helm.

And now it was de Bernis who departed from his calm. He reaped out an oath in his vexation at this folly, and began an argument which Bransome cut short with the reminder that it was he who commanded aboard the Centaur. He would listen to advice; but he would take no orders.

With a lurching plunge the Centaur luffed alee, then came even on her keel and raced south before the wind.

The seamen in the waist, who had fallen agape at this abrupt manœuvre, were ordered aloft again to

THE BLACK SWAN

7

unfurled, not only the topsails which they had just come down from furling, but also the topgallants. Even as they sprang to the ratlines, in obedience, the great black ship, now left astern on the larboard quarter, was seen to alter her course and swing in pursuit, thus dispelling any possible doubt that might have lingered on the score of her intentions.

Bransome, now on the quarter-deck, whether de Bernis had followed him, remained a long while with the telescope to his eye. When at last he lowered it, he displayed a face of consternation from which most of the habitual ruddy color had departed.

"You were right," he confessed. "She's overhauling us fast. We'll do better though when the topsails are spread. But even so we'll never make Dominica before that cut-throat is on our rudder. What's to do, Moseoo? Shall I go about again?"

In the obvious urgency of his need, humbled by the realisation that if he had taken de Bernis' advice in the first instance he would now be in better case, he appealed again to that experienced fighting seaman.

Monsieur de Bernis took time to answer. He was plunged in thought, a heavy frown between narrowed eyes. Bransome assumed him to be making mental calculations, and the assumption seemed confirmed when the Frenchman spoke.

"It is too late," he said at last. "Consider the time you would lose, and the way, while she with the weather-gauge of you would need to bear a point or two so as to steer athwart your hawse. No, Captain. You are committed to your present course. It means now that you must not only run, but fight."

"Holy Heaven! In what case am I to fight? To fight such a ship as that?"

"I've seen victory snatched against longer odds."

Bransome took heart from the other's grim calm. "And, anyhow," said he, "with his back to the wall, a man has no choice but to fight no matter the odds. Have ye anything in mind, Moseoo?"

Thus plainly invited, Monsieur de Bernis became brisk and authoritative.

"What hands do you muster?"

"Twenty-six, all told; including quartermaster and bosun. Leach'll have three hundred or more."

"Therefore, he must be allowed no chance to board us. Give me charge of your guns, and I'll show you how a main deck should be fought, so long as you provide me with the chance to fight it."

The captain's shoom was further lightened. "I'm in luck, at least, in having you aboard, Monsieur de Bernis."

"I hope it may prove as lucky for me in the end," was the sardonic answer.

He summoned Pierre, the half-caste, from the bulkhead below against which he was leaning, awaiting his master's orders.

"Tiens, monsieur." Monsieur de Bernis stripped off the sky-blue coat he was wearing, the fine cambric shirt with its delicate ruffles, his hat, his periwig; his shoes and stockings, delivering all to Pierre with orders to bestow them in his cabin. Then naked above the waist, displaying a lean, muscular brown torso, and with a scarf tied

about his cropped head, he was ready to take the command of the gun-deck which Bransome so very gladly made over to him.

By this time the crew was fully aware of what was coming.

The steadiness of the men, displayed

when Sproat, the bosun, piped them to their quarters was at least encouraging.

Eight of them, with Purvey, the master-gunner, were told off to compose a gun-crew. Captain Bransome addressed them briefly. He informed them that Monsieur de Bernis would take command on the gun-deck, and that it was upon the gun-deck that this fight would be fought, so that the safety of all was in their hands.

Monsieur de Bernis, now sharply authoritative, ordered them at once below to clear the gun-tackles, to load and run out the guns. Before following, he had a last word with the captain. Standing by the ornately carved rail of the quarter-deck, at the head of the companion, he spoke incisively.

"You've placed the responsibility on us. I will do my part. You may depend on that. But it rests with you to give me the opportunity of doing it. Here timorous caution, will not serve. The odds are heavily against us in this gamble. That we must accept. We stake all—your ship, our lives—upon a lucky shot or two between wind and water. Handle your ship so as to give me every chance of it you can. You will have to take great risks. But take them boldly. Audacity, then, Captain. All the audacity you can command."

Bransome nodded. His face was set, his air resolute. "Aye, aye," he answered.

Monsieur de Bernis' bold dark eyes pondered him a moment, and approved him. A glance aloft, where every stitch of canvas now wood the breeze, a glance astern over the larboard quarter where the pursuing ship came ploughing after them, and de Bernis went down the companion and crossed the waist, to lower himself through an open scuttle to the deck below.

He dropped from the brilliant blaze of a cloudless day into a gloom that was shot at regular intervals by narrow wedges of sunlight from the larboard gun-ports.

Under the direction of Purvey, the guns were being run out and made fast.

Stooping almost double in that confined space with the skein of spun yarn in his nostrils, de Bernis busied himself in taking stock of the material with which he was to endeavor to command the fortunes of the day.

In the great cabin, Miss Priscilla and Major Sands broke their fast, happily ignorant of what was coming.

They saw the soft-footed Pierre enter and pass into his master's cabin, bearing a bundle. To the question Miss Priscilla addressed to him, he answered after his usual laconic fashion that Monsieur de Bernis was on deck and would breakfast there. He collected from Sam some food and wine, and went off to bear it to his master on the gun-deck.

They thought it odd, but lacked curiosity to investigate.

After breakfast, Miss Priscilla went to sit on the cushioned stern-locker under the open ports. Monsieur de Bernis' guitar still lay there, where last night he had left

it. She took it up and ran inexpert fingers carelessly across the strings, producing a jangle of sound. She swung sideways upon the locker, and turned her gaze seaward.

"A ship!" she cried, in pleased excitement, and by the cry brought Major Sands to stand beside her and to stare with her at the great black ship driving forward in their wake.

The major commented upon the beauty of the vessel with the sun slanting across her yards, lending a cloud effect to the billowing canvas under which she moved; and for some time they remained there, watching her, little suspecting the doom with which her black flanks were pregnant.

CHAPTER 11

DOWN there in the sweltering gloom, where men moved bowed like apes for lack of head room, the Frenchman had been briskly at work.

The ten guns with which he was to challenge the Black Swan's forty waited, their leaders aprons removed, their touch-holes primed, all ready to be touched off.

De Bernis had laid them himself, approximately, so as to fire high and sweep the shrouds of the pursuer. The broad target of her sails offered him an infinitely better chance of crippling her than he could hope to achieve by a shot aimed at her hull of which so little would be presented to him.

From the wardroom ports astern, crouching beside one of the brass stern-chasers which had moved his scorn, Monsieur de Bernis watched the pirate racing after them, and rapidly lessening the gap between. Thus an hour passed, counting from the moment when the Centaur had gone about. The Black Swan was overhauling its prey even more swiftly than Monsieur de Bernis had reckoned possible. Very soon now she was less than half a mile astern, and Monsieur de Bernis judged that they were within range.

He sent the wardroom gunner forward, to warn Purvey to stand ready, and waited in growing impatience for Bransome to put up his helm. But moments passed, and still the Centaur held to her course, as if Bransome had no thought but to continue running.

Then from below the pirate's beak-head came a white bulge of smoke, followed half a heart-beat later by the boom of a gun. A shower of spray was flung up by a round shot, taking the water fifty yards astern of the Centaur.

To de Bernis this was like a call to action, and so he judged that it must be to Bransome. Quitting his observation post, he sped forward to the gun-deck, where the matches glowed in the gloom as the gunners blew upon them. And there he waited for the Black Swan to come into view of the larboard gun-ports.

In the cabin above, that single shot had disturbed the complacency of the watchers on the stern-locker. They stared blankly at each other in their uneasy surprise, the soldier vehemently desiring his vitals to be stabbed. Then Miss Priscilla sprang to her feet and together they went on deck to seek an explanation.

They were allowed, however, to go no farther than the waist, where they were met by the grim faces of the mustered seamen. They needed no other confirmation of their fears that here all was not

well. They received it, nevertheless, in the order to return at once below, roared at them by the Captain from the quarter-deck.

The Major's face empurpled. He spoke between remonstrance and indignation. "Captain! Captain!" and then he added the question: "What is happening here?"

"Trouble is happening!" he was fiercely informed. "Take the lady out of it. Get below decks, where she'll be under cover."

The Major threw a chest, and advanced a step on legs that were stiff with dignity. "I demand to know . . ." he began. And there the thunder of another gun interrupted him. This time the spray from the shot rattled against the timbers of their larboard quarter.

"Will you stay until a falling spar or worse strikes you across your foolish head? Dye need to be told that we're in action? Get the lady under cover, man."

Priscilla tugged at the Major's red-sleeve. She was very white, and undoubtedly afraid. Yet all that she said to him was: "Come, Bart. We embarrass them. Take me back."

Despite simmering resentment of the tone the Captain had taken with him, he obeyed her without further argument. The suddenness of this troubling of their serenity bewildered him. Also, although Major Sands was brave enough ashore, he experienced here a daunting clutch at his heart from his sense of helplessness on an element that was foreign to him and in a form of warfare of which he knew nothing. Nor did the presence of Miss Priscilla help to encourage him. The sense of responsibility for her safety increased his discomfort. Before he had reconducted her, a seaman standing by had muttered to him that they were being chased by that scoundrel Tom Leach.

Back in the great cabin, staring once more from her stern-ports at the oncoming enemy, the Major disengaged his dismay with the laudable aim of reassuring Miss Priscilla. He strove to quiet her alarm with assurances in which he, himself, had no faith.

And at the same time, on the quarter-deck, de Bernis, who in furious impatience had come up from below, was demanding to know what Bransome might be waiting for, and peremptorily ordering him to reef his topsails and bring the Centaur up to the wind so that her guns might come into action.

"You're surely mad," the Captain answered him. "She'll be upon us before we can get under way again."

"That's because ye've delayed overlong already. Ye've increased the risk. That's all. But we must take it. We stake all now upon my chance to cripple her sailing power. Come, man! There's no more time to lose. Never mind reefing. Put up your helm, and leave the rest to me."

Between an instinctive reluctance for a manoeuvre that was a pure gambler's throw and resentment aroused by the Frenchman's hectoring tone, Captain Bransome was perversely indignant.

"Get off my quarter-deck!" he roared. "Do you command this ship, sir, or do I?"

CHAPTER 12

DE BERNIS clutched the Captain's arm and pointed astern. "Look, man! Look!" The pirate was lowering and rais-

THE BLACK SWAN

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ing her fore topsail. It was the signal to heave to. Instantly de Bernis' quick mind had seen what advantage might be taken of it.

"It's your chance man! Heaven-sent! You've but to pretend to comply. She'll be off her guard." He flung an arm upwards to point to the Union flag aloft. "Strike your colors, and heave to across her bows. Then leave it to me to put a whole broadside athwart her hawse."

The Captain, however, shared none of the Frenchman's eager hopes. He seemed only alarmed by a proposal so redolent of buccaneering treachery.

"She'll sink us in reply," he answered.

"If I shear away her shrouds, she'll be in no case to bring her guns to bear."

"And if we don't?"

"Things will be not a whit worse than they already are."

Under the Frenchman's dark compelling eyes the Captain's opposition visibly weakened. He saw that this was their last desperate chance. That there was no longer any choice. As if reading his mind, de Bernis urged him once again,

"Heave to, Captain. Give the word."

"Aye, aye. It's all that's left to do, I suppose."

"To it then!" De Bernis left him, leapt down to the waist, and vanished once more through the scuttle to the deck below.

Even as he disappeared, Tom Leach, grown impatient, sent a charge of grapnel from his fore-chasers through the shrouds of the Centaur, so as to quicken her master's compliance with his signals. In a tangle of cordage, a couple of spars came crashing to the deck.

Below, de Bernis heard the thuds and conjectured what had happened. He was not at all dismayed. The event, he concluded, must put an end to any lingering hesitation of Captain Bransome's. He ordered his gunners to stand ready. Himself he snatched from one of them a linstock, and, crouching by the middle one of the five larboard guns, waited for the Centaur to go about.

Whilst he waited thus, he heard again the boom of cannon, and felt the vessel shudder under the heavy impact of a hit astern. Then he was flung violently against a bulkhead as the Centaur wildly yawed.

He recovered his balance, and for a moment his hopes ran high. She was heaving to. He perceived that she was veering. He saw the face of the waters shifting below. But he waited in vain for a sight of the pursuing ship. Only an empty sea confronted him. And at last he reached the exasperating conclusion that, in heaving to, Bransome had put his helm to starboard. Cursing him for a lubberly fool, de Bernis sped aft to the wardroom to verify his suspicion. Here he found a dismayed explanation of what was happening. That hit, of which he had felt the impact, had, by a monstrous chance, smashed the head of the Centaur's rudder, throwing her steering-tackles out of action. As if it did not suffice a malignant fate that with damaged shrouds she should rapidly be losing way, now, with the helm out of control, she was left to yaw this way and that, as the wind took her.

Through the stern-ports the Black Swan was now visible to de Bernis bearing down upon them at an alarming rate, and this, al-

though she was already shortening sail, preparatory to boarding.

Bransome had waited too long to make the only throw that it was theirs to make. When at last he was willing to obey Monsieur de Bernis' persuasions, he suffered the common fate of him who will not when he may. A lucky shot from one of the pirate's fore-chasers had rendered him helpless.

The wardroom gunner, a fair-haired, vigorous lad, turned a scared face upon Monsieur de Bernis when he came up to view the damage.

"We're beat, sir. They have us surely now."

For a moment de Bernis stooped there, considering the tall ship that was scarcely five hundred yards astern. His lean, lined, swarthy face was set; his dark eyes steady and impasive. He went down on one knee beside one of the brass culverins and laid it again. He laid it carefully, calm and unburdened, realising that this slenderest of chances was the last one of which the Centaur still disposed. At this short range it was possible that the little brass cannone, which earlier had aroused her scorn, might be effective.

Rising, he took the smouldering match from the gunner's hand, blew upon it, touched off the gun, and stepped nimbly aside to avoid the recoil. But even as the gun went off, the Centaur, yielding to a puff of wind, yawed again, swinging her stern a point or two alee. The Centaur fired her first and last shot into the void.

De Bernis looked at the young gunner, squatting there on his unshod heels, and laughed in grim bitterness.

He stood squarely in the port, in the space which the gun's recoil had left, watching the pirate's advance.

She had further shortened sail, and she was creeping forward slowly now, but none the less surely, upon a prey no longer able to escape her. She held her fire, and waited to board, so as to do no further damage.

From where he stood, de Bernis could see the men on her bowsprit busy with the gaskets of her sprit-sail, and two others standing in the fore-chains holding the grapples ready.

The gunner heard him muttering between his teeth. Then he turned, suddenly brisk.

"Up above with you, my lad, and bid the others on the gun-deck wait with you. There's no more to be done down here."

As for Monsieur de Bernis, himself, he took a short cut. He crawled out through the square port, steadyng himself precariously against one of the stanchions of the shallow gallery over the counter.

To Miss Priscilla and the Major came then the most terrifying of all their experiences of that dreadful morning, when they beheld this half-naked figure clambering through the stern-windows of the coach.

The Major, who had meanwhile armed himself for eventualities, laid a hand to his sword, and would have drawn it had not the Frenchman's speech made it known to them that it was indeed he, taking this shortest way to reach his cabin. His aspect was terrifying, with face and hands and naked torso befoiled by sweat and powder. His voice came harsh with scorn.

"The fight is fought. The lub-

berly Bransome was well advised to think of turning farmer. He should have thought of it before. Better for him, and better for those who sail with him. The fool never gave me a chance to use the guns. In heaven's name, why do such men go to sea? It's as if I took holy orders. Leach is saving gunpowder because he wants the ship. That's plain. He's going to board."

Miss Priscilla, assuming that her only resource now lay in the help of Heaven, fell on her knees to pray. The Major looked on, helplessly, foolishly fierce.

Monsieur de Bernis, however, displayed in this desperate pass neither fear nor helplessness.

"Ah, but courage, mademoiselle. Compose yourself. I am here. It may be that you are in no danger. It may be. I can do things sometimes. You shall see. Have faith in me. A little faith."

He flung away on that into his own cabin, calling for Pierre, who was there, awaiting him.

CHAPTER 13

PRISSILLA rose from her knees to question the Major.

In his heart Major Sands could not suppose that the Frenchman was anything but vainglorious boastful. A theatrical fellow who would attitudinise in the very face of death. But he made gallant shift to stifle that conviction, so as to comfort her distress.

"I do not know what he can do. State me, I don't. But he seems confident. A resolute fellow. I should judge. Remember, too, that he has been a buccaneer and knows their ways. Dog don't eat dog, they say."

Thus, vaguely, he mumbled on, though in his heart there was no hope. From what they had heard as lately as last night of the ways of Tom Leach, he could only assume that death would be his portion, and only pray that it might be a swift one. Fearful as the prospect might be, yet a deeper agony clawed him on behalf of Priscilla Harradine. Beholding her, so sweet and lovely in her distress, he feared for her the worse fate of being allowed to live, the prey of such a beast as Leach.

Thus, until the sunlight was eclipsed for them by the bulk of the great black ship. She came, her bulwarks lined with men, gliding up astern on their larboard quarter, and so cast her chilling, sinister shadow athwart the stern-ports where Miss Priscilla sat. Across the short gap of water came a trumpet call from the pirates deck. They heard, too, the roll of drums, and presently there was a volley of musketry.

It brought Miss Priscilla quivering to her feet, and urged the Major to set a protecting arm about her slimness.

And then from his cabin Monsieur de Bernis re-emerged at last, followed by his servant. He came now, not merely cleansed of his grime, but restored to his normal courtly habit. He had resumed his cravat black periwig, his fine ruffled shirt, and his doublet of violet taffetas with its deep cuffs reversed in black and the buttonholes richly laced with silver. In addition, he was booted, in fine black Cordovan leather, and he had armed himself not only with a long rapier, but

with a pair of pistols, slung before him; after the fashion of the buccaneers, in the ends of a stole, which, like his baldric, was of purple leather stiff with silver bullet.

They stared at him in wonder. That he should have been at such pains with his toilet at such a time was surprising enough. But the ease of his bearing was more surprising still.

He smiled upon their wide-eyed wonder. He explained himself. "Captain Leach is a great man. The last of the great buccaneers. He is to be received with ceremony."

He was moving forward towards them when the deck under their feet shuddered to a thundering crashing impact, followed by rending of timbers, the ringing clank of grapnels, the snapping of spars, and the long, harsh rattle of volley upon volley of musketry.

Flung forward, Monsieur de Bernis clutched the table to steady himself. The Major dropped to his knees, while Miss Priscilla, hurtling across the cabin, found refuge in the Frenchman's arms.

"Save me!" she gasped. "Save me!"

Holding her, the man's tight lips under the little black moustache softened into a smile. One of his long, shapely hands stroked the golden head that lay against his breast, and it may be that the firm, calm touch of him soothed her more than his actual words.

"I hope to do so. It may well be possible."

Deeply resentful of a situation which gave the Frenchman license for the intimacy of his attitude, the Major, gathering himself up, glared at him.

"Why, what can you do?" he growled ungraciously.

"We are going to see. Perhaps much. Perhaps little. But to do much. It is necessary that you obey me." His manner became stern. "Contradict nothing that I say, whatever it may be, and whatever you may think. Remember that, if you please, or you may destroy us all."

Overhead a thunder of feet went rolling across the deck, to inform them that the pirates were aboard the Centaur. A babel of shouts and screams, mingled with a din of pistol shots and musketry fire, and, under all, the deeper diapason of the inarticulate muttering of men in conflict made up the hideous, terrifying sound of battle joined. Something dark and bulky floated downwards past the stern-ports. They realised that it was the body of a man flung overboard from the poop. Another, and yet another, followed.

Miss Priscilla, in a fresh access of fear, clung yet more closely to Monsieur de Bernis.

"It will not last," he said, his voice quiet. "Leach has three hundred men at least; the Centaur little more than a score."

His straining ears caught an approaching sound, and he added on a firmer note: "You will obey me? Implicitly? Give me your word. It is important."

"Yes, yes. Whatever you may say."

"And you, Major Sands?"

Gloomily the Major gave the demanded promise. He had scarcely uttered it when along the gangway from the waist came the padding

of a score of naked feet and a ran-
cous murmur of voices quickly grow-
ing louder and nearer.

Overhead the sounds, if they had
not diminished in volume, had
changed in character, at least to
the attentive, expert ears of Monsieur
de Bernis. There was still
the stamping and the shouting. But
they were mixed now with sounds of
horrible, obscene laughter.

The brief fight was over. The in-
vaders had swept like a tidal wave
across the decks of the Centaur
cutting down all resistance.

CHAPTER 14.

THE cabin door
was flung violently inwards upon
its hinge, to crash against a bulk-
head. Through the dark gap
swarmed a little mob of half-naked
men, most of them with gaudily
swathed heads, their sunburned,
bearded faces alight with evil ex-
ultation. They came with weapons
in their hands and foulness on
their lips.

Besholding the four tenants of
the cabin—for Pierre stood in the
background, simulating impassivity,
despite a greyness overspreading
his deep tan—the ruffians checked
a moment. Then one of them, at
sight of the girl, loosed a hideous
view-ho ho, and on that they were
surging forward again, when Monsieur
de Bernis, calm to the point of
seeming contemptuous, put him-
self in their way.

His hands were on the silver-
mounted butts of the pistols in his
sabre, but the fact that he did not
trouble to draw them lent him an
added authority.

"Hold! I'll burn the brains of the
first man who advances farther. I
am de Bernis. Fetch your Captain
Leach to me."

Whether because they knew the
name of this man who once had
sailed with Morgan, a name which
he announced in a tone to imply
its high significance, or whether
because his very manner, so cool
and assured, had an intimidating
effect upon them, those evil ruffians
stood arrested, at gaze, their
leader balancing a blood-stained
machete in his powerful hand. Thus,
while a man might have
counted ten. Then, as they were
beginning to mutter jewly decked
demands that this man who stood
so boldly before them should explain
himself, a fellow of middle
height, whose body and movements
held something of the lithe strength
of the panther, came thrusting
through them to the front. It was
Tom Leach.

He was dressed in red, and his
blood-smeared shirt hung open from
neck to waist, the sleeves rolled
high to display the powerful mus-
cles of his long hairy arms. Black
curls clustered about a low, animal
brow; his nose, a thin, cruel beak
was set close between a pair of
quick-moving eyes that were almost
black. Instead of the cutlass or
machete more generally favored
on boarding occasions by such men,
Leach was armed with a rapier, a
weapon with which to his abiding
pride he was accounted of a deadly
skill.

"What the devil's here?" he
cried, as he advanced.

But when he stood clear and
slightly ahead of that press of
scoundrels, he checked as they had
done before the elegant, commanding
figure, so straight and tall that

was confronting him. In his cop-
pery face the little eyes flashed as
if in surprise, and then narrowed
like a cat's. He caught his breath
for an ejaculation.

"May I be sunk into everlasting
fire if it isn't Top-gallant Charley!"
And he added a foul oath in token
of his profound amazement.

Monsieur de Bernis took a step
forward. He removed a hand from
a pistol-butt, and proffered it.

"Well met, my friend. You were
always to be found where you were
wanted. But never more opportune
than now. You come to save me
trouble. You arrive just as I am
on my way to seek you. On my way
to Guadeloupe, for a ship and men
to sail to find you. And behold,

Tom!

You have the complacency to drop from
the skies to our deck. C'est charmant!"

With eyes still narrowed, his at-
titude slightly crouching, as if his
muscles were gathered for a spring,
the ruffian disregarded the pro-
ffered hand.

"Will ye cover me, de Bernis?
There was always a sly rogue, there
was. But not sly enough for Tom
Leach."

Born on the banks of the Lune, which he had quitted so as to follow
a calling on the seas, which he had originally intended should be honest, his speech retained the broad burr of the north country, just as his nature retained its sour mistrustfulness. "I last heard tell o' ya wi' Morgan. Morgan's right-hand man ye was when ye quit th' Brotherhood o' th' Coast, along o' that treacherous turncoat."

Monsieur de Bernis displayed the
mild amusement he might bestow
upon absurdity. "Of course, I was
given to choose," he said with irony.

"A fine choice: between that and
execution dock. As long as I was
in Morgan's hands, I had to dance to
the tune he piped. But you knew
nothing of de Bernis if you supposed
his heart was in the jig. I took my first chance to slip away
and join you. And behold me."

"To join me? To join me, d'ye
say? I never knew as ye loved me."

"We always love those we need.
And, faith, I need you. And I don't
come empty-handed. You're the
only leader left with men enough
and spirit enough for the enterprise
I'm set on. I bring you fortune,
Tom. Fortune such as ye may have
met in dreams, but never waking.
Something better than poor mer-
chantmen like this, with paltry
cargoes of hides and logwood, over
which the French traders at Guade-
loupe or Sainte Croix will impun-
ably swindle you."

Leach advanced a step, holding
his rapier like a whip, in his two
hands at the end of his lowered
arms. "What's t' enterprise?"

"A plate fleet, Tom. No less. To
sail in a month from now."

There was the faintest kindling
of interest tempering the mistrust
in those watchful little eyes. "Sailin'
whence?"

The Frenchman laughed, and
shook his head. "Nay, now. We'll
leave that till later."

Leach understood. But his lips
tightened. "I'll need to know more
o' this or ever I says aught to it."

"Of course you shall know more,
Enough to make you sharp-set."

The pirate's view of Miss Priscilla,
partly screened hitherto by the bulk of Major Sands, happened
to be left clear at this moment by
a movement of the Major's. His
eyes quickened evilly.

"Who be these? Who be th'
doxy?" He would have advanced,
but de Bernis stood resolutely in
his way.

"My wife and her brother. I was
taking them to Guadeloupe, to
await there my return."

The foolish Major cleared his
throat to repudiate a relationship
which offended him. But Priscilla,
intuitively guessing the mad intention,
warned him against it by a violent
clutch upon his arm.

"Your wife?" The pirate's man-
ner was a trifle daunted. His
gaze turned sour. "I never heard
tell you was married."

"It happened lately. In Jamaica.
Ailry de Bernis dismissed the mat-
ter. 'It's not important, Tom. We
have this other business to settle
now that we are met, so oddly
opportune.'

Tom Leach considered him. "It'll
need a deal to make me believe
you're honest, de Bernis. And if I
find ye're not . . ."

De Bernis interrupted him. "Sus-
picion makes you stupid, Tom. It
was always the flaw in your nature.
What manner of fool must I be
not to be honest with you when
I'm in your hands?"

Still considering him, Leach
stroked his thin nose. Maybe.
Maybe. But, by heaven, Charley, if
thee looks to get spry wi' me,
thee'll end by wishing thee'd ne'er
been born.

"Ye're wasting breath," said de
Bernis contemptuously.

"'Maye. An I've ways o' wast-
ing other men's, too."

Nevertheless, his resolve was
taken, as he now showed. Abruptly
he turned upon the ruffians waiting
like hounds in leash behind him.

"Away wi' y' all. All but you,
Wogan. And tell Mike to go
through th' cargo so as hell report
to me when I come up."

They went out noisy.

Leach watched them depart, then he ad-
vanced to the table, pulled out a chair
and sat down, laying his slim
sword on the board before him.

"Now, Charley. We'll hear more o'
this plate fleet o' yours." Yet as
he spoke it was not at de Bernis
that he looked, but at Miss Pris-
cilla, over by the stern-locker with
the Major; and his glance was

neither nice nor reassuring.

Behind him stood Wogan, the
buccaneer with the machete, who
had led the invasion of the cabin:
a tall, powerful, flat-featured scoun-
drel, black-bearded, with greasy
black curly hair fringing the red scar-
f about his head and the bluest of
eyes under thick black brows. He
wore a gaping red shirt and loose
breeches of rawhide, in the belt of
which he carried a brace of pistols.

Monsieur de Bernis entirely at
his ease, moving with the authority
of a man in his own house, went to
open the door of one of the star-
board cabins.

"Come, Priscilla," he said quietly.
"And you, too, Bart."

Instantly, and in relief, she
moved to obey him.

CHAPTER 15

"E

H, by heaven!"
said Leach, with an unpleasant smile.

"Seems you give yourself
airs, like. Act as if thee was master
here. Give orders, eh?"

"Only where my wife is con-
cerned," said the Frenchman quietly.
He pulled a chair to the table, and
paused by it to address his waiting

servant. "The rum, Pierre."

The buccaneer's malevolent, sus-
picious eyes followed the loose-
limbed half-caste as he moved to
the carved buffet set against the
forward bulkhead.

"Be you another member o' thee
family?" His sneering tone seemed
to carry a menace.

De Bernis did not appear to ob-
serve it. "He is my servant." He
sat down so as to face the buccan-
eer across the table. His air as he
talked now was entirely genial, the
air of a man chatting with friends
and associates.

"We're in luck, Tom. That's
plain. Otherwise you and I wouldn't
be sitting here now in the cabin of
the Cenair. If she had been
handled by a man with fighting
experience if I, now had been hand-
ling her to-day, ye'd never have
come board and board with her."

"Would I not. Clever, isn't he,
Wogan? Ye reckons ye can fight
a ship better than me, eh? Thee's
o'ermodest, Charley?"

De Bernis shook his head. "I
should never have stayed to fight.
I'd have shown you a dwindling
counter, my lad. I'd have beaten
up wind; and foul and barnacled
as you are, I'd easily have out-
sailed you if it came to tacking.
Ye've been overlong at sea, Tom.
But it was always your way to take
risks except those you shouldn't take."

Captain Leach opened wide now
his wicked little eyes in genuine
admiration.

"Thee's got good eyesight, by
heaven. to ha' seen I'm barnacled."

Pierre set before them a tray
bearing a jack of rum, a jar of to-
bacco, pipes, a tinder-box, and three
drinking cans.

"What's this business o' a plate
fleet? Come, now. Let's have it."

"Faith, it's soon told. Three
Spanish ships due to sail for Cadiz
in a month's time; a galleon of 30
guns as the treasure-ship, with
two 20-gun frigates to escort her.
The treasure is as big as any that's
ever been ventured in one bottom.
Gold and silver worth over five
hundred thousand pieces of eight
and bushels of pearls from the Rio
de la Hacha, besides other baubles."

Wogan stood arrested in the act
of applying to his pipe the flame he
had kindled. Both he and Leach
stared with fallen jaws and faces
almost awe-stricken at the mention
of a treasure so fabulous. If this
were true, there would be enough
in their shares as captain
and mate to make them rich
for life. At the end of a gaping
pause, Leach vented incredulity in
oaths. Then flatly he added:

"I'm not believing it. Sink me
into fire if I can."

"Nor I, neither, on my soul," said
Wogan.

Monsieur de Bernis smiled his
quiet scorn of them. "I said it was
something ye may have met in
dreams, but never waking. But
it's true, for all that. Perhaps you'll
understand, now, why I should have
been on my way to Guadeloupe to
find a ship in which to seek you,
so that you might bear a hand in
this; and also why I should account
it a bounty of Providence
that we're met as we are, with the
second ship we'll need for the
venture ready found for us here, under
our feet."

It was a question-begging argu-
ment, in which two equally unbe-
lievable statements were urged each

THE BLACK SWAN

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

in support of the other. Yet to the buccaneers dizzied by the vastness of the prize and the cupidity it aroused in them, each of the Frenchman's incredible allegations served to lessen the incredibility of the other.

Tom Leach pulled his chair closer to the table, and set his bare elbows on it. "Let us know more o' this. How did ye come to learn of it?"

"By one of those chances of which our meeting is another—sent by the gods to those they favour." And he told his tale, a smooth, well-knit, convincing story.

A month ago he had been cruising off the Caymans with Morgan Morgan was looking for Tom Leach at the time, and de Bernis was in command of one or two frigates that accompanied Sir Henry's flagship. At daybreak one morning, after a stormy night, some five or six leagues south of the Grand Cayman, they came upon a sloop so battered by the gale that her timbers had parted and she was founders. They were no more than in time to take off her crew. The men they rescued proved to be Spaniards. One of them was a gentleman of some consequence, a Spanish officer named Ojeda, who was in a frenzy to get to Hispaniola, whither the sloop had been steering when the gale caught her and blew her out of her course. This Spaniard's urgency was rendered the more desperate because he had been seriously injured the night before. A falling yardarm had plunited him to the deck. It swore that his back was broken. Anyway, he was certainly in great bodily pain, and in almost equal pain of soul, for fear that he might not live to reach San Domingo and the Spanish Admiral there, for whom he had a message of the first importance.

"You'll be supposing," said de Bernis, "as I supposed, that the message must be fully as important as he announced it to be giving so much preoccupation to a man in his desperate case. You'll understand that my curiosity was aroused. I offered to bear the message for him if he would entrust it to me, or convey it in a letter if he would write it. He repelled the offer with a terrified vehemence which only went to increase my curiosity. But the suggestion that he should write a letter remained working in his mind. Later in the day, persuaded that his end was near, he sent for me again, and begged me to fetch the master of the founder'd sloop and to supply him with writing materials. I did this readily enough. I was not to guess that the cunning and scholarly don had hit upon a device that would render the letter meaningless to rude unlettered seamen, most of whom could not even read their own mother-tongue. He dictated it in Latin. I supposed that he must have spelled out each word to the master of the sloop, who must, himself, have remained in ignorance of what he wrote. It was crafty, and it must fully have succeeded but for that curiosity of mine."

CHAPTER 18

THAT evening the

don quietly died. He fell into his last sleep with a mind completely at ease, since he was persuaded that his death would leave no duty unfinished. A very gallant gentleman.

"That night the master of the

Spanish sloop met with an accident that was never explained. He fell overboard. At least, so it was supposed next morning, when he could not be found. As no one but myself knew anything about the vital letter, his loss, whilst regretted, created no great excitement. But the letter was not lost. Fearing that some mischance might overtake him, I had taken the precaution of removing it from the lining of one of his sea-boots, where, for greater safety, he had stowed it."

He was interrupted by the apportioning, crowding laughter of the two buccaneers. The delicate humor in which he had veiled an obvious deed of murder was of a kind they could savour fully. He smiled his acknowledgments of their appreciative understanding, and pursued his tale.

"It was then that I discovered the trick that the dead don had played us. His note was written in Latin. I could make nothing of it beyond some Roman numerals, which at first I supposed to be dates, and an odd word here and there. But back in Port Royal a week later I sought a French priest of my acquaintance, and from him I had a translation of the document."

He paused there and looked into those dark faces which his tale had rendered quick with eager interest. "That should satisfy you," he said, "as to how the knowledge reached me. Once I possessed it, I saw that the time had come to quit Morgan and the service of the English Crown. But I should need assistance for what was to do, and at once I thought of you, and of how together we might reap this rich harvest. To old Morgan my tale was that I was hungering for France and home after all these years of wandering. And Morgan, suspecting nothing, let me go."

He ceased, and refreshed himself with a sip of rum.

Leach stirred on his seat, and took his elbows from the table. "Aye, aye," he growled, more in impatience than agreement. "And th' information?"

"You have that already. A plate fleet, with the treasure I told you safe for Cadiz in a month's time, when the trade winds will serve best. The letter giving the details, so as to impress the Spanish Admiral at San Domingo with the need implicitly to obey the request, desired him to hold two ships of war in readiness, further to strengthen the escort for the ocean crossing to Spain. That is all."

"All, man? All, d'ye say? But where'll this plate fleet sail from?"

Monsieur de Bernis, in the act of taking up the tinder-box, smiled as he answered: "From somewhere between Campeche and Trinidad."

The pirate's brow grey dark. "Why not say between the North Pole and the South?" His tone was angry. "Aye, ye mean ye don't know? If so be, what good's rest o' them knowledge?"

Monsieur de Bernis' smile became more bland. "To be sure I know. But that is my secret. That is what I bring to the association."

He struck flint and steel, kindled a match and applied it to his pipe, ignoring the scowl of the buccaneers, who were stricken speechless. "One thing more," he added presently. "From what I know of them, the three Spanish ships will scarcely carry more than a total of two hundred and fifty men. With two such ships as we now possess and the following you have, we

should be more than a match for them."

"Isn't that as bothers me. What I want to know, and at once, is where this fleet is to be looked for: north, south, east, or west?"

The Frenchman shook his head. "Ye don't need to know that, because I am here to lead you to the spot, as I will so soon as the articles are signed between us."

"Thee's sure we'll be signing articles."

"If I were not, I must be sure that you're a fool, Tom. D'ye dream ye'll ever have the chance again of such a fortune?"

"And d'ye dream I'll go hood-man-blind into a venture?"

"There's no hood-man-blind in this. You know all that's necessary. If you refuse, if you haven't the stomach for it, put me ashore at Guadeloupe. I don't doubt I'll . . ."

"Look'ee, Bernis, my stomach's high enough, as they well know. And ye should know, too, that I've not been made men talk. Yell not be the first as I've woodled; not by a many. Or thee may have a match between toes if thee prefers it."

De Bernis looked down his nose at him, and spoke with languid disdain.

"Why, you poor kestril, if I were not a patient man, I'd pistol you for that!"

"What d'ye say?" The pirate put a hand to the sword that lay on the table before him.

De Bernis paid no heed to the threatening movement. "To suppose that I am of the stuff that is to be woodled into talking! If you want to lose your every chance of ever seeing a real of that treasure, talk to me again of woodling. I may be in need of you, but if the plate fleet tempts you at all, your need of me is far more urgent and, perhaps, not only to lead you to it. I've told you I was on my way to Guadeloupe to find another ship for you. But since you've seized the Centaur, we have all we now require. That is, all but the man to command her; I am that man. You should know that I can fight a ship with anyone. So there it is. Will you take this chance of a fortune on which to quit? Or will you wait until the Jamaica squadron hunts you from the seas, or until Morgan sinks you, as he surely will if you wait long enough?" He paused, to add:

"Now, Captain, shall we talk of terms, like sensible men?"

Wogan at least was conquered. He moistened his lips with his tongue, and intervened. "On my soul, Cap'n Charley's none so unreasonable when all's said. Isn't he doing just what you'd be after doing in his place?"

The Irishman's expostulation was not without its effect upon Leach.

"What terms d'ye propose?" he asked in a surly voice.

"For myself a fifth share of the prize when we have it."

"A fifth share!" Leach got to his feet in indignation. He loosed a bombardment of blasphemy at the Frenchman, then swung to Wogan. "Is this your reasonable man, Ned?"

"The treasure," de Bernis blandly reminded him, "is worth perhaps a million pieces of eight. And it's not the sort of mangy cargo ye have to trade in Guadeloupe for a tenth o' its worth."

They fell to wrangling after that like a couple of hucksters. At long last, it was Leach who yielded, and

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De Bernis removed the pistol-bearing stile from about his neck, lifted over his head the baldric, to the cartridges on which his long rapier was attached, and delivered one and the other to Pierre, with orders to bestow them in his cabin. They had been assumed chiefly for decorative purposes, and they had served their turn.

Next he went to open the door of the cabin into which he had ushered his fellow-voyagers, and invited them to come forth again.

They came. Miss Priscilla pale and shaken, yet making a spirited attempt to conceal her feelings; the Major, also pallid, but truculent, and with no notion of dissembling.

"Perhaps you'll tell us, sir, precisely what you intend by us," he demanded aggressively.

They might have observed had they looked more closely that de Bernis, himself, wore the strained, jaded air of a man who has passed through an ordeal. But not on that account did his patience desert him. He ignored the Major, however, and addressed himself entirely to the lady, who had come to lean against the table.

"Be assured, at least, that I intend the best that I can do."

But Major Sands did not mean to be ignored. "Why should you, he demanded. "Being what you are, why should you?"

De Bernis smiled wearily. "I see that you've been eavesdropping. I can but assure you, and you, mademoiselle, that in spite of what I am, you shall be as safe as I can contrive to make you."

Miss Priscilla looked at him with intent eyes. "Was it true, what you told that pirate? Are you indeed associating yourself with those . . . those men?"

Monsieur de Bernis took time to answer her. "The question implies a doubt. You find it incredible. From you that is a compliment. I thank you for it. But I may not encourage it."

"Then your service to Captain Bransome, your taking command on the gun-deck, was a pretence?"

"A reasonable inference," He shrugged. "It is useless to argue

THE BLACK SWAN

11

against facts. Remembering that you will perhaps remember that it is also a fact that, for the time being at least, I have made you safe from Captain Leach and his crew. Meanwhile, I will bid you to keep to the cabin, where I shall contrive that you are private."

Upon that he left them to go on deck.

He came out into the horrible shambles of the waist, still strewn with the bodies of the fallen men.

Captain Bransome lay, with a cloven skull, where he had fallen at the foot of the companion, so that Bernis had to step over the body of that good-natured, burly fellow, who last night had been rejoicing in the thought that this was his last voyage.

Il de Bernis thought of this and bestowed an inward sigh on that honest life, so ruthlessly and wantonly extinguished in the very moment of reaching for the reward of its industry and courage, his countenance remained nevertheless set and impassive, as he went up the companion, a brave, jaunty figure in his violet and silver.

From a knot of men gathered about the main hatch, from which the coaming had been removed, came a halloo cheer for him in a sudden cry of:

"Topgallant! Topgallant!"

It informed him that the news of his presence and identity and of the enterprise to which he was to lead them had already spread through the ranks of Tom Leach's followers.

The cry was taken up by others on the forecastle. It drowned the sounds of merriment that were emerging from the galley, to tell of ruffians finding entertainment there.

De Bernis paused, midway in his ascent of the companion, and half-turned to wave a hand in acknowledgment to his acclamers. Then he went on, and stepped upon the quarter-deck, to meet the lowering glance of Leach. The Captain was engaged there with Wogan and a score of hands, considering the tangle overhead which had resulted from the boarding, and dictating measures for disengaging the two vessels, which now, with yards almost bare, were drifting slowly before the breeze.

It was in the articles that Monsieur de Bernis had signed with Captain Leach that the Frenchman should take command of the captured vessel with a prize crew from the Black Swan. De Bernis had insisted upon this, claiming it as due to a leader of his distinction among buccaneers. Grudgingly, Captain Leach had yielded the point. But now that de Bernis came on deck to exercise his command, he was to learn that the other had found a way to curtail it.

"Wogan stays aboard wi' you," he was curtly informed. "Y'll need a lieutenant. And y'll have Hallwell for your sailing-master."

De Bernis was under no delusion as to his real intention. These men were placed here by the pirate's suspicious nature to keep him honest. He displayed, however, no sign of resentment.

"That suits me very well, provided it is understood they take their orders from me." And he proceeded immediately to the assertion of his authority. "We'll begin at once by getting the carpenters to work on the rudder-head, and swab-

bers to clean up the mess you've made on these decks. I like a tidy ship."

CHAPTER III.

LEACH eyed him malevolently with the suspicion of a sneer, but offered him no hindrance. Within ten minutes a score of hands were at the work.

An hour later, when the two ships were ready to part company, and none but the crew of a hundred men appointed to the Centaur remained aboard her, Leach himself was disposed to return to his own vessel.

On the point of doing so, he must, of course, require at last of de Bernis to be informed of their destination.

"We steer a course due south-west for the islands at the mouth of the Gulf of Maracaybo," he answered. "If we should become separated, our rendezvous is off Cape de la Vela."

"And from there?" Leach pressed him.

"That you shall learn when we get there."

Leach's annoyance displayed itself. "Look ye, Bernis . . . he was beginning with some vehemence. Then he checked, shrugged, turned on his heel, and so departed to his own ship.

Meanwhile, the Black Swan was warped away by sweeps from the other vessel, and stood by, hoisted.

Miss Priscilla, listless on the stern locker, leaning sideways against a bulkhead, called the Major's attention to the other vessel's withdrawal.

He rose from his seat at the table, where he had been fortifying himself out of the rum left there by the buccaneers, and crossed in silence to her side.

"Heaven knows what it means for us," she said.

"It is incredible that you should for a moment have believed in this man, Priscilla. Incredible, stab me! Let it serve you as a warning against your own inexperience. Another time perhaps you will trust to my ripe judgment."

"There may not be another time," she reminded him.

"Indeed. I fear that there may not be."

"If there is, it will be thanks to Monsieur de Bernis."

This was to re-open the discussion at its bitterest point. It looked as if it would lead again to sharp disagreement.

"To Monsieur de Bernis? To him! Thank to him." The Major turned away in his annoyance. He strode across the cabin and back again. Pierre having withdrawn to the little pantry that had been the unfortunate Samuel's stronghold at the forward end of the cabin on the starboard side.

"You can still put trust in him? In this pirate rogue?"

"I can put trust in no one else. If he fails us . . ." She made a little gesture of helplessness to complete her meaning.

Major Sands would have given years of his life to have been able to reproach her with her lack of trust in himself. Since the circumstances denied him this bitter consolation, he grew increasingly bitter.

"You can still say this after all that we have overheard? Knowing the devilry now afoot? Knowing that this rascal is making common

cause with these other scoundrels? You can say this when he had the insolence to pass you off as his wife?"

"In what case should we be if he had not? That was something done to save me."

"You are quite sure of that? Sure! Then you're singularly trusting."

Her pallor deepened before the implication of his sneer. But she flashed defiance at his mistrust. During the silence that had prevailed between them, she had been thinking deeply, reviewing the whole situation; and she had perceived at least one little feature that told strongly in de Bernis' favour. She mentioned it now.

"If his motives were as base as you imply, why did he trouble to spare you? Why did he pass you off as his brother-in-law?"

To the Major it was a startling question, to which at the moment he could discover no plausible answer. In that however, he saw no reason why he should depart from his settled conviction, and admit an explanation favourable to de Bernis. "Can I guess his base intentions?"

"Yet you are guessing them. Guessing them to be base. Why? She smiled a little wanly. "If he had let them cut your throat, you could not now be speaking evil of him."

"Gadshite, madam!" He grew almost apoplectic. "For obstinacy command me to a woman. I hope the sequel may justify this stubborn, unreasonable belief in a blackguard. I hope it may be. But, to be frank, I cannot hold the hope with confidence. Stab me if I can!"

"Now that is brave in you, Major Sands. Brave—is it not?—to have so little regard for the anxieties of a woman in my case."

He was stung to penitence. "Oh, forgive me, Priscilla. It is just my anxiety for you that goads me on. Blunderingly, perhaps, I would give my life for you, my dear . . ."

It was Monsieur de Bernis that interrupted him. "Let us hope, my dear Major, that so much may not be required of you."

Startled, Major Sands swung round to see the Frenchman standing within the cabin doorway. He entered, and closed the door. He advanced towards them, his manner quietly assured. "All is now arranged," he informed them, in his level voice. "I am in command of this ship, and you will regard ourselves as my guests."

"And Captain Bransome, sir?" she asked him, her voice a little out of control, her eyes watching him the while.

His dark, saturnine face however, was entirely unrevealing. It was as expressionless as his tone when he answered her after a perceptible pause.

"Captain Bransome did his duty by his ship. Had he behaved as bravely earlier, he might now be alive."

"Dead! He is dead?" The horror of it drove her white to the very lips. It seemed so impossible that a man so vigorous and hearty, so full of life, going home in such fond expectancy of reunion with his wife and the family which scarcely knew him, should have been cut off so abruptly and cruelly.

De Bernis slightly inclined his head. "He said last night that this was his last voyage. Oddly prophetic; yet falsely so. He is at

peace. He looked to the future, he said, to make amend to him for the past. He is spared the discovery that the future can never do that."

"My heavens!" cried the Major, "this is horrible! And you can talk of it so? You might have saved that poor fellow . . ."

"Ah, that, no," de Bernis interrupted. "When I went on deck, it was already too late. Indeed, the fight was ended before Leach came down here."

"And the others? The crew?"

In the same colorless voice de Bernis replied: "It is not the practice of Captain Leach to take prisoners."

Miss Priscilla uttered a groan, and sank her face into her hands. She was assailed by a feeling of nausea, of faintness. As from a distance she heard that level, pleasantly modulated voice speaking in its stiff, faultless English, faintly softened by a Gallic accent.

"Let my sense of hospitality reassure you both. Here you are in no danger, beyond that of a little delay and inconvenience. Now that all is arranged, I can repeat the assurance with confidence."

Holy contemptuous came the answer from Major Sands: "What is it worth, sir, this assurance from you who usurp the place of that murdered man?"

Monsieur de Bernis preserved an unruffled urbanity. "Whatever it may be worth, it is all that I have to offer. You would be wise to rest content with it."

CHAPTER IV.

HE turned aside, to summon Pierre and give him orders to lay dinner for five persons. He explained this, addressing himself to Miss Priscilla. "My Lieutenant and my sailing-master will take their meals with us. I would have spared you this but that it would scarcely be prudent. Beyond that, however, you need fear no invasion of your privacy, and, except during meals, this cabin will be exclusively your own."

"We are in your power, sir. It only remains for us to thank you for any consideration you may show us."

A little frown puckered his dark brow. "In my power? Oh that! Say, rather, under my protection."

"Is there a difference?"

"When we are all in the power of circumstances, Priscilla."

She imagined the beginnings of a disclosure in this, and would have pursued it, but the Major must at that moment come blundering in, indifferently.

"You make very free with Miss Harradine's name, sir."

"Of necessity. Like the rest. Is she not my wife? And are you not my brother-in-law, my dear Bartholomew?"

The Major quivered, and glared at him. Perceiving the one and the other, Monsieur de Bernis stiffened as if he had been struck. He spoke now with an incisive edge to his tone. "You embarrass me terribly. Another in my place might end it quickly. Pray remember that, Bartholomew. And be good enough, both of you, to address me as Charles, unless you want to endanger your necks with my own. The intimacy may be distasteful to you, Bartholomew. But less distasteful, I hope than to find yourself swinging from a yardarm. That is not at all amusing."

On that he went out again . . .

THE BLACK SWAN

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ing the Major in a fever of indignation.

"By heaven! That cut-throat had the audacity to threaten me. I think." From that reckless beginning he would have continued recklessly to pour out his wrath had Priscilla not collected wit and strength to check him, her eyes on the lean, soft-footed half-caste, who was busy with the table.

"After all, Bart," she reminded him, "Monsieur de Bernis did not invite Captain Leach to come aboard the Centaur."

"But he welcomed him! He associates himself with this bloodthirsty scoundrel! He has confessed that it was his intention to join that murderer, and that the ruffian's assault of us was timely. What better is he?"

"I wonder?" said Miss Priscilla.

Amazement brimmed in her pale eyes. "You wonder?" After what you've just heard? When you know him to be in command here in the place of that poor murdered Bransome?"

"Oh, but that proves nothing—as against all the rest."

"Nothing? It proves that he's a darned pirate, a cut-throat villain."

She was on her feet to check him; for Pierre, who had momentarily passed into the pantry, was coming forth again. "And you prove that you're a fool," was her interruption. "And unless you can succeed in concealing it, you'll come by a fool's end before long, and you may drag others with you."

He could only gasp and stare, shocked, scandalized beyond all expression, that a child so meek and gentle as he had always supposed Priscilla should bring herself to address him—a man of his parts, an officer of his consequence—in such outrageous terms. He was profoundly annoyed, his sense of fitness outraged. He said so, pompously. And having said so, lapsed again into a sullen silence in which she judged it best to leave him, since in that mood at least he could do no damage.

Thus until Monsieur de Bernis returned, accompanied now by the tall Irishman, Wogan, and an extremely corpulent but nevertheless powerful-looking man, of middle height with enormous shoulders, an enormous dewlap, and features that were by contrast ridiculously small. He presented him as Halliwell, the sailing-master.

They got to table, and Pierre, now swift and silent in his movements, a very shadow of a man, came forth to wait upon them.

De Bernis took the chair in which the ill-starred Bransome had sat, so care-free and good-humored, as lately as last night. He placed Miss Priscilla and the Major on his right, with their backs to the light, Wogan on his immediate left, and the elephantine sailing-master beyond him.

It was a gloomy meal. At first the pirates were disposed to be hilarious. But something compelling in de Bernis' cold manner and the silent aloofness of the supposed Madame de Bernis and her supposed brother gradually damped their humor. Wogan's dark, flat-featured face became mask-like in sullen resentment. The sailing-master, however, a man of voracious appetite, considering nothing at table of an importance to compare with the viands, discovered here all the entertainment he could

desire in the fresh meat and vegetables in which the Centaur was well-found. Noisy and repulsive in his feeding, he paid little heed to anything else.

CHAPTER 20.

MONSIEUR DE

BERNIS paced the high poop of the Centaur in the starlit, moonless, tropical night. His tall figure could be seen by those in the waist below, sharply silhouetted in black against the golden glow of the great poop-lamp as in his paces he crossed and recrossed the ambit of its light.

An eighth of a mile or so astern three tall poop-lamps shone where Tom Leach followed in the Centaur's phosphorescent wake.

As a result of the softened wind, the night was hot, and most of the buccaneers who now made up her crew were above decks. They swarmed in the waist and under the booms, amidships on which the boats were stowed. There ship-lamps glowed like gigantic fireflies. About these they gathered in groups, at seven-and-eleven, and intermittently the rattle of dice in the pannikins that did duty as dice-boxes would merge into the noise of their chatter and laughter with an occasional explosive oath or the loud calling of a main.

Monsieur de Bernis heard little and needed less of all this. His mind was preoccupied, turning inwards, away from his senses, to resolve a problem with which he was confronted.

Towards midnight he came down the companion, and took his way towards the gangway leading to the cabin. Near the entrance to this, Wogan and Halliwell leaned against a bulkhead at the break of the poop in muttered talk. They fell silent at his approach, and he gave them good-night as he passed them.

The entrance to the gangway was a black cavern. The slush-lamp swinging there to light it had been extinguished, and as de Bernis stepped into the gloom he was aware—for his perceptions were now restored to their normal keenness—that something moved there very softly. He checked, to be instantly reassured by a voice, breathing a word with ghostly softness.

"Monsieur!"

He went on, following the invisible and inaudible Pierre who had stood sentinel, and who, he surmised, would have been responsible for the fact that the lamp there was extinguished.

In the light of the cabin, after the door had been closed, the young half-caste's keen-eyed face with its prominent cheek-bones looked grave. He spoke swiftly in French, his voice soft and liquid. He had been on his way to the deck to take the air, when, as he reached the entrance of the gangway, he had heard the voices of Halliwell and Wogan; and Wogan had mentioned the name of de Bernis in a tone that in itself had been informing to Pierre. He had gone quietly back, and had extinguished the light, so that he should not be seen. Then he had crept up to the entrance, and had stood there listening to the conversation of those two. It had disclosed to him the treachery in the minds of those whom Monsieur de Bernis had now

joined, and Captain Leach was in it. The intention was to let him guide them to the plate fleet, and they pay him his share of the plunder in cold steel. Wogan had disclosed this to allay Halliwell's grumbling at the fifth share which under the articles de Bernis claimed for himself. Halliwell had accounted for the claim preposterous and was blaming Leach for having agreed to such terms. Wogan had laughed at him for being such a fool as to believe that the terms would be kept. De Bernis should take what they chose to give him. If that didn't satisfy him—and there was no cause to be over-generous—they'd slit his throat for him, and so make an end of an impudent swaggering dawcock.

Halliwell, however, was not so easily to be reassured. De Bernis had always been known for a tricky, slippery devil, who had a way of defeating brute force by artifice. He called to mind more than one trick that de Bernis had played on the Spaniards at Panama, and but for which Morgan might never have had the town. He called to mind that it was de Bernis' wife had found a way to deal with the herd of wild bulls which the Spaniards had goaded into charging the buccaneers on the savannah. Halliwell had been there. He talked of what he had seen; and he knew the opinion in which de Bernis was held. It was not merely for his foppish mannerisms that they called him the Topgallant. In a tight place de Bernis knew how to supply just the little more that made all the difference to their sailing powers. Did Wogan and Leach suppose that de Bernis would not be fully aware of the possibility of just what thy proposed?

"Sure now he may be aware of it. But it's the risk he has to take. How could he be helping himself?"

"I don't know," said Halliwell. "If I did, I should be as spry as de Bernis himself. Ye'll not persuade me he don't know what he's doing, and just what we might do."

And then Monsieur de Bernis had come down the companion, and the talk had ceased.

The Frenchman heard his servant out. He stood by the table, chin in hand, his face thoughtful, but neither surprised nor alarmed.

"Bien mon fils," he said, when Pierre had ended. And he added, after a moment: "It is just what I supposed would happen."

His calm seemed to fill his servant with alarm. "But the danger, monsieur?"

"Ah, yes. The danger." Monsieur de Bernis smiled upon the other's gravity. "It is there. At the end of the voyage. Until then, we have something in hand. Until the plate fleet is gutted, as they say, they will humor me and suffer all the impudence I may show them. I may show them a good deal of it."

He laid a hand on the slim lad's shoulder. "Thanks, Pierre, for your diligence. But no more of it. You take risks; and it is not necessary. Preserve yourself against my real need of you. And now, to bed with you. It has been a heavy day for us all."

In the interests of his fellow voyagers, or, perhaps, purely from a chivalrous interest in Miss Priscilla, Monsieur de Bernis displayed next morning some of the impudence which Wogan and Halliwell condemned in him. Coming early

on deck and finding the two together there, he addressed them as a command what might better have been preferred as a request.

"Madame de Bernis is in delicate health. Sometimes she sleeps late. I desire that the cabin be left to her in the morning, so that she may not be disturbed. You understand?"

Wogan's face darkened, as he looked at the Frenchman standing before him so straight and stoic and with such airs of master. "Sure now, I don't understand at all," said he. "What of breakfast? We must eat, I suppose, by your gracious leave."

"You'll break your fast in the wardrobe, or where else you choose. But not in the cabin."

He did not wait for an answer, but passed on to make a round of inspection of the ship.

When he was out of earshot Wogan breathed gustily in his indignation. "Air and graces, by heaven! It's not fine enough we are you and me Ned, for madam. The delicate piece! Well, well! Maybe there'll be another opinion before all's done. The delicate piece may have to learn to be less delicate, so she may. Meanwhile, what shall we be doing?"

"Same as you said last night," grumbled the corpulent ship-master. "Humor him. Pay out rope. So long as we break our fast what odds where we breaks it? To tell you my mind, I found it none so joyful at table with them yesterday. Madam with as many simpers as a courtesan from Whitehall, and her brother mute but for grunts, and this Bernis with his fine, fawning manners. Bah! I wonder the food didn't turn sour on my stomach." He spat ostentatiously. "Give me the wardrobe by all means, says I. I likes to be at my ease at table."

Wogan slapped him on the shoulder. "And it's entirely right ye are, Ned. And, faith, we'll let him know it."

CHAPTER 21

MEANWHILE, now on the poop, leaning on the taffrail, and observing the Black Swan where she followed in their wake, her yards squared to the breeze, Monsieur de Bernis was thoughtfully frowning. It would be a half-hour or so later when he roused himself from his deep abstraction. As he took his elbows from the rail and suddenly drew himself erect, the deep lines of thought were smoothed out of his face. Into their place crept the creases of a speculative smile.

He turned, and came briskly down to the quarter-deck, where Halliwell was at the moment commanding the ship and instructing the quartermaster at the wheel-stair below.

He surprised him by commanding him to heave to and to signal to the Black Swan to heave to also. Further, he desired a boat to be manned and launched to take him aboard Tom Leach's ship. He had a word to say to her captain.

He was obeyed, of course, and a half-hour later he was climbing up the side of the Black Swan, on which the paint was blistering and cracked, to be received by Leach with a volley of blasphemous questions touching the purpose of this morning call and the time it waited.

"As for time, we have time to

THE BLACK SWAN

13

spare. And even if we had not, it would still be my way to go surely rather than swiftly."

He stood at the head of the entrance-ladder, tall, commanding, and oddly elegant for a buccaneer.

By contrast with the Frenchman Leach in his gaping shirt and red breeches, wearing his own black hair in short clustering greasy curly locks, looked coarse ruffian capable of commanding only by aggressiveness and noisy, blustering self-assertion.

"It would be your way, would it? Thee's come to give orders, then?"

"I've come to discuss with you our precise destination," was the answer in that cold, level voice, a voice which seemed constantly to announce that, whatever emotions might be excited in its owner, fear would never be one of them.

His answer meanwhile had curbed the aggressiveness of Leach. If there was one piece of information the pirate craved at that moment, it was just this which de Bernis announced that he came to give him. Once in possession of that, he would soon know how to change the Frenchman's tone.

"Come below," he said shortly, and led the way.

As they went, he beckoned first to one and then to another of the buccaneers to follow, and when they came to the spacious but unclean and untidy cabin, Bernis made the acquaintance of the mate and the sailing-master of the Black Swan. Both were short, sturdy scoundrels. Ellis, the mate, elected to take the place previously held there by Wogan, was a red flame of a man, with fiery hair and beard and red riza to a pair of pale cruel eyes that seemed to have no eyelashes. Bundy, the sailing-master, was dark with a pock-marked face that was of the color of clay. He wore clothes of a decent, sober cut, and affected a certain fastidiousness of person and quiet dignity of manner.

They sat down, and an elderly negro, clad only in a pair of cotton drawers and with the mark of the branding-iron on his shoulder, brought a punch of rum and limes and sugar, and then withdrew at a gow from Leach.

"Now, Charley," the Captain invited his visitor, "we're waiting."

Monsieur de Bernis sat forward, leaned his elbows on the stained table, which was of solid, heavy oak, and faced Leach squarely. His opening was unexpected.

"I've been observing your sailing," he said. "Not that it was necessary, or that it told me much more than I had discerned yesterday. I've already said, as you may remember, that you've been over-long at sea."

"And that's a fact," Bundy cut in. "Ye don't need to be a seaman to perceive it."

"Ye'll talk when I bid you," Leach growled at him, as if annoyed by this early agreement with anything that de Bernis might say. "What next?"

Monsieur de Bernis paused a moment before continuing. Bundy's confirmation of his opening statement was as encouraging to him as it was unexpected, and as it had been irritating to the Captain. He was strengthened by the quick perception that he had here an ally in what he came to do, and that, therefore, his task was suddenly rendered lighter than he could have hoped.

"I told you yesterday that so foul is your bottom that if I had been in

command of the Centaur you'd never have boarded her. In fact, Tom, you'd still be chasing me if by now I hadn't sunk you, although you've forty-five guns and the Centaur had only half that number of poor pieces."

After a moment's surprise, Tom Leach received the statement with a broad, jeering laugh. Ellis grinned broadly. But Bundy's countenance, which the scarring of the amalipox had rendered naturally expressionless, remained grave, as de Bernis observed.

"Ye was ever a ruffling, flinging coxcomb, Charley, puffed up wi' your own conceit. But this beats anything I've ever heard even from you. There's a great fighting seaman, to be sure. The devil of a top-gallant, high above all other canavas. Maybe thee'll tell us how thee'd ha' done this miracle."

"Your sailing-master isn't laughing," said de Bernis.

"Eh?" Leach scowled inquiry at the solemn Bundy.

"That's because he guesses what's in my mind," de Bernis continued. "He's not without intelligence. He knows that if the Centaur with her well-greased keel had beaten up against the wind, she would probably have outsailed you."

"Outsailing me is one thing, sinking me another. You spoke o' sinking me."

CHAPTER 22.

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SHIP that can be outsailed may be sink if the other is skilfully and resolutely handled. In a seafight mobility is all. To swing into position swiftly, to loose a broadside, and to be off again, with masts in line, showing the narrowest mark to your opponent, that is the whole art of seamanship. And this the Centaur could have done, and would have done, had I been in her master's place. I'd have turned and twisted about you like a panther about an elephant, taking my chance to strike before ever your barnarded keel would answer the helm to ward the blow."

Leach shrugged contemptuously. "Maybe ye would, and maybe ye wouldn't. But whether ye would or whether ye wouldn't, what's this to do with our destination?"

"Aye," said the fiery-faced Ellis. "Let's hear something besides boasting from you."

"You'll hear something very uncivil from me, unless you practice civility yourself," he was coldly answered.

Leach smote the table with his fist. He roared: "Is it just to be talk and talk until we fall to quarrelling, or are we to come to business? I ask thee again, Charley, what's all this to do wi' our destination?"

"In my own way. On my own terms," said de Bernis, still imperturbable.

"In my own way, dost hear? In my way. I am master here."

"Ah? And if I refuse?"

"Ye'll maybe end on the yard-arm. Maybe worse."

"So!" said de Bernis. He raised his brows. He looked down his nose at Leach, considering him as he might have considered some curious and not too pleasant specimen.

"Do you know, captain, that I have a suspicion that this crew of yours takes an interest in me, particularly since they've learnt I am to bring them to Spanish gold?"

"But they've seventy guns to our sixty, and better guns than ours,

and they are three keels to two; clean, nimble keels. Will you go shackled into the fight?"

Some of the aggressiveness departed out of Leach. But not all of it. He still sought to swagger. "O'er you! Why make difficulties?"

"I don't make them. They exist; I desire them removed."

"Removed?"

"Removed. Ye must careen the Black Swan before we come to this engagement."

"Careen?" Leach was aghast. "Careen?" he repeated, his brow black with disagreement.

"That's what thee says. But what thee says isn't gospel. With the Black Swan as she is, I'd be quite ready to face your three Spaniards; eye, and account for them. Don't let me hear any more about careening. If ye weren't a fool, ye'd realize that there's no time for it."

"Time and to spare. We've a full month before the plate fleet sails. And that's more than you need to scour and grease your keel."

To prove him wrong again, as de Bernis had done, was merely to drive Leach to entrench himself in obstinacy, which is ever the last refuge of a stupid man. "Whether we've time or not, I'm not minded to do it. I'm not scared enough of any Spaniard afloat. So serve that out. Let's come to business now. There's been enough idle talk. What's our destination?"

For a long moment de Bernis calmly considered him across the table. Then he tossed off the punch in his pannikin, pushed back his chair, and rose.

"Since ye're determined, that's the end of the matter. To engage the plate fleet with a ship in the foul state of the Black Swan is, as I said before, to court disaster. And that is something I never court. As to your destination, you may make it what you please."

The three of them stared up at him in stupefaction, incredulously reluctant to believe what he seemed to convey.

"What d'ye mean?" cried Ellis at last.

"That if Captain Leach chooses to sail his ships and his men to destruction, I'll be no party to it. You can seek other enterprises: merchantmen like the Centaur, with cargoes of logwood and hides, cocons and spices. I'll be wishing you good-day."

"Sit down!" Leach bawled at him. The captain had come to his feet in his anger. But Monsieur de Bernis remained standing. "Do you wish to reconsider?"

"It's thee as had better consider. Thee's better consider how we stand. Ye're aboard my ship, and by heaven, I'll have no mutineers. Ye're here for a purpose, and that purpose ye'll fulfil."

"In my own way. On my own terms," said de Bernis, still imperturbable.

"In my own way, dost hear? In my way. I am master here."

"Ah? And if I refuse?"

"Ye'll maybe end on the yard-arm. Maybe worse."

"So!" said de Bernis. He raised his brows. He looked down his nose at Leach, considering him as he might have considered some curious and not too pleasant specimen.

"Do you know, captain, that I have a suspicion that this crew of yours takes an interest in me, particularly since they've learnt I am to bring them to Spanish gold?"

"But they've seventy guns to our sixty, and better guns than ours,

you tell them? That it is because I refuse to let you lead them to destruction? That it is because I insist that you shall take measures to make victory assured? Is that what you will tell them?"

He watched the dark, evil face before him; saw the expression change; saw a lessening of the color growing through his tan. He looked at the other two. In the face of Ellis he saw a reflection of the captain's discomfiture.

"Caution isn't altogether a fault," came from Bundy. "As a seaman I know him to be right about the state of the ship and the rest. If we was pressed for time, we might take a chance. But since we've time in hand, a heaven's name let us spend it in making her properly seaworthy."

Thus Leach found himself abandoned by his own officers, and by this defection realised that at present it was de Bernis who held the trumps. By the secret in his possession of the whereabouts of that plate fleet, he could constrain them to his ways and they could use no constraint with him.

He controlled himself. He stamped down his anger, flung over it a pretence almost of bonhomie.

"Aye, ye're right. Where's the sense o' quarrelling? I can admit a fault. It's the way ye goes about things, Charley. There's all quills, sit down, and fill your can, and let's agree things friendly." He pushed the jacc of rum across, with a propitiatory grin. Then he sat down again.

Monsieur de Bernis allowed himself to be propitiated. He permitted no faintest expression of triumph to escape him. He inclined his head a little, in acknowledgment, resumed his seat, and poured as he was invited.

"You agree, then, to careen? That is settled?"

"Why, since not only you but Bundy here also thinks it's necessary, I suppose we must. Though frankly I'm not o' your ways o' thinking. But there . . . it's agreed, yes."

"In that case," said de Bernis, "the destination I came to discuss with you, our immediate destination, should be the Albuquerque Keys. There's an island there—Maidens—uninhabited, and well known to me of old, with a cove in which you can hide a dozen ships, and a long shelving beach that was made for careening. There's not a better place in all the Caribbean. You can lie snug there, and unsuspected, and it's convenient for another reason . . ." He paused, raised an impressive forefinger. "It lies within an easy two days' sail of the spot at which I mean to intercept the Spanish plate fleet."

CHAPTER 23.

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HE five days of the voyage to the Albuquerque Keys had passed so quietly and uneventfully aboard the Centaur that it almost began to seem to Priscilla Harridine and Major Sands as if there were, indeed, as Monsieur de Bernis had assured them, no grounds for anxiety beyond those begotten of this vexatious postponement of their return to England.

Monsieur de Bernis, coming back from that successful trial of strength with Captain Leach, derived from it an added confidence. Among buccaneers, whether

THE BLACK SWAN

ashore or afloat, there was little discipline or regard for authority save only when in action. In practice some of the authority acquired by a captain in the course of engagements and in matters concerned with the handling and organisation of a ship still clung to him at other times, and to preserve it for its own sake they would hold themselves as far aloof as they might without coming under suspicion of assumptions of personal superiority.

In this respect de Bernis presented a curious mixture. Stern, reserved, and cold of manner in all that concerned, however remotely, his command aboard the *Centaur*, as if he had been an officer of the Crown instead of a buccaneer leader, yet at other times he could be far unbound as completely to cast off the mantle of his rank and familiarity with the men.

And yet, so delicately did he walk that tight-rope between familiarity and authority that none presumed upon his easy graciousness. Whilst the men came swiftly to an increased admiration, yet they did not entirely lose their awe of him, or a particle of the sense of his superiority inspired by his record, and supported by his bearing, his dress and appointments, and his precise, cultured speech.

Priscilla Harradine had been shrewdly right when she had told Major Sands that she perceived in Monsieur de Bernis a man placed by experience and natural endowments above the petty need of standing upon his dignity.

Wogan looked on in wonder and mistrust, vainly seeking to probe the secret of the magic in which de Bernis appeared to deal. He consulted Halliwell upon this mystery. The ship-master was prompt and uncontentious with an explanation.

"French tricks," was his terse summary, which shed no light whatever upon Wogan's resentful darkness.

Major Sands was another interested and scornful observer.

Monsieur de Bernis had afforded him facilities for observation. On his return from that visit, on Wednesday morning, to the Black Swan, he had informed Miss Priscilla of the arrangements he had made with his lieutenant and his ship-master. In future they would take their meals in the wardrobe, so that her privacy in the cabin would not again be invaded.

"I would relieve you of my own company at the same time," he added gravely. "But the relationship in which it is prudent that we should appear to stand demands that I continue to intrude upon you."

She protested with some vehemence against the underlying assumption.

"Can you suppose, sir, that I should be so ungracious as to deserve it?"

"It would not be unreasonable when all is considered. After all, I am no better than these men."

The steady glance of her blue-green eyes seemed to repudiate the statement with indignation. "I should be sorry, indeed, to be of that opinion, sir."

"Yet Major Sands, there, will tell you that it is the only opinion possible."

The Major, in the background, cleared his throat. But he said nothing. It was certainly not in his mind to contradict the Frenchman,

Nor could he think that Priscilla need have been so excessively courteous as to have troubled to do so. He was a little shocked, therefore, to hear her not merely persisting but actually answering for him.

"Major Sands, like myself, has only gratitude for the consideration you have shown us. For all that you have done, He does not deceive himself as to what must have happened to us but for you. I beg you to believe it, sir."

He smiled as he inclined his powdered head. "I do believe it. Major Sands leaves one in no doubt of his warm sincerity." The Major's color deepened under the buffet of that irony. But, without looking at him, Monsieur went on. "I came to tell you also that there is no reason why you should keep to the cabin. You may without apprehension take the air on deck when you please. None will venture to molest you; though if any should I'll make an example of him that will not encourage others. I have had your awning set for you again on the poop."

She thanked him, and he went out.

"I wonder," said Major Sands, "what the sarcastic hound expects of me."

Miss Priscilla looked at him without approval. "A little graciousness, perhaps," she ventured.

"Graciousness? I am to be gracious to him?" He curbed resentment to become pedantic. "Shall we preserve, even amid these troubles, our sense of proportion, Priscilla? Shall we consider precisely where this man stands and what he has done?"

"By all means. Let us consider, for instance, that he has preserved our lives. Is that nothing? Does it deserve no thanks?"

He spread his hands. "That is to consider one side only of the question."

CHAPTER 24

Is that not enough for us? With that side to consider, would a generous mind consider any other?"

The asperity of her tone pulled the Major up sharply. This, he perceived, would not do at all. Trouble and difficulty enough arose out of the events. He must certainly not allow them to jeopardise those dearest hopes of his, which had been blossoming with promise of so rich a fruition. He must remember that women were curious creatures, addicted to eccentricities of vision, allowing emotional influences to deflect the light of reason.

He assumed an air of gentle, patient melancholy.

"Dear Priscilla, do you realise, I wonder, the wrong you do me?" He sighed. "You find me wanting in generosity. You are right. And yet how far from right. You are only half-way down my feelings. There are depths you have not suspected. Not suspected, stab me! If I am impatient, ungracious, it is because of my concern for you; for the distress, the anxieties, the fears that are afflicting you. How can I be patient in the face of this?"

Her indignation melted before this display of noble concern which held no thought of self. The fundamental sweetness of her nature welled up to make her ashamed.

"I am sorry, Bart. I am very

stupid sometimes. Forgive me, dear." She held out a hand to him in appeal.

He came nearer, gently smiling, and took it between both his own. He was suddenly inspired by the note of tenderness which penitence had brought into her voice.

"My dear! What man in my place, loving you as I do, could have any other thought?"

"Dear Bart, I understand. I should have understood before." She looked up with soft entreaty in her candid eyes.

He stroked the hand he held. Gently by that hand he began to draw her nearer. She suffered him to have way.

"Do you suppose that it is easy for me to have patience, with such circumstances surrounding the woman I love?"

His tone had sunk to a fond, crooning murmur. Suddenly she seemed to freeze where she stood, almost in his arms. Her breath quickened, the color ebbed from her face, and the candid eyes, that a moment ago had been so tender, held only alarm.

"What are you saying, Bart?" Her right hand was withdrawn from between his fondling palms; her left pushed him gently away. "Are you . . ." she choked a little. "Are you making love to me?"

"In profound dismay he spread his hands. "My dear!" he cried, protesting vaguely.

"Oh, how could you? How could you at such a time?"

What he understood from this came mercifully to temper his dismay. It was the time that was ill-chosen. He had been deceived, then. The tide, after all, was not yet at the flood. Her mind, distraught by peril, could hold the thought of nothing else. He had blundered by precipitancy. He had startled her. It only remained to beat a retreat in good order, and await a more propitious season for his next advance.

"At such a time!" he echoed. "But—stab me!—it is just that. It is the time . . . the dreadful events . . . these terrible circumstances that quicken my tenderness, my urgent wish to have you know that you have beside you a man ready, as I have said before, to give his life for you. If I did not owe this to my affection for you, Olmey, there was my friendship for your father, my sense of duty to his memory. What is there here to dismay you?"

The trouble in her mind—reflected in her eyes—was hardly lessened; but it had changed its course. Her glance faltered. Confused, she turned away, and moved to the stern-ports through which the sunlight was now flooding.

CHAPTER 25

WITH anxious eyes he followed the slim figure, admiring the graceful lines of it, the quiet elegance of her movements, and so waited. She spoke presently, when she had mastered herself.

"Forgive me, Bart. To be sure, I am a little fool. Don't let me appear also an ungrateful one. I owe you so much, I must have died. I think, but for the knowledge that you were standing by me in this awful time. You have made me realise it. It should not have been necessary."

"It is not necessary now," said he, very noble. "Sink me if it is." And then, being a fool, he must go

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

on to spoil it. "But I rejoice to hear, at least, that you are no longer in the persuasion that you owe everything to this French rogue."

Now that is just what, in her generous anxiety to make amends for the injustice of her assumption, she had been in danger of forgetting. His words, acting as a sharp reminder, tempered her penitence. But she did not pursue the matter, intent at the moment upon making her peace with him.

She turned, and smiled a little shyly in the consciousness of the enormity of her late assumptions. "Shall we take the air on deck, Bart?"

They went, and beyond the leering eyes of Wogan and Halliwell, on the quarter deck, following her passage thence to the poop, none seemed to notice them.

Monsieur de Bernis was in the captain's cabin, which he had now made his own, astern, on the summit of the poop. He sat with open doors on account of the heat. Seeing their approach, he rose, and came forth, bringing cushions for her day-bed which she found set for her under the awning of sailcloth as it had been before the invasion of the *Centaur* by her present crew.

When this was done, he lingered on in amiable talk with them, like a courteous host. He mentioned their altered course, expressed a hope that the breeze might hold, spoke of their destination and the purpose for which they sought the Albuquerque Keys, and in answer to Miss Priscilla's questions regretted that circumstances would delay them there for the best part of a month.

The Major, morose, sat on the tail of the day-bed, of which Miss Priscilla occupied the head, making no contribution to the talk. The notion of spending a month at the Albuquerque filled him with disgust and indignation, and it was only by the exercise of all his powers of repression that he avoided saying so. His disgust reached its apex at a question which he heard her ask in a tone of quiet wonder.

"Monsieur de Bernis, how did you become a buccaneer?"

Monsieur de Bernis seemed startled by this question, coming so abruptly. He smiled a little as he looked down at her. "You ask almost as if the fact were difficult to understand. It is a compliment, I suppose. But can you really be interested to know?"

"Should I ask such a question if I were not? The interest must be strong that drives me to an impertinence."

"Not an impertinence," he protested quietly. "Most pertinent since your present situation depends so much upon the fact." He paused a moment, and the long narrow face was overcast with thought, the dark eyes grew almost wistful. "After all, there is so little that you do not know already. Did I not tell you that the Sieur Simon, he whom the Spaniards killed on Santa Catalina, was my uncle? I had come out with him to the New World, in quest of the liberty of action denied me at home in the Old. But there was no thought of lawlessness in my mind. We are Huguenots, we Bernis, from the Toulousain, and for a Huguenot in France there was only toleration."

"I was the youngest of seven sons, and a career was necessary to me. And so I took the chance my uncle offered me of seeking it in the New World. When he was killed at

THE BLACK SWAN

15

Santa Catalina, I was alone out here, without possessions and without friends, saving those poor fellows who had escaped with me. With them I went to join Morgan. Nothing else offered. Besides, the massacre on Santa Catalina had bred in me such a hatred of Spaniards that I was glad enough to march in any company that was hostile to Spain.

"With Morgan my rise was rapid. Birth, if it does nothing else for a man, will at least equip him for leadership. Opportunity served me, and I knew how to seize it. I showed Morgan that I knew how to make men follow me. My nationality, too, once I had displayed the gift of leadership, made me valuable to Morgan with whom there was always a considerable French contingent. I became his lieutenant, in command of his French following. With him, too, I learned to fight a ship, and I doubt if there was ever a higher school than his to school him in them.

The lagoon was a pear-shaped basin, narrowing at the neck, between a reef that fringed the southern half of its sweep and a considerable scrub-crowned bluff that screened it from the north. Sea-birds nested on the heights of this bluff and it offered a fine emplacement for guns to defend the entrance. Leach, however, without experience of fortifications and of fighting on land, gave no thought to these possibilities, and de Bernis did not appear to be disposed to school him in them.

The half-moon of beach, running from bluff to reef, shelved so gradually that the anchorage was four or five cables' length from high-water mark. This beach was divided near the bluff by a freshwater stream of considerable proportions for so small an island.

The two ships having come to anchor side by side, Leach lost no time. The boats were lowered from both of them, and men went ashore to fell timber for the building of stout rafts required for the work of lightening the Black Swan. This lightening occupied a full three days, in which time she was completely dismantled of all save her masts. Not only her forty ponderous guns, but everything else movable, or that could be rendered movable, went over the side, to be floated ashore on the rafts. Finally, eased of her ballast, she was ready to career.

The work was merrily and briskly conducted by those lawless men. They brought to it a schoolboy zest. Seeing them wading to their arms, to receive and draw ashore the heavily-laden rafts, maintaining the while a running fire of jest and laughter, like honest, care-free laborers, it was difficult to believe them men of blood and violence, predatory and ruthless, holding life as cheap as honor.

When at last the Black Swan was ready for beaching, the two hundred and fifty men who now composed her crew set about preparing themselves quarters ashore. There was more felling of trees to provide poles for the vast sailcloth pavilions which they erected along the summit of the beach in the neighborhood of the fresh water. For their captain and his officers they built with incredible rapidity a roomy log hut thatched with palmetto; and they fitted it with hammocks and furnished it with tables and chairs that had been taken from the ship. And whilst the main body, industrious as a colony of ants, were about these operations, others were at work at the boucan fires which they had lighted and over which they were curing the turtles which they had caught.

At last he returned to it more than once before they reached the Albuquerques. His scorn of de Bernis was stimulated by that man's free-and-easy association with the ruffians who made up the crew, a matter to which he missed no opportunity of drawing Miss Priscilla's attention, so as to justify himself in her eyes for the feeling she was disposed to condemn in him.

But Miss Priscilla, wistfully penitive, either did not hear or did not heed him, for she made no answer. And the Major, remembering in time how the topic of Monsieur de Bernis invariably now led to the frontiers of acrimony, did not pursue the subject.

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At last, on the Sunday, they threaded the channel that ran among the islands of the Albuquerque group, and dropped anchor in ten fathoms, in the wide basin of the lagoon on the eastern side of Maldita, the northernmost of the keys. It was this, which, at the

instances of de Bernis, had been selected for the careening of the Black Swan.

The cove was as secret and sheltered a place as he had represented it, and in every particular Leach was compelled to admit that it could not be better suited to the purpose for which they came.

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At last as the short Caribbean tide began to flow on the morning of the third day, which was Wednesday, the Black Swan slipped her anchor cables, which were picked up by the waiting boats, and the business of warping her ashore was taken in hand.

Almost naked, and sweating in the blistering sun, they toiled at the capstan in gangs, chanting as they slowly circled it and wound

about it the straining, creaking hawsers which had been lashed to trees at the head of the beach. The very easy gradient and the fine soft sand assisting them, they made good progress at first. Then, as the water grew shallower, followed a spell of slow herculean toil until they could bring rollers into action, and so render it comparatively easy again.

Most of the day was spent before at last the great black ship was careened, high and dry, one side of her heavily braced and weeded lower hull exposed, as she lay over on the other.

After this the buccaneers rested and feasted, and a couple of days of comparative idleness followed whilst they waited for the hot sun to do its work of drying the fouled keel, so as to make it easy to burn away the foulness.

Monsieur de Bernis meanwhile took his ease aboard the Centaur, where she rode at anchor in the limpid blue-green waters of the lagoon; and with him remained the members of his supposed family, undisturbed until Wogan and Hallwell inspired Leach to disturb them.

The hundred men of the Centaur's prize crew went daily ashore to bear their part in the work, and returned nightly to their hammocks and sleeping-mats aboard. And there in the cool of the lovely tropical nights, after the heat and labors of the day, de Bernis would be moving freely amongst them like a gay troubadour, to charm them with tale and song, thus deepening at once the contempt of Major Sands and the mistrust of Hallwell and Wogan.

Major Sands, ever intent to justify to Priscilla that scorn of his for the Frenchman which he knew offended her, took him to task for it on the day after the careening was complete.

It was just after eight bells, and the three of them were at dinner in the great cabin with Pierre to wait upon them, and to regale them with the fresh turtle and yams which one of the hands had brought aboard last night as a present for de Bernis. Save for the half-dozen buccaneers composing a watch, such as Leach insisted should be kept, the men were all ashore at the time, and all was quiet on the ship.

Monsieur de Bernis listened patiently to the stammered sentences in which the Major expressed his wonder that the Frenchman could find satisfaction in intimate association with the vile ruffians whom Leach had put aboard the Centaur.

"Satisfaction?" was the word that de Bernis took up, echoing it interrogatively. The narrow, saturnine face looked more saturnine than ever. "Which of us does only that in which he takes satisfaction? He is fortunate, indeed, who can find real satisfaction in anything that he does. It has not often happened to me, Major. If it has often happened to you, your lot is enviable."

"You mean, sir?"

"Why, that most of the things we do in this life, we do from sheer necessity to ease pain, remove discomfort, preserve our lives, or earn a livelihood. These are the chief activities that engage most men. Do you not agree?"

CHAPTER 27

"**S**TAB me! You may be right. That may be the general rule of life. I hadn't thought

of it. But here, now, what necessity do you obey when you go amongst these fellows?"

"But isn't it plain? I am sure that Miss Priscilla understands me."

Calmly she met the gaze of his dark eyes. "I think I do. You obey the necessity of disposing them favorably towards you."

"And not merely towards me, but towards us all. Must I tell you that this Leach is a treacherous, headstrong, violent beast? Although I have associated myself with him, and although I believe that I hold him fast in the bonds of rapacity, yet I cannot be sure that perversity, stupidity, or the sheer evil that is in the fellow may not drive him to burst his bonds. Do not, therefore, turn the eye of scorn upon me because I am concerned to forge myself a buckler against the day of need. That buckler lies in winning the regard, even the affection, of these men."

The Major made a wry face of disgust. "Affection!" he deplored. "Stab me! There are some things that can be too dearly bought!"

"You may be right. For myself, I am slow to reach conclusions in these matters. But there is a detail to which you may not have given attention. If there should be an end of me, Major, there will certainly be an end of you and of Miss Priscilla. You will include no illusion on that score among the many illusions from which I have observed you to suffer." He smiled upon the sudden utter blankness of the Major's countenance. "Be sparing, therefore, in your contempt of the means by which I ensure your preservation with my own from any of the accidents to which such a nature as Captain Leach's might expose it."

With that, and without awaiting any answer from Major Sands, he adroitly turned the conversation into other channels, addressing himself to Miss Priscilla, whose eyes gleamed curiously as they now met his own. Almost he could have supposed, she took satisfaction in the unanswerable rebuke which he had administered to the pompous soldier.

At about the same time and upon the very same topic, Wogan and Hallwell were entertaining Leach, who sat at dinner with them and with the fiery-faced Ellis and the quiet-mannered, pock-marked Bundy, in the log cabin that had been built for them.

Leach was not impressed at first. "What's the odds?" he growled. "Let him do as he likes until he brings us to the Spaniards. Then it'll be my turn, as he'll find out."

To Ellis and Bundy there was news in this dark hint; for unlike Wogan and Hallwell they were not yet in the Captain's confidence as to how he intended to square matters with de Bernis for his intransigence over the articles. There was a queer kindling in the furnace of Ellis's countenance. But Bundy's eyelids drooped slowly like the membrane of a bird, and his face, with its clay-colored pallor upon which the ardor of the sun could make no impression, grew more like a mask than ever.

The corpulent Hallwell leaned forward across the table. He spoke quietly. "Can ye suppose, Cap'n, that possibility don't occur to him?"

"What if it do? He's here, isn't he? We've got him, haven't we?"

THE BLACK SWAN

How's he to get away from us?"
Halliwell's little eyes were screwed up and almost disappeared into his bulging cheeks. "Came and put himself into your hands, very trusting like, didn't he?" quoth his sly voice.

"Couldn't help his self as things fell out," Leach was still contempts.

"Just so," said Halliwell. "Just so. 'Twas in his mind, as he told ye, to ha' gone to Guadeloupe for a ship and men wi' which to join us. But things fell out so as he didn't need to. It don't follow that he welcome us. If he'd ha' joined us wi' a ship o' his own arming, and men o' his own recruiting, he'd not be as helpless as he is now, would he? And ye're not supposing that Mossop de Bernis o' all men alive isn't awake to that and to what may happen to him."

"Suppose he is. What, then? How the devil can he mend it?"

Impatiently Wogan flung into the discussion, so as to shed more light on the Captain's dulness.

"Och, now, don't ye see that's just what he may be trying to do?"

Leach sat up as if he had been stung. Wogan elaborated.

"There he is aboard you ship wi' a hundred stout lads, and us careened here, high and dry, and as helpless as if our hands was tied behind our backs. What for is he at such pains to be making friends with them? Putting a spell on them with tales of his brave doings as a rover, and howling Spanish ditties to them, in the moonlight, like a love-sick tom-cat? Will ye trust him with them? Or them with him, if it comes to that? There's Ned and me might wake up to find we've had our throats cut in our sleep, and him sailing away with the ship and the lads to try their luck by themselves against the Spaniards and keep the treasure to themselves. And you, Tom, careened. Careened here, with devil a ship in which to follow him and devil a notion which way to follow if ye had a ship."

"By heaven!" roared Leach, and came to his feet on the oath. It was as if a pit had suddenly yawned at his feet. What manner of trusting fool had he been not to have seen this danger for himself?

CHAPTER 28

HE was flinging out of the cabin in a passion of suddenly aroused suspicion when the corpse-like Bundy seemed to come to life.

"Whither away, Captain?"

The cold, harsh voice checked the other's haste. Bundy was probably the only man amongst them all with power to do that. There was something oddly compelling about this cold, emotionless, calculating ship-master.

"I am going to put it beyond Charley's power to play any of his tricks on us."

Bundy was on his feet now. "But ye'll remember that we depend upon him to bring us to the Spaniards!"

"Ts not like to forget aught that matters."

And so it fell out that, as dinner was coming to an end in the great cabin of the Centaur, the door opened and Captain Leach walked in upon them unannounced.

He stood a moment within the doorway of the cabin observing them. His dark glance lingered on

the neat virginal figure of Priscilla, and passed on only to be constantly returning to her, until she grew conscious of its bold scrutiny which held for her something which if indefinable, was nevertheless horrible and chilling. This, however, did not happen all at once.

Monsieur de Bernis, with an insatiable intake of breath, rose from his chair. If he had the scent of danger breast-high, nevertheless—indeed perhaps, because of it—his manner was of a perfect and urbane severity.

"Ah, Captain! You honor us unexpectedly." He drew out a vacant chair and proffered it, smiling.

Captain Leach came forward. "No need to sit. What I come to say's soon said." He nodded to Major Sands, who accounting it prudent to copy de Bernis' example had also risen; and he bowed to Miss Priscilla. Repressing a shiver at the glance that accompanied the bow, she acknowledged it by a slight inclination of her head.

Monsieur de Bernis looked on with half-closed, languid eyes.

The Captain turned to him. "I've given orders to have quarters got ready ashore for the crew o' th' Centaur. They're to stop ashore until the Black Swan is ready for service." His keen little eyes were intent for the slightest flicker on the face of de Bernis. "Ye understand?" he snapped.

"The order, yes. But not the reason. The men were very comfortable here, and it was convenient."

"Mebbe. But it's not as I wish it." Styly he added, "I likes my own men under my own hand, Charley."

"But of course," said de Bernis. This apparent indifference disappointed Leach. But it merely深ened his mistrust. He remembered having heard it said of Morgan's French lieutenant that he was never more alert than when he was looking languid, and he could swear there was a languor now in the Frenchman's air.

There was a pause. The buccaneer's eyes slid once more to Miss Priscilla. He bowed a little again, with affectations of gallantry as he addressed her.

"I trust, ma'am, my next order will not dispense or inconvenience you. I've good reason for it." Slowly, as if reluctant to depart from the contemplation of her, his eyes returned to de Bernis. "I've also ordered them to build a hut for you ashore."

But now, at last, de Bernis really displayed a flush of vexation. "Is so much necessary? We are very comfortable here." Contemptuously, as if to show Leach that he perfectly read his motives, he added, "We can hardly run away with the ship."

Leach stroked his chin and said, "There's three o' ye aboard, you and him and your servant young. I've known three men to sail a boat as big as this afore now."

De Bernis raised his brows. "By heaven, Leach, you want to laugh, I think."

"Mebbe," said Leach. He turned again to Priscilla. "Ye'll forgive me, ma'am, for this, I hope. I'll see ye're made comfortable. Ye may bring what furniture ye please so as to make sure o' that. Ashore I'll be seeing something of ye, I hope."

When at last he had gone, the Major and Priscilla beheld for the first time a departure in de Bernis

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

CHAPTER 29

NOR was de Bernis, it appeared, the only one solicitous for her. Soon after her arrival, Tom Leach came to assure himself that all that was possible had been done for her comfort. He had assumed an ingratiating manner, he was all apologies for any inconvenience she might suffer in this change of quarters, and all solicitude to reduce this as far as might be possible. He ordered various odds and ends to be brought from among the landed furniture of the Black Swan, and desired her to use all frankness in telling him of anything further that might be done for her well-being. He lingered on in amiable, jocular talk awhile with her and with de Bernis and the Major who were in attendance, and finally went off with smirking expressions of goodwill.

When they came to retire that night the Major asked Monsieur de Bernis what provisions he had made for sleeping quarters for himself. There was a moment's pause before the Frenchman answered him.

"It follows naturally, sir, that I share those prepared for my wife."

The Major made a gurgling noise in his throat, as he swung to confront the Frenchman squarely.

"What security do you imagine the lady would enjoy if it were shown that she is not my wife? You have eyes, I suppose; and you saw the way Tom Leach looked at her when he came smirking round her here this evening with his loathsome affability."

The Major tugged at his neckcloth. He felt as if he were choking.

"Stab me!" he got out at last, in a voice thick with passion. "And what pray, is there to choose between Tom Leach and you?"

Monsieur de Bernis sucked in his breath quite audibly. His face showed white in the gloom. "Runs your mind so?" he said at last. "But what a poor, lame mind it is with which to run at conclusions! I wonder whether it will bear you in the end." He uttered a short laugh. "If I were what you are supposing, if my aims were such as you flatter me by deeming them, your carcass, my dear Bartholomew, would by now be feeding the crayfish in that lagoon. Let the thought give you assurance of my honesty. Good-night!"

He was turning away when the Major caught him by the sleeve.

"I beg your pardon, de Bernis. Stab me! I should have seen that without being told." Convinced by the other's clear argument, it was out of the depth of his relief that contrition rose. "I've done you a monstrous wrong, blimey! I admit it frankly."

"Pshaw!" said de Bernis, and he moved off.

Miss Priscilla's hut had not been supplied with a door, this being deemed unnecessary. In its place, and to act as a curtain, Pierre had hung across the entrance a heavy rug which entirely screened the interior. From between the logs composing the walls the light was still gleaming when presently de Bernis approached it, having left his doublet with Pierre and carrying now a cloak and a pillow which his servant had given him.

He went down on one knee be-

THE BLACK SWAN

17

rove the entrance, to dig a hole in the fine sand.

"Who is there?" came Priscilla's voice from beyond the curtaining rug.

"It is I," de Bernis answered. "You have no cause for alarm. I shall be on guard. Sleep in peace."

There was no answer from within.

De Bernis completed his digging. Then, wrapping himself in the cloak, he lay down fitting his hip into the hole, and disposing himself to slumber.

But all were not asleep. A corner of the curtain masking the entrance of the hut, in which the light had been extinguished, was slowly noiselessly raised, and the faint moonlight beat down upon the white face of Priscilla.

Cautiously she looked out, and almost at once her eyes fell upon the long dark form of Monsieur de Bernis, stretched there at her very feet, with the deep, regular breathing of sleep.

Not at once was her head withdrawn. For some moments it remained visible as she pondered this sleeper, who made of his body a barrier for her protection. Then, very quietly the curtain fell again, and within the hut Priscilla sought her couch, and delivered herself up to slumber in the peaceful conviction that she was well guarded.

She was guarded more completely even than she knew. For in his tent a dozen yards away, Major Sands, disdaining to use the hammock provided for him, lay prone upon the sand, his head in shadow, but near the entrance of the tent, whence, himself sleepless, he could watch the sleeping custodian of the lady whom he had chosen for his wife.

Next day the Major paid the price of that unnecessary protraction. The morning found him bleary-eyed, morose, and sullen.

After a second night of vigil, with a still drawstring day to follow, and an aching head which the heat, suddenly grown intense, rendered almost intolerable, the Major realized that this state of things could not continue. Whatever the Frenchman might be, the honesty of his intentions towards Miss Priscilla might now be considered tested. Besides, when all was said, the Major was within easy call, less than a dozen yards away, and he could trust himself not to sleep through an outcry.

CHAPTER 30.

AND now followed arduous days for the buccaneers, hard-driven by Leach to the work awaiting them upon the hull of the careened ship. From sunrise until a little before noon, the men worked willingly enough. But when they had dined, they insisted upon sleeping, and let Leach storm and rage as he chose, they would not raise a finger during those torrid afternoons in which the sun beat down pitilessly, and never a breath of wind came to temper the appalling heat.

In this they received a measure of encouragement from the attitude adopted by de Bernis. He was going freely amongst them here ashore, as he had done aboard the Centaur. He would saunter over to the encampment during the afternoon idleness, to laugh and joke with them, to regale them with stories of past deeds upon the Main

in which he had borne a part, and, more often now, to fire their fancy on the score of the Spanish gold to which he was to lead them.

It was well for him, perhaps that Major Sands did not hear him then, or he would have borne reports to Priscilla which must have destroyed her growing trust and confidence in de Bernis.

He painted word pictures for the men calculated to fire the gross appetites, which he knew to be theirs, appetites which soon now they would have the means to glut. It might have been cruel to tell in this furnace, but soon there would be a golden unguent for their blistered backs. And, after all, they could take things easily. There was plenty of time before them. The plate fleet would not be putting to sea for another three weeks or so, and here at the Albuquerque they were within little more than a day's sailing of the spot where it was to be intercepted.

In this manner, de Bernis intoxicated them with the prospect of the wealth that would be coming to each of them, and kept it clearly before the eyes of their minds that it was he, and nobody but he, would lead them to it.

It was a time that naturally hung heavily upon the hands of Major Sands and Miss Priscilla, and more heavily perhaps on the soldier's than on the lady's. The Major, feeling the heat acutely as a result of his fleshly habit of body, waited in a condition of more or less complete inertness for the passage of time to bring him deliverance. The result of this was that his temper, naturally inclining to irascibility and querulousness, did not improve or dispose him to optimism concerning the future. Miss Priscilla, however, contrived to find for herself some occupation. She busied herself with Pierre in the preparation and cooking of food. She went out onto the reef with him when he went fishing, and herself joined and found entertainment in the sport. Or she would go for excursions with him into the woods, in quest of yams and plantains, and once she crossed the island with him to its western side by a path which the half-caste had found over a long bald strip of ground reached within four or five hundred yards of the beach; a strip which thenceforward clove the dense jungle like an avenue, where only a thin layer of soil covered the rock, and, ascending towards the island's middle, sloped thence to the western shore, giving a backbone to Maldita.

Nor did she always take an escort on her excursions. In the early days on the island, she had wandered away by herself, climbing the reef and following the beach beyond it. Along this she had come upon a barrier of rock that rose like a wall some eight or nine feet high to bar her progress. Yet not to be so easily defeated, she had climbed the shallow bluff which rose here above the beach. From the summit, crowned with palms, with arum-roses and scarlet hibiscus clustering about the holes, she had looked down into a little rock-bound cove and a limpid, sheltered pool within the embrace of it.

She must have come at least a mile from the encampment. She was quite alone; none ever came this way; and there was no remote danger of surprise. So she yielded to the cool invitation of that pool, descended from the bluff,

shed her light clothing on the sand where an overhanging rock made a sheltering canopy, and dived into the crystalline depths.

She came forth not only refreshed and invigorated, but heartened by the discovery she had made. Under the friendly rock where her clothing lay, a rock which whilst giving shade was itself still not from the passage of the sun, she let her body dry in the warm air, then resumed her garments, and made her way back to the encampment. Dully thereafter in the middle of the morning she would disappear unostentatiously and alone. Making sure each time that she was not followed, she went to visit the bathing-pool of her discovery.

The disgruntled Major, observing her comings and goings, or listening to her light chatter with Pierre when she was at work with him, or with de Bernis when he came to take his meals in the hut, marveled that she could endure this state of things with so little apparent heaviness of heart. At moments he would ask himself whether such equanimity in adversity were not the result of utter insensibility, an utter failure to apprehend the dangers by which she was surrounded, and by which the Major was oppressed on her behalf. She could even laugh and at moments approach the borders of pettiness with Tom Leach on those occasions, and they were none so rare, when he walked the length of the beach to pay them a visit.

If Monsieur de Bernis was not always there on these occasions, he had an uncanny trick of appearing suddenly amongst them, which the Major thought was just as well, for it saved him from the necessity of joining the conversation with that hawk-faced blackguard. He would sit sullenly by when Leach was with them, and if the pirate addressed him, as he occasionally did, the Major would answer gruffly in monosyllables, outraged in the soul of him that prudence should place him under the necessity of being even civil to such a scoundrel.

It was perhaps fortunate for him that Leach repaid contempt with contempt, regarding the Major as a negligible flabbiness without justification to existence save in the fact that he was brother to the delectable Madame de Bernis; though how this should happen Leach could not begin to imagine. There was, he perceived, little resemblance to be traced between them. He startled them one day by saying so, adding, however, with heavy jocularity, that this was something for which the lady should daily give thanks to her Maker.

He made no attempt to dissemble his admiration for her, even when de Bernis was at hand. Nor did he confine himself to clumsy compliments. His attentions would take the shape now of a few bottles of Peruvian wine, now of a box of guava cheese, or of almonds preserved in sugar, or some other delicacy from the landed stores of the Black Swan.

CHAPTER 31.

TO Major Sands these attentions were infuriating, but not so infuriating as the apparent complacency with which Priscilla received them; for he lacked the wit to perceive the prudence which dictated her attitude towards

the pirate. As for Monsieur de Bernis, he would lounge there at his ease, in the main indifferent and languid, but ever and anon pointedly asserting his position as a husband, and sometimes interposing it suddenly as a barrier when Leach's attentions approached the borders of excessiveness.

And Leach, thus checked, would turn upon him with the beginnings of a snarl, like that of a dog which sees a bone being snatched away from it. But under the languid, narrowed eyes of the long, saturnine Frenchman, the snarl would become a smile, half-mocking, half-cringing.

The infatuation of Tom Leach for the supposed Madame de Bernis—to employ a euphemistic indication of the emotions astir in his wild breast—became apparent to his officers. It was being treated by them with indifference, as merely a subject for rough jests, until the shrewd-sighted Bundy pointed out the disadvantages that might result from it.

Alarmed by his cold reasoning, they improvised a council of war in the matter one day after dinner when the four of them were assembled with Leach in their hut.

Bundy was their spokesman, chosen because as fearless as he was passionless he was the only one among them who dared to bear on so delicate a matter the violent Captain. The scarring by smallpox of his clay-colored face had reduced it to a mask-like expressionless, which in itself made men apprehensive of him, for save in the twist of his lips or the gleam of his eyes, and this only when he so chose, he gave no indication of what might be passing in his mind.

In that cold, deliberate voice of his and with that cold, deliberate manner he plainly and succinctly laid before the Captain their disapproval of the course his conduct appeared to be steering.

Leach flung into a hideous passion, roaring and snarling and threatening to rip the innards out of any man who stood between him and his desires whatever they might be.

Wogan, Hallwell, and Ellis sat cowed under his ranting violence, beginning to regret that they should have brought up the subject.

But Bundy fixed him coldly with an eye as expressionless as a snake's, in the depths of which there dwelt perhaps some of that mesmeric power attributed to the colubrine gaze.

"Breathe your lungs. Captain. Breathe 'em freely. It may let out some of the heat in ye. When ye're cooler, maybe ye'll listen to reason."

"Reason? Confound reason!"

"That's what ye're doing," said Bundy.

"Doing what?"

"Confounding reason. And reason, I've noticed, ends by confounding him that confounds it. That's what'll happen to you, Captain, unless ye shorten sail."

To Leach this sounded like a threat. If it did not diminish his wrath, at least it abated his noise. He sat down again, and considered the pallid, almost amiable face before him with a malevolent glance.

"I'm able enough to mind my own affairs, and I'm not letting anyone else mind them for me. Understand that?"

"If it was a matter of your own affairs only," said the plumpish

THE BLACK SWAN

Bundry, "we'd let you run aground, and a plague on you, Tom. But it happens also to be the affair of all of us. We're all in this bottom together, and we're not going to let any folly o' yours sink the ship before we've cast anchor in the golden harbour o' that Spanish treasure."

"So it's by your leaves I move now, is it? It's what you'll let me do I must be minding, eh? By heaven, I wonder I don't pistol thee where thee sits, just to show who's master here!" He ran his wicked eyes over the others. "And ye're all o' the same mind, I see," he jeered at them.

It was Halliwell who nerv'd himself to answer. He slewed his corpulence forward on his chair, and leaned a massive arm on the table.

"Ye got to listen to reason, Cap'n. Dye suppose Toppagall Charley don't notice what we're all noticing? And dye suppose he's the man to play tricks with? As dangerous a fellow under his foppish clothes and cuckoldly fine manners as ever sailed the seas, and as ye should know, Tom."

"It'd sit as easily as another's. And that's what's happen to it if Charley gets spry wi' me."

"That," said Bundry, "is just what mustn't happen to it. He comes to us with the chance and secret o' a fortune, and that's not to be put in jeopardy by any lovesick humors o' yours, Tom. Ye'd best remember it, and leave that woman o' his alone."

"And that's the fact," said the fliry-faced Ellis. "Until the treasure's under our hatches, ye'll have to curb your humors, Captain."

"After that," said Wogan to conciliate him, "sure there's no one'll keep the doxy from you if you want her. It's only a little patience we're after asking of ye, Captain."

Wogan laughed on that, and Ellis and Halliwell laughed with him, loud and heartily, thus breaking the restraint that had been growing there, and drawing, at last, an answering wicked smile from Leach.

But Bundry did not laugh. He was as rarely moved to laughter as to the display of any other emotion. His countenance remained a mask, his eyes—eyes that looked unnaturally black against the grey pallor of his gaored face—riveting the Captain with that snake-like gaze, a queer, cold, compelling menace. This he maintained until with a jeer, representing it as a concession to their weak stomachs, Leach growled a contemptuous acquiescence in the circumscript course they thrust upon him.

The better to keep to his undertaking, the Captain did not that afternoon pay his usual visit to de Bernis' hut. When the next day came and went without his having crossed the brook which supplied a natural boundary to the buccaneer encampment, Priscilla ventured a comment upon it. She hoped that she might congratulate herself upon the Captain's abandonment of a habit which was as unpleasant as any experience that had yet been hers.

They had supped, and they were sitting in the little green bay before the hut, glad to breathe the cooling air of sunset. Neither of the men offered any comment upon Miss Priscilla's thanksgiving. A little spell of silence followed. But it appeared from the question presently asked by the Major that her words had touched off a train of

thought in his mind. He turned to de Bernis, who sat on the lady's other side. The tone of this sorely tried man was querulous.

"Will you tell me, sir—it has long been in my mind to ask you—what you intend by us when you sail away on your thieving cruise against this Spanish fleet?"

Miss Priscilla frowned slightly in displeasure at the Major's tone and at the ruffing terms in which he chose to express himself.

As for Monsieur de Bernis, he seemed for once utterly taken aback by the soldier's question. It was a long moment before he commanded himself and smiled his queer, slow smile. Then he spoke, but to evade, rather than to answer.

"Ah, Major! Are you very brave, I wonder; or just very stupid?"

CHAPTER 22.

SINK me, sir!" spluttered the Major. "I'll trouble you to explain yourself."

"I mean, that sometimes you baffle me by the fanfarounds behind your foolish words."

It took the Major a moment to recover his breath. "Sir," he said, "I'll not take that from any man."

"Indeed? You possess, then, the sole right to be provocative? A dangerous privilege. Especially here."

He rose to his feet, but lazily, half-stretching himself. "I have already pointed out to you, my dear Bartholomew, that your preservation is the strongest proof you could possess of my good faith. But you should not abuse it."

"Abuse it, sir?" The Major got up fuming, shaking off the restraining hand that the lady placed upon his arm. "I asked you a plain question, and one to which both Miss Priscilla and I have the right, or so it seems to me, to an answer."

"You asked it," de Bernis answered him composedly, "in uncivil and aggressive terms."

"I call things by their proper names. By their proper names, bluster me!"

De Bernis looked him over. "Well, well! Be thankful that I don't return the compliment."

He bowed in leave-taking to Miss Priscilla, put on his plumed hat, and sauntered off in the direction of the buccaneer encampment.

By the time the Major had recovered, de Bernis was twenty yards away. Even then he might have gone after him but for Miss Priscilla's almost stern command to him to sit down. He obeyed her mechanically, exploding as he did so.

"It's not to be borne. Stab me! I'll not endure his insolence."

"Why do you provoke it?" Miss Priscilla's cool voice asked him.

"Why not practise courtesy with him? Or don't you think that we owe him enough to warrant it?"

Her sarcasm added fuel to his anger. "You defend the knave! It is all that was wanting. You defend him, and against me. Me! In heaven's name, ma'am, what is he to you, this swaggering pirate bound?"

But Miss Priscilla remained as cool as if she had taken de Bernis for her model in deportment.

"That is not at all the question.

The question is what he may be to you if you spare no pains to offend him.

He has already made clear to you what should have been plain

—that if he were indeed what you

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"There is not the need to assure me," said she. "I had observed it."

"You did not answer Bart's question," she said again. "It concerned, you'll remember, your intentions for us when you depart with these men upon this raid. Will you give me the answer now?"

That answer came after a thoughtful pause.

"I wait upon events."

"Yet you must have some plan in mind, some project," she pressed him. And after another pause in which he did not reply, she added, softly: "Hitherto I have completely trusted you. It is in this that I have found such peace as is possible in these conditions."

"Yet you will tell me nothing of your intentions? The knowledge would be a strength to me."

"I have said that I wait upon events. But this I'll add: I firmly and honestly believe that you have no cause for any apprehension. It is my belief that I shall bring you safely through. I swear to do so if I live."

"If you live!"

In the gloom he heard the catch in her breath, the sudden tremulousness of her tone. He made haste to reassure her. "I should not have added that. It is idle to introduce a fresh doubt of your fate among all the anxieties troubling you." And with a firm confidence he added: "I shall live. Don't doubt it."

"A fresh doubt of my fate!" she echoed. A half-laugh escaped her. "How meanly you think of me!"

"Meanly?" he cried, his accent a protest. He did not understand. Nor did she enlighten him, although her next question was concerned with his preservation.

"Can you trust these men to keep faith with you? When the Spanish fleet is taken?"

He laughed softly. "I am sure that I cannot. Once there was honor among buccaneers. But today . . . And this beast Leach! He knows as much of honor as of mercy, or of decency. Oh, no. They have no intention to keep faith with me."

Alarm and bewilderment robbed her of breath. "But then? If that is so, what hope have you?"

"The hope of prevailing by my wits. A very confident hope. Opportunity will present itself. It always does; but we do not always recognise it unless we are watching for it. And I am watching. Dismiss your alarms, madam. Only an extraordinary malignity of fortune could thwart me. And fortune surely could never be malign to you."

"You will tell me nothing more?"

"At present there is nothing more to tell. But again I bid you to have faith in me, and to be confident that I shall bring you through unharmed."

She was silent awhile. Then she sighed. "Very well," she breathed. "Good-night, Monsieur de Bernis."

On the following morning, while Major Sands was sulking like Achilles, in his tent, a shadow fell across the entrance, and Monsieur de Bernis stood before him in black silhouette against the sunlight. He carried his sheathed rapier tucked under his arm.

"I have observed, Major, that you grow too fat," was the greeting with which he startled the soldier.

"You need to sweat a little, and to

THE BLACK SWAN

stretch your limbs. It will mend your humor. Take up your sword, and come with me."

The Major, remembering the sharp words that had passed between them yesterday, conceived in this a derisory invitation to an adjustment of their differences. He got to his feet, with quickened breath and deepening color.

CHAPTER 33

BLISTER me, sir! Dye seek to put a quarrel on me? Have ye thought what will happen if I kill you?"

"I never build conjectures on the impossible."

"By heavens, sir, your insolence is not to be borne! Not to be borne!" He snatched up sword and sword belt. "Have with you, then, whatever the consequences."

Monsieur de Bernis sighed. "Always will you be misunderstanding me. I propose exercise, and you talk of killing."

"Whatever you propose, I am your man, stab me."

They went out together. The Major breathing gustily, de Bernis calm and apparently amused.

Their departure was witnessed by Miss Priscilla, and so that it should go unperceived by others, de Bernis penetrated the woods for some little distance; then, under cover of the trees, led the way along a line parallel with the shore.

They went in silence until the Major, suspecting that they were being followed, halted to look behind him.

"It is only Pierre," said de Bernis without looking round. "He comes to see that we are not interrupted."

The Major plunged on, mystified, ignorant, yet with no thought of avoiding an encounter upon which the other appeared determined, whatever might be the consequences. He painted up the rising ground that ran inwards from the bluff, and was bathed in perspiration by the time de Bernis had brought him out on to the little beach beyond it, and screened by it from the encampment of the buccaneers. On the summit of the bluff the Major saw now the figure of Pierre, and understood that he was posted there on guard.

Monsieur de Bernis removed his baldric and drew his sword. The Major copied him in silence. Then from his pocket the Frenchman took a piece of wood that was shaped like a tiny pear, with a slot opened at its apex. Into this slot, under the Major's bulging incomprehending eyes, he fitted the point of his sword, then tapped down the little wooden pear securely with a stone which he picked up from the beach.

"What the devil's this?" quoth the Major.

Monsieur de Bernis brought forth a second wooden object like the first, and preferred it.

"Did you suppose I brought you on a blood-letting? Our situation will hardly admit of it, whatever may be your feelings. I told you you need to breathe your lungs, and stretch your limbs and sweat a little."

"What the deuce do you mean, sir? Dye rally me? Dye practise jests upon me?"

"Oh, but a little calm," the other begged. "The need for blood-letting may yet be thrust upon us. We rust for lack of practice. I do, if you do not, Major. That is all."

And more insistently he preferred the wooden pear again.

Between doubt and understanding the Major slowly took the object.

"I see," he said, which was an obvious overstatement. "It is for practice that you bring me here?" And he grumbled: "You should have made it plainer."

"Could I suppose that it was not plain?" De Bernis was beginning to remove his doublet.

The Major was glad enough to copy him in this. Then, as the thought of what they came to do grew upon him, a certain grim satisfaction grew with it. He had notions of himself as a swordsman. In younger days, at home, he had been the deadliest blade of his regiment. He would show this Frenchman something that would let him see that Major Sands was not a man with whom it was prudent to take liberties.

At last, stripped to the waist, they faced each other and came on guard.

The Major, intent upon a brave display, attacked at once and fiercely. But whether he thrust or lunged, he remained always outside the guard of an opponent, who never once broke ground, however pressed. Notwithstanding this, the Frenchman remained so strictly upon the defensive as to leave the Major under the delusion that the ardor of his attack was so constraining his opponent. Thus until he found himself sharply admonished.

"More speed, Major. More speed, I beg. Press harder. You are giving me nothing to do."

Goaded by what seemed a taunt, Major Sands momentarily increased the ferocity of his onslaught. But it spent itself idly against that guard, which, so swift, seemed yet so effortless.

Winded by his supreme exertion, the Major fell back to breathe, and lowered his point. The sweat ran from his cropped head—for they had removed their periwigs together with their upper garments. He dashed it from his brow with the back of his hand, and glared at the tall, lithe Frenchman, who remained so cool and whose breathing scarcely appeared to have quickened. Of what was the man made, that neither heat nor movement could leave an impression upon him?

He smiled into the Major's flushed, choleric face. "You realise how urgent was your need to exercise yourself. I was right, you see. You are in even worse case than I. Luck of practice has made you slow."

Sullenly the Major admitted it. And he knew it to be true. But also began to suspect that at his speediest and best he would never have got past that guard, and the suspicion left his spirit wounded and resentful.

Presently, when he had regained his breath, they resumed. But now de Bernis' tactics were quite different. Again the Major opened by attacking. But this time, in meeting a low thrust with a counter-parry which restored the blads to the line of the original engagement, the Frenchman straightened his arm in a rapiere that made the Major jump backwards so as to avoid the point.

Monsieur de Bernis laughed. "Too much effort," he criticised. "Play closer, Major. Keep the elbow nearer to your flank." He went in to engage him, deflected a thrust intended to stop him, extended himself in a lunge, and hit the Major

full upon the stomach.

They fell on guard again, and again with the same ease de Bernis touched him. After that a series of swift disengages reduced the Major to utter impotency, at the culmination of which de Bernis inside his guard touched him upon his defenseless breast with the smooth deliberation.

"Assez," he said, straightening himself. His own breath was coming more quickly now. "For to-day, I fear. But not as keen as I should be; as I may need to be. To-morrow we will try again, as much for your sake as for mine, Major. In your present condition I should tremble for you if you were opposed to a swordsman of any merit at all."

The Major was trembling for himself, trembling with suppressed anger. He had the sense to perceive that the expression of it must merely render him ridiculous.

They came back towards noon for dinner, with little said between them. The Major's indignation still simmered. It was not merely that he was under the humiliation of having been made to realize that the swordsmanship he had imagined so expert was rendered puny by contrast with that of his opponent, but that he nourished a strong suspicion that Monsieur de Bernis had deliberately invited him to that passage at arms so as to intimidate him with an exposition of what must happen to him if he should permit a scurvy seriously to embroil them.

By this conviction and the resentment springing from it, Major Sands added to the contempt in which he already held de Bernis for a thieving cut-throat pirate, a further measure of contempt for being a posturing mountebank.

CHAPTER 34

GRADUALLY, however, he was brought to change his view, and to believe that, after all, de Bernis had no object to serve beyond perfecting himself by practice against emergencies and inducing the Major to do the same. In this growing conviction he became more tolerant of the Frenchman's hints and criticisms, and even began to seek to profit by them. But underneath it all a certain resentment still remained at the manner in which de Bernis had adopted at the outset, and this prevented any softening of the Major's deep-rooted dislike for him.

Oddly enough, the growing friendliness between de Bernis and Miss Priscilla contributed little or nothing to these feelings. The easy and, in the Major's view, impudent familiarity of the Frenchman's bearing towards her, and her own apparent lack of resentment of this, was an irritation to him, it is true. But this merely because he perceived it to spring from a less perfect dignity on the part of Priscilla than he desired in the lady who was destined one day to become his wife. Jealousy never even tinged his emotions. It was too inconceivable that Miss Priscilla should ever lose sight of the social abyss that separated her from such a man as de Bernis.

He did not know—for he slept soundly now—that ever since that first occasion when anxiety had urged her, it had become her nightly habit, when all was still,

to slip out of the tent and to sit and talk there with the guardian of her threshold. Possibly it would not deeply have exercised him if he had known of it, provided that he had known at the same time of what they talked. For certainly these interviews were innocent of obvious tenderness. Commonly they were concerned with the events of the day. Nor were these always as trivial as might be supposed. One day, for instance—it was a Saturday, their fourteenth day upon Maldita—a riot had broken out among the buccaneers, which at one moment had threatened to split them into two opposing factions. One of the men had stabbed another, as a result of a quarrel over dice. Sides had been taken, and anger spreading like wildfire among those lawless men, a battle had begun to rage upon the beach.

Leach and his officers had flung themselves into the mêlée, and with voice and fists had sought to quell the riot. If they had not completely succeeded in restoring peace, at least they had secured an armistice, during which Leach might hear the facts and pronounce upon them. But Leach had refused to do anything of the kind.

They surged angrily clamant about him. As their captain it was his place to pass judgment. Unless he did so they would, themselves, do justice.

Leach's reluctance sprang from his perception that, however he delivered himself, he would have to face the hostility of the party opposed to his decision.

"There's a man dead," he growled at them. "May you burn forever! Isn't that enough?"

Monsieur de Bernis, surging among them, no man knew whence, was speaking, and they fell silent to hear what he might have to say, the regard which he had known how to inspire in them asserting itself.

"There's a simple way of resolving the dispute, Tom," said he.

"Ah! And what may that be?" Leach displayed no satisfaction at this uninvited intervention.

"The only fit judges are those who were witnesses to the quarrel."

A roar approved him. When it had ceased, he continued:

"They are here, a full score of them. The dispute concerns none else. Let them decide whether Shore is to be hanged or not. Let it be decided on a show of hands, with the undertaking from the rest that they'll abide by the decision."

It was a way out that commanded itself to Leach, for it delivered him from the undesired responsibility. To his question based on de Bernis' suggestion, they readily gave their assent to abide by the decision of the majority, and by this they abode with that queer loyalty to a contract which the buccaneers could observe. The show of hands went against Shore. He was taken and hanged forthwith, and peace was at once restored in the encampment.

It was the mystery of this which Monsieur de Bernis expounded that night to Miss Priscilla, who could not understand the submissiveness of those who had so violently taken up the cudgels on the murderer's behalf.

"It was not his life that had concerned them," he explained. "Life is cheap enough among them at all times. It was the principle in-

THE BLACK SWAN

wolved that mattered and over which they were quarrelling. The vote offered an equitable solution, and they had bound themselves to accept it.

One night—the seventeenth spent upon Maldita as he afterwards remembered, the date being fixed in his memory by that which happened on the morrow—she directly questioned him upon his future. Was it his intention indefinitely to prolong this dangerous roving life?

"Ah, that, no. Already you may account it closed. This business upon which I am now embarked will certainly see the end. I am troubled with nostalgia. It has been growing of late. It is quite true that I told Morgan my only desire is to quit the Caribbean and return home. At need I'll even change my religion, like Henry IV, so that I may tread the blessed soil of France again; see the vines and olives growing upon the hillside and hear the sweet accent of the 'Toulousain.'

He spoke in a softened, wistful voice, ended on a sigh, and fell silent, musing.

"I understand," she said gently. "But to change your religion? The call of country must be strong."

He considered that, and suddenly laughed, but muting his mirth so as not to disturb the Major who slept in his tent a dozen yards away.

"It is as if a naked man were to speak of changing his coat. What hypocrites most of us are where faith is concerned. With the life that lies behind me I can still dwell on mine, and speak of changing it, as if some sacrifice were entailed."

It was the first time that she had heard from him even an implied disparagement of his past. Hitherto he had spoken of it almost with complacency, as if piracy were a normal career, as if he saw in it nothing at which to take shame.

"You are still young enough," she said, answering that thought of hers rather than his last words, "to build anew."

"But what shall I build me out of the materials I take with me from the Old World? Every man, remember, builds his future from the materials supplied him by his past."

"Not entirely, surely. There are the materials he finds in his path as he advances. These may suffice him. You will make a family for yourself."

He interrupted her at the very beginning of her picture of that future.

"A family? I?"

"But why not then?"

"Do you conclude that all that may once have been decent and sound in me has been utterly stifled by the wild life I have lived?"

"I know the contrary."

"How do you know it?"

"I have the evidence of my senses. I know you. I have come to know you a little. I think, in these few weeks. But what has that to do with my question?"

"This. What sort of a mother am I to find for my children?"

"I don't understand. That surely is matter for your own decision."

"It is not. It has been decided for me. My past decides it. Unless I am to woo in disguise, pretending myself something that I am not. I have killed. I have plundered. I have done dreadful things, unutterable things. I have even amassed some wealth. I own lands in Jamaica and elsewhere, with plantations and the like. My proper mate among women would be some un-

fortunate soulless drab who would be indifferent to the source of the money that will support us. I am not so lost—lost though I may be—as to give such a mother to my children. Nor yet am I so lost as to presume to woo any woman of another kind. It is the only honesty remaining me: the last frail link with honor. If that were to snap, then should I be doomed, indeed. No, no, sweet lady, whatever I may find to build in the Old World if I reach it, certainly it will not be a family."

He had spoken with a deep, moving bitterness, different far from his habitual manner which alternated between hardness and flippancy, and commonly presented a blend of the two. A silence followed, and endured for some time. It endured until something light and moist dropped upon his left hand where it rested on his knee.

Startled he turned to her, sitting so close to him and leaning a little forward and sideways.

"Priscilla!" he breathed, tremulously, touched in his turn to discover that he should so profoundly have moved her pity.

She rose swiftly, hastily, as if in confusion. "Good-night!" she murmured in a small, quick voice. The heavy curtain rustled, and he was alone.

CHAPTER 25.

WHEN Major Sands and Monsieur de Bernis came to break their fast in the hut next morning, Miss Priscilla met de Bernis with a complaint concerning Pierre.

This was the third morning in succession that the half-caste had been absent when breakfast was to be prepared, with the result that she had been alone in preparing it.

"He is nowhere to be seen. Each day he does not appear again until close upon noon. What can he be doing? Where does he go?"

"He is seeking yams, perhaps," de Bernis replied casually.

"If so, he never seems to find any. Both yesterday and the day before I saw him return, and he came empty-handed from the woods."

"Perhaps the yams are becoming scarce, and he is driven farther afield in his search for them."

This, she thought, was an oddly offhand way to treat the matter, of slight importance though it might be. She pressed the matter no further; but a sense of annoyance remained with her.

Later in the course of the morning the Major and the Frenchman went off to their daily secret sport-play beyond the bluff.

Captain Leach was strolling alone at the time on the damp firm sands at the very edge of the receding tide, a vivid figure in his searler suit. Impatient to be about again, and so safe from surprise, he came from urging the men in the completion of the work; for now that the tarring of the hull was finished, only the greasing remained to be done, and in three days, or four at the most, the Black Swan should be ready for launching again.

From where he paced he saw the two men move away from their sequestered little camp and disappear into the woods. He had already observed these morning absences of theirs, and he halted, wondering vaguely whether they

went, when his attention was attracted by the green-clad figure of Priscilla Barradine coming forth from her hut. From the distance he watched that trim, graceful shape with eyes of kindling admiration. He watched her turn to the right, and set out briskly, like one who was guided by a definite purpose. She proceeded for some little way along the summit of the beach, then she, too, vanished into the wood.

From wondering whether she might be going so unfalteringly and definitely, he reached almost at once the desire to ascertain. Re-sentiment of the barrier raised against his attentions to the lady had never ceased to smoulder in him; and it was accompanied by a growing impatience for the time when, the business of the Spanish plate fleet being concluded, this barrier would definitely be removed.

In long, swift strides he crossed the beach diagonally, straight to the palm tree with the arrotto roses clustering about its stem by which she had marked the spot at which she had vanished into the wood. Once, himself under the shelter of the trees, he had little difficulty in picking up her trail. It was plainly marked in the undergrowth, thinner on the edges of this jungle than in the depths of it.

Cautiously, unhesitating, but purposefully now as a hound upon a spear he followed. The trail led upwards over rising ground. At the summit of this, the hard dry earth between the sparser palms was almost bare, and the trail lost its distinctness; he quested there for some moments, to be led eventually towards the open by signs which might be those of someone's recent passage that way. But having reached the edge of the bluff, he was entirely at fault. She was nowhere to be seen. Below him, like a gigantic emerald set in a vast cup of rock, he beheld a pool so clear that through its smooth, unruled surface he could see the fish moving in the depths of it.

He concluded that she must have continued through the wood, and went back to endeavor to pick up the trail again. Ahead, where the ground began gently to slope once more, and the undergrowth increased again, he saw signs that it had been trampled, and cursing the time he had wasted, he was moving forward, when suddenly a splash below, too loud to have been made by any leaping fish, arrested him.

He turned. He saw wavelets moving outwards in widening circles, from some point which the rock screened from his gaze, rippling the mirror-like surface of the pool. A moment later, whilst he was staring, frowning inquiry, he saw that which made him catch his breath, and instinctively drop upon hands and knees amongst the trees so as to avoid, himself, being seen. A nymph of an incredible whiteness was swimming out across the tiny lagoon. As beheld through the water, her limbs seemed of marble.

Leach, so pale through his tan that his countenance seemed almost green, feasted hot eyes upon that vision of incredible loveliness. As she turned to swim back, he dropped still lower, into a supine position. In this wriggling upon his belly like a snake, he thrust himself forward to the very edge of the bluff, above which, had she

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

looked up, she would have beheld no more than his head from the eyes upwards. Thus he remained until she had passed again under the screening canopy.

In that moment de Bernis, the Spanish plate fleet, his officers, his lawless followers and the account they might demand of him if the enterprise of the plate fleet were now wrecked, had ceased to be of any deterring account. All that he considered was whether he should leap down from that bluff or fall back and wait here among the friendly shelter of the trees. In the end he decided for the trees, and went recklessly crashing through the undergrowth to conceal himself amongst them.

Livid, panting, his heart beating in his throat, he crouched there waiting, a beast in ambush for its prey.

CHAPTER 26.

AT last she came, demurely clad once more in her gown of green, she reached the summit of the bluff, from which the path ran back to the encampment.

His pulses galloped. Pausing there just beyond the screen of trees, she whipped up by that pause his intolerable impatience. But he knew that he could afford to wait a little moment longer, wait until she had come within that green shelter, when she would no longer be within range of any stray eyes from the encampment.

But, as if further to try his patience, she remained poised there, looking away to her left, down the southern slope. And when at last she stepped under, within shadow of the palms, she was still half-turning to the left, and as she advanced, to his unutterable rage and horror, she flung up an arm as if in greeting and beckoning, and he heard her voice suddenly raised to call:

"Pierre! D'où viens tu à cette heure-ci?"

A moment later his furious eyes beheld the half-caste advancing rapidly with that long, loping stride of his, and answering her as he came, though what he said, Leach in his setting, baffled rage, neither heard nor cared.

Not until Pierre was at last level with her did she turn to her right, and set out along the path by which she had come, the tall, lithe half-caste, in his cotton shirt and rawhide breeches, trotting after her.

Tom Leach made hissing noises through his clenched teeth as he stepped forth from his ambush, and moved to follow them. For once he was utterly without weapons, otherwise it is possible that he might in his madness have added murder to what else he contemplated. As it was, the long athletic limbs of the half-caste made him think twice about falling upon him with his bare hands.

He paused a moment on the path, watching them as they receded and widened the distance between themselves and him. Then, without precautions, since he was no longer the stalker, he set out to follow. Instantly the head of the alert Pierre was turned to look over his shoulder. Having seen who came, and no doubt reported it, the two went on without change of pace, whilst Leach with a leisurely step kept in their wake, carrying hate in his evil soul.

THE BLACK SWAN

By the time the Captain came level with the hut, Miss Priscilla had already entered it. From his tent, a little farther on, Pierre was in the act of taking the fresh-water cask, to go and replenish it. He delayed but a moment over this, and was off again, almost at once, along the beach.

The Captain checked in renewed hope. Opportunity, it seemed, was to serve him, after all.

He allowed Pierre to go some little way, before deliberately advancing to come and place himself before the entrance of the hut, from which the heavy curtain was lifted.

Within stood Miss Priscilla with comb in one hand and a hand-mirror in the other, to repair the disorder in her moist hair. As the buccaneer's shadow fell across the threshold, she looked up quickly. Seeing him, his face still oddly pallid, his eyes glowing curiously, she stood at gaze, incomprehensibly perturbed.

He showed his white teeth in a wide smile, and doffed the hat from his short curly black hair.

"Heaven save ye, mistress," was his odd greeting.

And then before she could even answer him, the crisp voice and light, ready laugh of Monsieur de Bernis sounded close at hand, reassuringly to herald his opportune return.

In the darkening brows and harshly twisted features of Tom Leach she read the need for that reassurance.

As the Captain stepped back, Monsieur de Bernis and Major Sands came up.

"Ah, Tom," was the Frenchman's easy greeting, "were you seeking me?"

"Seeking thee?" the other was beginning in scornful, fierce repudiation. But he controlled himself in time. "Aye," he added slowly. "What is it?"

"Why, naught. I were just passing by, so thought I'd see if thee was here. We never sees thee at th' camp nowadays. We haan't seen thee for days."

After that, dissembling ever, he spoke grumblyingly of the progress of the work. It went slowly. It would be another four days, perhaps five, before they could get the ship afloat again. Was de Bernis quite certain that they were not behind time?

De Bernis reassured him. The appointed date for the sailing of the plate fleet was the third of July. It was certain that it would not sail before that date, probable that it would not sail until a few days later. No Spaniard was ever known to be ahead of time.

Prolongation was in the blood of Spain. In twenty-four hours Leach could easily reach the point at which de Bernis proposed to intercept the Spanish ships, and he would prefer not to take the seas any earlier than was necessary.

With mutterings of reassurance, Leach took his departure. But de Bernis did not immediately turn, or immediately speak, when he had gone. He remained standing there, looking after him, with brooding, thoughtful eyes. He had discovered something queer, something uncomfortable, furtive, and constrained in the Captain's manner, qualities these not usually displayed by him.

At last Monsieur de Bernis turned to Priscilla. "Of what was

he speaking when we arrived?" he abruptly asked her.

"You did not give him time to speak of anything. You were here as soon as he had greeted me." She laughed as she answered him, and scarcely knew why. All that she knew was that she wanted to laugh, in the sudden relief from the indefinable fear which the sight of Captain Leach's face had inspired in her.

"I have spoken to Pierre about my morning absences," she went on to say. "But he gives me no satisfaction."

"He has returned?" said de Bernis, and added sharply, "Where is he?"

"He has gone for water. He will be here soon."

"Gone for water?" de Bernis echoed, and his tone had changed. The eagerness that momentarily had gleamed in his eyes died out of them again. He shrugged as he turned away, leaving her alone with the Major.

She had missed none of this, being naturally alert. Trifling though it seemed, there was something odd in it, and it left her preoccupied, returning vague answers to the Major's idle chatter, as he sat there cooling himself in the shade of the hut.

Monsieur de Bernis had gone to Pierre's tent. He remained there until Pierre returned, bearing the refilled water-cask on his shoulder.

Watching and listening, she heard de Bernis greet him.

"Eh bien?" And the Frenchman's dark eyes might almost have seemed anxious as they scanned the half-caste's face.

Pierre lowered his water-cask to the ground. "Still nothing, monsieur," Miss Priscilla heard him reply in French.

"Sh!" De Bernis dropped his voice, and muttered rapidly, almost it seemed impatiently, ill-humorously. She wondered was his master speaking to Pierre about his early absences. But from the manner in which the conversation had opened, she could hardly suppose it. She strained her ears. Probably it never crossed her mind that she was spying; had it done so, she would have accounted that all the circumstances justified it. The Major's chatter prevented her from hearing more than the murmur of those rapid voices. But in a pause he made, she caught again the voice of de Bernis.

"We have still five days, according to Leach, and the weather is fine."

"Too fine, perhaps," said Pierre. "It may be that."

Again they became inaudible, and so continued until de Bernis turned away, and came slowly back, his fingers tugging thoughtfully at his mether lip.

If de Bernis had admired Pierre at all about his absences, the admonition produced no change in his habits. For when on the following morning being dressed, Miss Priscilla lifted the curtain from her door, and called Pierre, it was de Bernis who came from his tent, dressed only in shirt and breeches, and carrying a tray that was laden with the requisites for breakfast.

"Monsieur de Bernis!" she cried. "But where is Pierre again?"

Smiling and speaking easily, Monsieur de Bernis replied: "I have sent him on an errand. Priscilla. But I will help you to contrive without him."

"You have sent him on an errand? But on what errand could you send him?"

"Jove! Here's curiosity!" he laughed. "Shall I indulge it? Faith, not I. He has gone on an errand. That is all. Come, let us make ready before that ravenous wolf the Major awakens to be fed."

And that was all she could elicit from him, to her annoyance and even uneasiness; for her environment and circumstance were not such as made it possible to bear with equanimity a mystery, however trivial it might seem.

Tom Leach, deliberately and calculatingly watchful, observed from a distance the departure that morning of Major Sands and de Bernis. He recognised it to be in accordance with a daily habit that had become established just as he knew that their absence commonly endured for a couple of hours. Curiosity as to whether they went so regularly had never really pricked his heart. After all, within the limits of Maldita it could have no significance.

If curiosity had not been aroused before, it was certainly not aroused this morning. Since yesterday the buccaneer had been wrapped in a moody absorption which seemed to render him indifferent to his surroundings. The disturbing vision of the bathing-pool abode with him so that he could see nothing else.

Before his eyes swam over the incredible beauty of that slim form, with limbs, seen through water, as white and smooth as alabaster, a loveliness such as Tom Leach had never suspected to exist in nature. To the feverish, gloating contemplation with the eyes of memory of that irresistibly alluring vision was added an unreasoning savage torturing rage at the chance frustration yesterday of his intentions and an unreasoning, savage, blind resolve to take amends for that at the first opportunity.

CHAPTER 37

If, contrary to custom where his desires were concerned, the buccaneer may have chanced to weigh the consequences of what he contemplated, it follows that they did not daunt him.

It was within those consequences—unless he were exceptionally fortunate—that he would have to reckon with de Bernis. But when had he ever shrunk from a reckoning? What man had ever made him quail, or deviate by a hand's breadth from an evil goal? He would take a short way with that impudent, supercilious Frenchman whose days, indeed, were already numbered.

To Bartholomew Sands he did not even give a thought. The fellow was utterly negligible. And he would have accounted de Bernis just as negligible save that the consequences of quieting him would involve abandoning the enterprise of the Spanish plate fleet. This might make trouble with the buccaneers. But Leach would justify himself with the tale that de Bernis had attacked him, and that he had killed him in self-defence. Very probably, he thought, with a grim, the tale would be true.

As for the loss to himself of his share of the Spanish gold, what was all the treasure of Spain to him compared with this other treasure which lay here ready to his hand, tormenting him with its irresistible allurement?

In his madness either he did not reflect, or else he was impatient of the reflection, that, by the exercise of patience and by proceeding according to the intentions which Worgan had first inspired in him, he might reduce into possession both the treasure and the girl. Patience was in the eyes of Tom Leach a weakness, almost a form of cowardice.

And so you see him purposefully crossing that beach, so soon as Monsieur de Bernis and his companion had passed into the wood, and quitting the threshold of the hut, in the shade of which Priscilla sat now alone.

Something in his attitude, above all the leer with which, bare-headed, he appeared before her, instantly shattered that sense of security in her which had seemed so solidly founded on the manifest chivalry of Monsieur de Bernis.

Looking up, she strove to conceal the sudden alarmed flutter in her breast. If her eyes dilated a little, at least she compelled her utterance to be calm, level, and unhurried.

"You seek my husband, sir. He is not here."

The leer broadened. "I know that. I saw him go. So, ye see, it's not him I'm seeking."

On that he paused. His close-set eyes were pondering her, so white and slim and golden. They stripped away the long-waisted gown of green taffeta with the ivory-colored lace bordering the low-cut line of neck, and glowed as they beheld her once again as he had seen her yesterday in the pool. And yet, for all his ardor, he faltered a little, now that he was face to face with her, now that his eyes met the clear, candid gaze of eyes from which she spiritedly banished every trace of fear. He knew no way of wooing that was not rough, direct, and brutal, like all else that he did. Yet here instinct informed him that something other was demanded; that too rude a grasp might merely crush this fruit for which he thirsted.

He was glad therefore, of an inspiration which had come to him that morning and which was responsible for the line he took. From an inner pocket of his faded scarlet coat he drew a little leather bag. He untied the neck of it as he came forward to stand by the table. "I've brought thee a little gift," he said. He opened the mouth of the bag, and, placing his right hand as a barrier on the table to prevent the contents from rolling too far, he poured forth a dozen shimmering, lustrous pearls of price.

"Beauties, isn't they?" Still leaning over the table, he grinned up at her in expectancy, for she had risen from her seat.

He had experience of the queer fascination such toys can exercise upon a woman. More than once he had seen covetousness gleam in a woman's eyes as they considered those lovely, lightly iridescent spheres, and a hunger of possession whose gratification was not to be denied, whatever the cost.

The result, however, was not at all what he expected. If for a moment—breathless to him—her eyes were caught and held by those gleaming orbs, in the next they were regarding him so oddly and coldly that it was clear she had entirely escaped their fascination.

"I do not think my husband would . . . accept a gift."

THE BLACK SWAN

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

So that was it. She went in fear of that pestilent husband.

"Drat husband! There's pearls, Aye, and beauties. Fit for thee neck they is. They mind me of you, sink me. Just as sleek and lovely as thee, my pearly lass."

Frozen in a make-believe composure, she coldly answered him: "I'll tell my husband that you think so."

"Eh?" The leerling smile faded from his swarthy, hawk-like face. He gaped at her, momentarily nonplussed. Then he laughed outright to cover a certain sense of discomfiture. His tone was of a grossly playful gallantry. "Can ye not forget this plaguy husband for a while?"

She curbed a desire to answer sharply. Although fear grew in her, it did not cloud her wits. She must humor this horror of a man, fence with him as best she could, so as to ward off indignities. And she must maintain an air of fearlessness. Therefore, lest her tremors should betray her real feelings, she sat down.

"Were you never married, Captain Leach?" she asked him, with significance.

But this merely opened for him a line of direct attack. "Not I. Ye see, it isn't many of us has th' luck o' Topgallant Charley, to find such a rare lass as thee. If that had happened to me, I might well ha' done the same as him."

"I tell my husband what you say. It will flatter him."

His color darkened. She began to exasperate him with this persistent mention of her husband, and he was not deceived as to her motive, nor did she desire that he should be. "Thee's well-matched with him in pertness, lass," he growled.

Then he, too, began to play comedy, and covered his rising anger with a mask of playfulness.

"But that's naught against thee. Odds fish! I loves a lass o' spirit, and I hates your mealy-mouthed sickly doxies. I does!" He flung himself down on the ground at her feet.

"Now where's harm o' praising thee beauty? Dunnot thee like a man to speak his mind?"

She answered him readily out of her simulated boldness. "That depends upon what's in it."

"Ye should be able to guess what's in mine, if anybody could." Leaning upon his elbow, he looked up at her, leering again. "Shall I tell thee? Shall I?"

"I am not curious, Captain Leach."

Nevertheless he answered his own question. "Thee self," said he. "Just thee self. There's been little else in my mind since first I seen thee, that day we took the Centaur."

CHAPTER 38

HIS ardent, watchful eyes observed a growing agitation in her bosom, which argued to him that at last he was upon the course that led to port. He was pleased with himself for having adopted now these tactics. Although this form of dalliance was entirely new to him, yet it was clear that his instincts steered him shrewdly. "There's naught I wouldn't do for thee, lass. Naught sa' ye could ask me."

"Is that really so?"

"Try me. Put me to th' test." "Very well. I ask you to leave me, sir, and to take your pearls with you."

He flushed again. Under his

little black moustache his lip curled in a vicious grin that laid bare a dogtooth. "And is that so? Is that all ye can ask o' me? Odds fish! Happen you ask the one thing I cannae be granting. See? As for th' pearls, I want to see them worn against thee neck. The whiteness'll set tim off, or maybe shame them. For thee's wondrous white. White as a lily thee is, from head to foot, as I should know."

She threw up her chin sharply, her brows knit, her voice stern. "As you should know?"

He gloated over the answer it was his to return to that pert question. He laughed a little. "If a man may believe his eyes." He came up on his knees, suddenly to confront her, and she observed that he had lost color, that his eyes smouldered as a fever raged in him, whilst his full lips writhed in a smile that made her shudder.

"Dunnot be afearred. I seen thee yesterday, whiles ye swam in the pool yonder, the loveliest sight as ever I saw. D'ya marvel now, lass, that I bring pearls to deck thee loveliness?"

Slowly the color rose in her until her face and neck were a scarlet flame. She attempted to stand up, but his arms were suddenly across her knees, pinning her to her chair, his face was close to her breast.

It was only then, under that intolerable contact, that she realised the full horror of her situation, alone there, with Monsieur de Bernis, Major Sands, and Pierre all absent, and not likely to return for perhaps an hour.

Bravely she sought to struggle with her mounting fears, to preserve control of herself that thus she might still perhaps preserve control of him. By an effort she kept her voice firm and hard.

"Captain Leach, let me go. Let me go!" Then, fear beginning to conquer prudence, "Let me go, you beast!" she added.

She attempted to elude the pressure of his arms, so as to thrust back her chair, and rise. But Leach was suddenly rendered mad by rage at this clearly expressed loathing of him.

"Beast, am I? Well, well, my lass, mebbe I'll give thee cause to call me that. Mebbe thee'll be less likely to call me that when I've done so. I've tamed hawks as proud as thee afore now, made them that coo like turtle doves.

Mebbe thee'll learn to coo as gently. And if thee dunnot, what odds?"

Still kneeling before her, so that she could feel the buckle of his belt pressing against her knees, he held her now firmly imprisoned in the coil of his right arm.

She drowned his words in a scream drawn from her by his brutal violence.

"These'd beat save thee breath, lass. Screeching won't help. Cooing may, though."

Slobbering and snarling, he drew her irresistibly towards him, out of the chair, which he intended to knock from under her.

Her livid face was distorted now into a grin of stark terror. "Heaven help me!" she cried, and never was prayer more fervent.

Nor was ever answer more prompt. Suddenly before her dilating, terrified eyes, as they looked over the shoulder of Captain Leach, surged the tall figure of Monsieur de Bernis.

Providentially that morning, as he was proceeding with the Major to their practice-ground beyond the

bluff, it had occurred to him to stop down to the beach for a word with the men at work upon the hull of the careened ship, and so as to see for himself precisely the stage which their work had reached.

Standing there in the open, the distant scarlet figure of Captain Leach had caught his eye.

He had seen him moving swiftly across the shore in the direction of Priscilla's hut, and he had seen him vanish into it.

Without apprehending anything approaching the truth it had yet seemed to him that it might be as well if he were to return and join them.

Under the eyes of the buccaneers he had begun by sauntering steadily back towards his own encampment, followed by the Major, who, having observed nothing, went plugging him with questions as to this change of intention.

Midway, Monsieur de Bernis had suddenly lengthened his stride, and left the Major, to whom hurry was distasteful in that heat, to follow at his leisure.

In those long, swift strides of his that made no sound upon the sand, Monsieur de Bernis reached the but to see for himself how urgently his coming was required.

Captain Leach, too absorbed to observe the shadow cast by the newcomer, was startled by a sudden sharp tap upon the shoulder.

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"Captain Leach, let me go. Let me go!" Then, fear beginning to conquer prudence, "Let me go, you beast!" she added.

Slowly the color rose in her until her face and neck were a scarlet flame. She attempted to stand up, but his arms were suddenly across her knees, pinning her to her chair, his face was close to her breast.

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THE BLACK SWAN

23

he thus expressed an overmastering emotion into which his fears for her had betrayed him.

It was at this point that the Major, a spectator in whom amazement had been piled upon amazement, accounted it necessary to interfere, before Priscilla, newly wrench'd from the impudent arms of one buccaneer, should melt completely into those of another.

"Stab me!" quoth he, rolling forward, "what's here?"

The indignation rumbling in his voice, awakened de Bernis to realities, arrested him in that easy and increasing surrender to emotion. His recovery of his ready wits was abrupt and complete. Without relaxing his hold upon the girl or making the least change in his attitude, he spoke swiftly through his teeth.

"Will you ruin all, you fool?"

What are you supposing? Is she not my wife in the eyes of that man who is gaping at us at this moment? I have a part to play, sir. Begone! Leave me to play it."

The Major gaped relieved.

"I beg your pardon, de Bernis." He hung there, hesitating. "As her brother, it is natural I, too, should remain to comfort. I have done nothing to betray you."

But Miss Priscilla evidently considered that the comedy had gone far enough. As if also recalled to realities, she disengaged herself from de Bernis' arm, moved away to a chair, and sat down, like one exhausted. She was still very white, and dark shadows had gathered under her eyes. Her left hand was still clutching to her breast the tattered portions of the bodice. "If you would both leave me for a little while," she begged them.

Understanding, they went. They paced the beach awhile, the Major inveighing furiously but impotently, and seeming to embrace Monsieur de Bernis together with Tom Leach in the scope of that windy invective. Monsieur de Bernis, hearing him not at all, indeed scarcely hearing him, paced beside him in modify abstraction.

Abruptly de Bernis quitted the Major's side. Looking round for an explanation of conduct that seemed to him so odd, Major Sands saw Pierre emerging from among the trees. It was towards him that de Bernis was hurrying. The Major followed, grumbling ever.

He heard the faint mutter of Pierre's rapid French as de Bernis approached him, and at what the half-caste said, his master's shoulders sagged a little, and he stood very still and very penitent, his lip between finger and thumb.

After a moment by whom Major Sands was at his elbow, he spoke, but whether to himself or to Pierre, who stood before him, waiting, was not plain. Even the Major's scant knowledge of French enabled him to understand what de Bernis said: "Nevertheless, it is necessary to do something."

After which he paced away slowly towards the hut, and then, like a man who takes a sudden resolve, swung on his heel, and set out briskly to walk across the beach towards the buccaneer encampment.

It was already a little after noon, and in the Captain's hut, the leaders were sitting down to dinner when Monsieur de Bernis suddenly made his appearance among them, his aspect stern and forbidding.

Tom Leach, who by now had cooled to a state of viciousness that

superficially at least was normal, eyed him furiously and at first, startled by that sudden entrance, in apprehension. But the emotion was not one that ever lasted long with Leach. It passed in a flash, leaving him armed in brazen impudence to meet the attack which he had every cause to expect.

Monsieur de Bernis came to the empty foot of the table, directly facing Leach, who occupied the head. On the Frenchman's right, were Bundry and Halliwell, on his left Ellis and Wogan. All four of them looked up from their meat, to gaze at his preternatural gravity.

His voice was cold and hard and brisk, his speech direct and peremptory.

"You may have some notion of what brings me, Captain. I have a warning for you. I need waste no unnecessary words upon it. If the plate fleet matters to you and you wish me to bring you to it, you'll be civil henceforth, and you'll avoid my quarters."

"By heaven . . ." Leach was beginning, half-rising in his seat.

"Wait!" thundered de Bernis, and by tone and gesture thrust him back momentarily silent. The Frenchman swung to Leach's officers. "If the plate fleet matters to you, and you desire that I bring you to it, you'll see that he obeys my injunction. If I have a repetition of what happened this morning, if Tom Leach ventures within twenty yards of my encampment again, come what may, I dissociate myself from you, and I vow to you here that not a single piece of eight of all that treasure will any one of you ever touch. If I am to respect my articles, Tom Leach shall respect my wife, and you others shall see that he respects her."

The captain's dark eyes gleamed their hatred and malice as they met the bold, challenging glance of de Bernis across the length of the table.

From the others there were mutterings of resentment provoked by the Frenchman's arrogant tone and air. But one there was who spoke out, and this was the impulsive, clay-faced Bundry. He turned his shoulder to de Bernis, so as to face the captain.

"So you've neglected the warning we gave you, captain?" he said, in that level voice of his that could be so threatening in its timbre.

The momentary flash of de Bernis's eyes might have betrayed the discovery made to him by those words. But at the time all were looking at the captain, awaiting his reply. Surprised, however, by Bundry's cold, obvious challenge,

Leach was momentarily at a loss; whilst de Bernis, encouraged by signs of support he had not suspected, took advantage of the pause to turn the sword in the wound, which, exceeding all expectations, he perceived he had made.

"I have this to add, Tom, and you would do well to reflect upon it, and to take it for a compass by which to steer your course: To the success of this enterprise against the Spaniard I am necessary. You are not. The enterprise can quite well go forward without you. It cannot go forward without me. I say no more. But if you have any prudence in your foul head, Tom, you'll use it to take together some scraps of decency, and put them in your conduct. That is all. The quarrel may end here if you so choose; or it may go forward if you choose; I leave you to decide it."

CHAPTER 40

AND without giving Leach time to assemble words in which to reply, he turned on his heel and departed as abruptly as he had come, leaving ferment behind him.

Leach was on his feet, ordure of speech on his writhing lips, and Wogan was supplying a chorus to him, when Bundry's contemptuous voice interrupted both.

"Quiet, Wogan, you fool! There's mischief enough without your adding to this rank brew. As for you, Tom, you've heard, and I suppose ye've sense enough left in yourself to recognise sense when ye hear thee suppose . . ."

"May you burn, Bundry! Does thee suppose, I'll stomach the impudence of yon foolish ape? Does thee suppose . . ."

"I suppose ye know the plate fleet matters to us more than you!" thundered Bundry, getting to his feet, losing control of himself for once, and banging the table before stand.

"That's easy said, Bundry. But will it rest? After all, here's a deal o' pothes about naught, made up by that slippery devil de Bernis. Am I to turn o'ther cheek to him, or slink about before him like a cur wi's tail between his legs no matter what he may do or say, just because he's got th' secret o' th' plate fleet? Sink me into hell! That's no gain for a captain, and it's not Mi' way o' Tom Leach. Let it be understood. So long as Charley's civil, I'll keep the peace; but not a moment longer, plate fleet or no plate fleet. And if ye expects more o' me, you, Bundry, or any other of ye—in heaven's name say so plainly now, and let's know where we stand."

"Sure that's reasonable enough," Wogan supported him.

Bundry perceived clearly the crude subtlety and cunning by which Leach had caught him; and he knew that it would be suicidal to pursue the matter as a personal quarrel with his formidable captain. So he abandoned the position which he had so boldly taken up.

"No one could expect more of ye, Captain. But ye'll remember that we expect that much."

"That much ye shall have. Ye can be sure of it."

Upon which, with peace restored, they sat down to resume their interrupted meal.

There was promise here as well as admonition. Leach, with all his impatiences quenched at the moment by other matters, was steadied by it, at least far enough to look at the others. Bundry's mind, he knew. Ellis he read in the scowl of disapproval with which the mate of the Black Swan was regarding him. Halliwell, it was plain, would join them if it came to a trial of strength on this issue. The only one upon whom Leach could count in that moment seemed to be Wogan, and how long Wogan would remain on the weaker side was not a matter in which Leach could put much faith.

With inward sigh, which he strove to dissemble, the Captain perceived only defeat ahead of him if he persisted. Tongallant Charley, that sly French devil, had been too clever for him, and had so shifted the quarrel that it now lay between Leach and his officers.

"Aye, aye," he growled, "mebbe I's acted foolish like. There's sense in what thee says. Ned. But there's poison in what you Bundry's said."

He fetched a whine into his voice. "To say that th' plate fleet matters more to you than I does!"

"Twas ill said, Bundry." Wogan censured him. "So, heaven save me, twas ill said."

"So ill said that it's my right to ask satisfaction." Leach was looking at the pallid ship-master.

If Bundry trembled in the heart of him, aware of the vaunted deadly swordsmanship of his Captain, and

of what might betide him if Leach were to succeed in making of this affair a personal quarrel with himself, his countenance remained unmoved.

"Ye've afforded it," he said, "when ye confessed that ye may have acted foolish. Let it rest there."

Leach perceived fear in Bundry's desire to drop the matter. He perceived also that the others held silent now, and took no sides in the personal issue which he had given the matter. By this he took heart again.

"That's easy said, Bundry. But will it rest? After all, here's a deal o' pothes about naught, made up by that slippery devil de Bernis. Am I to turn o'ther cheek to him, or slink about before him like a cur wi's tail between his legs no matter what he may do or say, just because he's got th' secret o' th' plate fleet? Sink me into hell! That's no gain for a captain, and it's not Mi' way o' Tom Leach. Let it be understood. So long as Charley's civil, I'll keep the peace; but not a moment longer, plate fleet or no plate fleet. And if ye expects more o' me, you, Bundry, or any other of ye—in heaven's name say so plainly now, and let's know where we stand."

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* * *

That night, wakeful under the stars, Monsieur de Bernis waited in vain for Miss Priscilla to lift the curtain of her hut and come to sit in talk beside him. The events of the day seemed to have created the need for so much to be said between them. There was so much that he felt the need to explain.

But apparently, on her side, there was no corresponding need to hear these explanations; for the night wore on, and the curtain remained closed.

At last, understanding that this must be by design and not by chance, he fell to speculating in distress as to the reason. He could conceive that he had offended her.

When he had taken her so tenderly in his arms, he had perhaps overstepped the boundaries of the relations she was disposed to tolerate between them. And yet surely she must have perceived the almost unavoidable need to create that appearance of amorbusness, and by this have deflected any resentment.

Lest it should be so, indeed, the need to explain became of an increasing urgency. He ended by softly calling her. Three times he repeated that call before the curtain was raised. Nevertheless, despite the urgency, prudence compelled him to keep down his voice. It followed, therefore, since she heard him, that she, too, was awake.

"You called?" she said between question and assertion, and added;

THE BLACK SWAN

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"You have something to say to me?"

She heard his muted, whimsical laugh. "That seems to have been my constant affliction. But to-night I have something more than usual."

She lowered herself to the cushion which served him for a pillow, and which as usual he had set for her, and he sank down beside her.

"Be frank," he invited. "You did not come, you would not have come had I not called you because you are offended with me."

"Offended? If How could that be?" But her voice had the frosty tone of one who fences.

"It should not be. But there is always the danger of being misunderstood. I feared I had incurred it. You might have conceived that I made too free to-day. It was that."

"This is unnecessary," she interrupted. "There is no misunderstanding. None is possible. I heard your explanation to Major Sands. It was comedy you played for the information of Captain Leach. I perceived the necessity."

Yet there was nothing gracious in her tone, no lessening of its distant frostiness. It puzzled him.

"And you condone it?" he asked.

"But, of course. You play comedy very well, Monsieur de Bernis."

"Ah!"

"So well that for a moment you misled me. For a moment I actually conceived that your alarm and your concern were genuine."

"I assure you that they were," he protested.

"But . . . hardly to the extent which I was so foolish as to suppose."

He was betrayed by that complaint into a display of fervor. "Whatever the extent to which you may have supposed me moved, your assumption will hardly have done justice to the fact."

"And yet the fact left you under the necessity to play comedy so as to provide all that you concealed the situation to require."

"Ah, mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, lapsing into his native tongue as he sometimes did when deeply moved. "Can you mean . . ." He checked himself in time. He was about to add: "Can you mean that you are aggrieved because what I uttered of tenderness was uttered only in make-believe?"

"What were you going to say?" she asked him, as he fell silent.

"Something inutterable."

Her tone softened a little. "If you were to utter it, we might reach the truth between us."

"There are truths that it is better not to reach. Truths that are like the forbidden fruit on the Tree of Knowledge."

"This is not Paradise, Monsieur de Bernis."

"I cannot be so sure on that. In these last days it has grown nearer to Paradise for me than any I have known in life."

This created a silence, which endured so long that he began to fear he had now, indeed, offended. And then at last, in a small voice, looking straight before her down the pallid beach to the dusky shimmer of water beyond, and the shadowy silhouette of the Centaur where she rode at anchor in the lagoon, she answered him with a question.

"Do they play comedy in your paradise, Monsieur de Bernis?"

If he had doubted until now, he could doubt no longer on what it was that she desired his frank

swoval. The invitation could scarcely have been more plain had it been plainly uttered. He passed a hand across his brow and found it moist. True, the night was warm. But not warm enough to draw the sweat from such a frame as his. It sprang, he knew, from the labors of his mind.

He answered, at last, slowly, in a voice which being of necessity muted was thereby the more easily kept level.

"Priscilla, count it my saving grace that I know where the frontiers of reality are set for me."

"Can you think only of yourself?"

"It is perhaps my only unselfishness."

CHAPTER 41

AGAIN there was silence; of frustration for her, of agony for him. And then, womanlike, she came back to the beginning.

"Then it was not comedy you played to-day? Not quite?" Her voice was coaxing.

"What else? I am I; you are you. The only bridge that Fate can fling between us is a bridge of make-believe."

"Fate, perhaps. But you yourself . . . you build no bridges?"

Almost roughly he answered her. "There is none would bear me. I am too heavily laden."

"Can you throw off no part of this load?"

"Can a man throw off his past? His nature? It is from these I derive my load of shame."

She shook her head slowly. She leaned against him, as she answered.

"Your nature is not so laden. I have studied it. As for the past . . . What is the past?"

"Our heritage in the present."

"May not a man discard his heritage?"

"Not when he inherits from himself. It is a part of him."

She sighed. "How obstinate you are! Are you quite sure that your humility is not a form of pride?"

"Pride?" he echoed in repudiation, and upon the word fell silent, thoughtful, to say at last: "Perhaps it is. An obstinate pride to serve Honor at last, that in serving it I may be worthy at least of the passing thought you have bestowed on me."

"And if it were not passing?" she softly asked him.

"It must be." His voice was firm. Her drew away a little, as if so that the warm, sweet contact of her arm upon his own should not entangle his stout purpose. "Later—soon when you are restored to your own people and to the ways of life to which you belong, you will look back on this adventure as upon some incredible nightmare from which you have happily awakened. Take nothing from it with you into that waking future to mar its sweet serenity."

"Charles!" She set a hand upon his, where it rested on his knee.

His hand turned in her grasp to close upon her own and press it. Still holding it he rose, and drew her up with him.

"I shall remember, Priscilla; always shall I remember; and I vow to you here that I shall be the better for remembering. So much as you have given I shall treasure till I die. But you shall give no more."

"If it should be my will to give?"

she asked him, scarcely above her breath.

His reply came instantly and firmly.

"This pride of mine will not suffer me to take such gifts. You are you, and I am I. Think well what this means: what you are, and what I am. Good-night, my dear."

He raised her hand, and bending his head pressed his lips upon it. Then he released it, and lifted the curtain.

Leach considered the Frenchman with an eye of cordial dislike.

"Ye shrugged at me," he complained truculently. "I'll have no man shrug at me when I gives orders. Least of all a French dandy."

Monsieur de Bernis considered him in his turn. Himself armed, be observed that Leach, too, had hung a rapier at his side. Nor did a certain eagerness in Leach escape him.

"I see," he said. "Ye want to put a quarrel on me. But ye dare not do it openly, lest your followers should call you to account for it. So ye think to provoke me into striking you with Wogan looking on up yonder. That, you suppose, will justify you in their eyes. Do I read you aright, Tom?"

The other's furious countenance told him that he did.

"Be sure as I reads thee aright, Charley. Thee's just a cowardly cuckold, impudent so long as thee counts theif sheltered."

But de Bernis laughed aloud.

"Maybe you are right," said he shamelessly. Then he sobered.

"There's a day for everything, Tom. Ye may be athirst for my blood.

But this is not the time to drink it.

The draught would poison you.

Haven't they warned you of it—

Bundy and the others?"

the men. But they were still under their eyes, and those eyes were watchful. The buccaneers had sensed the beginnings of a very pretty quarrel in the Captain's opening words, and in being in their natures to love a fight, they looked on hopefully without even a pretence of attending to their work.

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CHAPTER 42

AND meanwhile there was Wogan confronting Leach, arms akimbo and remonstrance in his lean, crafty face.

"Och, now, captain, darling, I was afraid you'd be letting your temper run away with you. Bad cess to it!"

Leach laughed at him, his countenance baffled and unpleasant.

"See thee, lad! Leave me to settle my own affairs in my own way."

"Faith, but I'll be reminding you that this is the affair of all of us, so it is."

"When I settles it, I'll not forget that."

"But if we're to kill Charley, there would . . ."

Scofffully Leach interrupted him.

"Kill him?" He laughed aloud, in contemptuous repudiation of the notion.

"Tis no bungler. I know what's to do: Tis not killing him.

But, by Jove, I'll cut his poxy comb,

for him. I'll mutilate him, make him helpless so as he'll not swagger any more."

"But that's as bad now." Wogan's alarm was clear.

"Is it?" Leach closed an eye slowly.

"There's no faith in me. Once I have him powerless, crippled, does thee think I've no ways to squeeze this secret o' th' place fleet from him? Woolding man't do it, nor a match between his toes.

But there's things we might do to that proud cold gal o' his, to

Mistress de Bernis, things we might do under his eyes, the threat o' which would mebbe loosen his stubborn tongue. There's more ways not one o' persuading the dumbest man to talk."

Wogan's eyes grew round in wonder. "The Saints preserve us, Tom! It's a devil ye are." But his tone was one of admiration.

THE BLACK SWAN

25

They departed arm-in-arm, to their own quarters.

Monsieur de Bernis found Miss Priscilla, who was now reduced to being her own tire-woman, occupied with needlework within the hut. The Major had been seated there too, in talk with her. But at sight of the approaching Frenchman, he rose and went forth to meet him.

"Will you walk, sir?" he invited him. "Since we do not fence this morning, we might saunter here awhile within reach of Priscilla. I have something to say to you."

"At your service," said Monsieur de Bernis, and they fell into step and paced on towards the southern rampart of rock, beyond which, unknown to them, lay Priscilla's bathing-pool into which she was not likely again to venture.

"I am distressed, stab me! I tell you frankly, de Bernis, I am distressed. You stand at odds with these buccaneer rogues, Leach and the rest of them. I ask myself, if harm should come to you, what is to become of us, or, rather, what is to become of Priscilla."

"Can you suppose, sir, that I am not considering it?"

"You are? You relieve me a deal. Yet not altogether." The Major was very grave. "Bear with me a moment, de Bernis. You cannot surely intend that we should sail with you. It would be—ah—unthinkable, stab me, that you should take Miss Priscilla into the horrors and the dangers of a sea fight!"

"You might remain here at Maldita until I return to take you off," said de Bernis.

"Ah!" Some of the gloom lifted from the Major's countenance. "Yes." His tone was musing. "It is what I had thought possible. Yet . . ." He paused, stood still, and confronted his companion. "What if you should not return, Monsieur de Bernis?"

"You mean?"

"You go into danger. You go into a deal of danger as it seems to me. There is danger from the Spaniards, and then there is danger from your associates. You are making bad blood with them, I fear. Bad blood. At least, after what happened yesterday with this blackguard Leach."

"Would you have had me civil to him?"

"Sir! Sir! Can you suppose it? Stab me!" The Major became resentful. "You bore yourself as I would have borne myself in your place. Do not misunderstand me. What happened could not have been avoided. But it alters things between you and Leach. It occurs to me that he may curse his rancour only just so long as it suits his ends. And that once you have led him to the plate fleet, once you have parted with your secret, he may take a revenge upon you. Perhaps this had not occurred to you!"

Monsieur de Bernis smiled. "My dear Major, do you suppose that it is from blindness to the obvious that I have contrived to survive all the perils of such a life as mine?"

The Major did not like his tone, and the reflection it contained upon his own acumen. His manner lost some of its geniality.

"You mean that it had already occurred to you?"

"And not merely as a possibility. Long before our yesterday's disagreement, I have known that it is not the intention of Leach to keep faith with me. He has confidently been counting upon slitting my

throat and possessing himself of Miss Priscilla once I led him to the plate fleet."

"Oh, heavens!" said the Major in a horror that blotted everything else from his mind. "Then . . . Then . . ." He was utterly at a loss. He had stood still again. His heavy face was pale as he turned it upon de Bernis. "But if this is so . . ." Still he could find no conclusion to his sentence. There was a sort of shew in his dull mind.

Monsieur de Bernis smiled. "It is something to be forewarned. Things may not fall out quite as Tom Leach expects them. Indeed, they may fall out very differently. I, too, have my intentions and my plans."

The Major stared, his mind in labor. "I suppose you think you can depend upon his followers, upon the leaders?"

"What I think is of no great account. It is what I know that matters. And what I know is that I depend upon myself. Not for the first time, Major Sands."

Considering him, so straight and calm and resolute, Major Sands came nearer to admiring him than he had yet done. This, after all, seemed to be a man upon whom it was good to lean in an awkward situation.

"You have no anxieties, then?"

"Oh, yes. I have anxieties. Few things are certain in this life, however shrewdly a man may plan. And too great a confidence is true because it makes a man careless. That, at least, you may depend that I shall not be, hitherto, Major, you have placed no great trust in me. I know. At least let my deep devotion to Priscilla and my deep concern for her assure you that I have no thought but to make her safe. In that safety you will share. His eyes travelled up the beach towards the nut as following his thought.

"Ah, there is Pierre returning," he said, and on that left the Major where he stood and strode rapidly across the sands.

The Major stared after him with a frown of thunder. "His deep devotion to Priscilla!" he said, speaking aloud. "The devil take his impudence!"

Monsieur de Bernis, unconscious of the resentment; he had loosed behind him, was overtaking the half-caste as he entered his tent. But before he could ask the question that trembled on his lip, the half-caste presented a blank countenance to him, thrust out a nether lip, shook his head, and shrugged.

"Rien du tout," he said dismissively.

Monsieur de Bernis' eyes dilated under a frowning brow.

"Ahh! But this becomes serious."

On the following morning, Monsieur de Bernis, a little grey of face and with the deep lines in it more marked than usual, sat brooding alone on a little knoll at some distance from the hut, staring out over the sunlit lagoon at the Centaur, riding there with bare trees.

Three days, at the utmost, was all that remained of this sojourn on Maldita. And it was this imminence of departure that was so deeply fretting Monsieur de Bernis, that had stripped him of that air of assured confidence which hitherto he had worn.

Pierre, as usual, was absent. In the last two days this absence had not merely been confined as previously to the morning, but had been repeated again in the late afternoon.

According to the custom he had established, his return was not

to be expected until midday. But now, suddenly, although it could not yet be nine o'clock, he appeared at Monsieur de Bernis's side, to arouse his master from his preoccupations. So effectively did the mere sight of him move Monsieur de Bernis that he was on his feet before Pierre had even spoken. His expression so strained as to be almost scared, he clutched the half-caste's wrist, and stared questioningly into his face.

Pierre grinned and nodded, showing signs of excitement. "Enfin," he said. "Lea vola!"

"C'est bien vrai?" Monsieur de Bernis demanded, like a man afraid to believe, lest his hopes should fool him.

"Venez donc voir, vous-même."

Pierre drew a telescope from inside his cotton shirt, which once had been white but now was grey, and handed it to de Bernis.

"Dieu vous garde, monsieur!" he prayed.

De Bernis patted the bowed head. "Soise tranquille, mon fils." And upon that he departed resolutely.

Chance favoring his design, he came upon Tom Leach walking with Wogan within fifty yards of the buccaneer encampment. He gave them a friendly good-day; gave it deliberately, with a flourish. Tom Leach looked him over without friendliness.

"What d'ye want here?"

"What I want?" Monsieur de Bernis displayed only surprise, to mask his satisfaction at finding the Captain so readily disposed to create the situation which the Frenchman desired. "What I want?" he said again, his eyebrows up, his lip curling, his eyes looking down his nose at the buccaneer.

The very insolence of his attitude was steel to the flint of Leach's humor. "Aye, what ye want. If there's come to make mischief again, thee'd better ha' stayed away."

They were making excellent progress, though Monsieur de Bernis. He stepped close up to Leach, with arms akimbo, whilst Wogan looked on inscrutably. "I don't think ye're civil, Tom."

"Civil?" The Captain spat with deliberate offensiveness. "I sees no call for civility."

"So? In fact, Tom, I find you darned provocative."

"Provocative! Ha! He finds me provocative, Mike! 'Sufel Are you to be provoked? Seems to me yours is the kind o' courage that likes to have a shelter to make cat's-paws for itself!"

They sped back as swiftly as they had come. In all they had not been absent above an hour when they stepped off the woods again beside their hut. There Monsieur de Bernis paused. From under his arm he took the telescope, which he had retained until now, and handed it to Pierre, who went off with it to his tent.

"Rien du tout," he said dismissively.

Monsieur de Bernis stepped into the hut, where the Major sat drowsily watching Priscilla, who was again busy with her needle. They looked up as he entered and went to take down his sword and baldric from the hook where it was hung.

"Why that?" the girl asked him sharply.

Monsieur de Bernis shrugged. "Feeling running as it does, it is well to go prepared."

He passed the heavily-encrusted baldric over his head and settled it on his shoulder. "It inspires respect. It acts as an inducement to civility."

Reassured by that smiling explanation and his easy manner, they let him go.

Outside the hut he paused. Knowing what he went to do, he was moved to a last word with Priscilla, a last instruction to the Major in case the worst should befall him.

Instead, however, after an instant's

thought, he passed on to the half-caste's tent.

"Pierre, if the worst should happen to me, see to Miss Priscilla. You should meet few difficulties."

Pierre's eyes, dark and soft as velvet, were filled with alarmed concern. "Monsieur! Could you not wait? Is there no other way?"

"No way so sure as this. Besides, I owe it to myself."

"Sure?" the half-caste echoed.

"But not sure for you."

"Eh, pardieu! But yes. Sure enough for me."

Pierre clutched his master's hand. He bore it to his lips.

"Dieu vous garde, monsieur!" he prayed.

De Bernis patted the bowed head. "Soise tranquille, mon fils." And upon that he departed resolutely.

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"That is what you know of me, is it?"

"It's what I seen."

"You! You and your honor, you cuckoldy jackanapes!"

In the next moment he was reeling under the sound and unexpected cuffing he received from the Frenchman. Monsieur de Bernis, accounting that things had gone far enough, and that Leach's words were more than sufficient to jostle him, had acted quickly before Wogan could intervene.

Leach, recovering his balance, momentarily unsettled, fell back a pace or two, aghast and furious. His eyes blazed in his livid face. He began to unfasten his coat. "By Judas Iscariot! I'll cut your liver out for that you French kite."

"Steady, Captain! Steady, now!" cried Wogan.

Leach turned some of his rage upon him. "Does thee think I'll take a blow from any man? I'll be steady when I've skewered his lousy vitals!" There was froth on his lips, madness in his eyes.

Wogan wrung his hands in distress. "Och, now, Charley, what have ye done, ye fool?"

Monsieur de Bernis, following the example set him by Tom Leach,

was already peeling off his coat of fine violet taffetas. "What I had no choice but do. I'll ask you to bear witness to it, Wogan. Could I have my honor mocked by that dirty cut-throat?"

In sheer amazement Leach suspended his preparations. Not in years had any man dared apply such terms to him in his hearing, and the last man in the world from whom he would have expected it was this Frenchman who only yesterday had swallowed his insults with such cowardly meekness. When he recovered from that gasping astonishment he loosed a volley of obscenity, at the end of which came blood-curdling menaces.

"T'll flay thee bones for that, thee French dandy! I'll carve thee lousy hide into ribbons or ever I kills thee, thou dwecock!" He drew his sword with a vicious flourish, and flung scabbard and sword-belt from him. "Guard thee self!" he snarled, and bounded in, to attack.

So treacherously swift and sudden was the action that Monsieur de Bernis was almost taken unawares. His sword was no more than half out of the sheath when that murderous lunge was aimed at him. He parried in the last fraction of a second with the half-drawn blade, still holding in his left hand the scabbard from which the baldric trailed. Having parried, he broke ground, so as to dismember himself. He cast scabbard and baldric from him, and came on guard again promptly to meet the pursuing onslaught.

CHAPTER 44

FIIFTY yards away the men at work on the hull of the Black Swan had seen these preliminary signs of an assault-at-arms. Now, as the blades clashed and ground together, the swordsmen feeling each other's strength, tools were dropped, and the buccaneers came swarming across the beach.

Hallwell and Ellis, who came running up with them, perceived this, and paused to restrain Bunday, who was angrily insisting that the fight must at all costs be stopped. By the time he and his two companions reached the scene, the buccaneers had formed a dense ring about the combatants through which the shipmaster sought in vain to break.

The swordsmanship of Tom Leach was his one redoubtable accomplishment. Often in the past had it been tested; for having come to account himself invincible, it had afforded keenest delight to his crude, feral nature to observe the growing consciousness of helplessness, the agony of assured defeat and inevitable death in the opponent with whom he toyed before finally dispatching him. He had been at pains to acquire his skill, and he supplemented it at need by a half-dozen tricks picked up in different parts of the world.

It was with an exultant confidence that he engaged this disputed de Bernis, whose arrogant existence alone offended his self-love, rendering him hideously conscious of his own defects, and for whose wife he was stark mad with covetousness. As Wogan knew, it was not the Captain's intention to kill the Frenchman. But having defeated and disabled him, he would squeeze the secret of the plate fleet from de Bernis and possess himself of de Bernis' wife. In the circumstances none would deny

him, but, if any did, Leach would know how to deal with him.

In that spirit Tom Leach went into the engagement. And because of all that hung upon it, despite his confidence, he went into it cautiously and craftily. He knew that de Bernis enjoyed some repute as a swordsman. But there was nothing in this to intimidate Tom Leach. He had faced in his time other swordsmen of repute, and their repue had availed them little before his own superb mastery.

Agile as a cat in all his movements, and crouching a little as he fought, he advanced and retreated by little leaps, testing the other's guard at each disengagement.

Erect and easily poised, parrying closely, and making no attempt to break ground, de Bernis mocked his antics, and sent a shiver of laughter through the spectators.

"Are we fighting, Captain, or are we dancing a *fandango*?"

The jest, combined with the easy firmness of the Frenchman's close guard, which depended upon the play of the wrist alone, momentarily angered Leach, and urged him to attack with greater fury and vigor. But when at the culmination of this attack, a swift, sudden unexpected counter drove him back, he recovered his poise and grew calm again by instinctive perception of the necessity for it. He was realising by now that he had to do with a swordsmen of more than ordinary strength, and that he must go cautiously to work.

But he lost none of his confidence in the skill with which it had thrilled him in the past to send many a tall fellow to his account.

He advanced again; and again the blades sang together. He thrust high. De Bernis parried lightly, using the forte of the blade with great effect, and countered promptly. Leach beat the blade aside with his left hand, and lunged with confidence, so as to take the other in the shoulder, but only to find his own blade set aside in the same manner. This brought them close to each other, each within the other's guard. Thus a moment they stood, eye to eye; then Leach recovered, and leapt nimbly back. Even as he did so, de Bernis' point whirled after him, swift as lightning. He parried; but he parried late. The point driven straight at his breast was swept by him up and outwards, but not swiftly enough. It ploughed a furrow in his right cheek.

Injuriated by that first hit and even more by his near escape of worse, he crouched lower than ever. He was breathing hard, and his face had become livid save for that crimson line from which the blood was running down his neck.

He heard the excited chatter of the crowd, and the thought of this humiliation suffered in the eyes of his followers served to steady him. The disgrace of that wound must be wiped out. He had been rash. He had underestimated his antagonist.

He must go more carefully to work. He must wear down that internally close guard from which de Bernis derived his placid speed, before attempting his gradual subjugation. Hitherto he had led the onslaught and had not suffered it. He had better now leave that to the other, let the Frenchman spend himself in vain attack.

And as if yielding to his wishes, it was now de Bernis who advanced upon him, and the Frenchman's glittering point was every-

where at once to dazzle him. It seemed to break up into two, four, six, several points that came at Leach at one and the same time, so that whilst Leach instinctively circled his blade so as to cover himself from this terrible ubiquity, yet, pressed as he was, he found himself falling back, again and yet again, for very life's sake.

It was only when at the end of a half-dozen such disengagements, de Bernis failing to follow the Captain's last backward leap, Tom Leach could at last pause for breath, that the realisation began to break upon him, in furious surprise and mortification, that at last he, in whom past victories had bred the insolent conviction of invincibility, had met his master.

Into his soul crept now the horrible, paralysing anticipation of defeat and death which in the past he had had with such gloating inspired in others. As he realised it, a change came over his face, which was grey and smeared with sweat and blood. In his eyes de Bernis read the despair that told of his conviction of defeat, and feared that perhaps, as a last treachery, Leach might throw down his sword in the hope thereby of forcing his men to intervene. Lest this should happen, de Bernis gave him now no time, but by a vigorous renewal of the attack compelled him desperately to guard himself. And now, as in the course of that tortuous defence, the Captain continued to fall back, de Bernis mocked and insulted him again.

"Will you stand your ground, you mangy dog? Or must I follow you round the island in this heat? Name of heaven! Dye call yourself a swordsman? Stand, you cur. Stand for once, and fight!"

Thus apostrophised, fury mounting above his terror, Leach not merely stood, but bounded forward like a panther, but only to waste his energy upon space; for de Bernis, side-stepping to avoid his charge, made him instantly spin upon his feet to meet the thrust with which from his disengage the Frenchman riposted.

The promptitude of his own recovery from that position of disadvantage revived Leach's fading courage. It was an evidence of his strength and will. He had despaired too soon. There was no reason for it.

In his new found confidence, he fenced closely until he found the position he desired, following upon a parried thrust. He feinted in the high lines, aiming at de Bernis' throat, and as the Frenchman's blade moved up, Leach went swiftly under his guard, and with that felicitous agility he commanded stretched himself in a lunge; but it was not an ordinary lunge; it was an extension of it in the Italian manner, in which the whole body of the lunge is parallel with the ground and supported immediately above it upon his left hand. Thus, like a snake, almost upon his belly, he sent his point rippling upward under de Bernis' guard, assured that he must spit him like a lark, for there is no straight parry that will deflect such a lunge once it is well launched.

But de Bernis was no longer there when the other's point drove home. Pivoting slightly to the left, he averted his body by making in his turn a lunging movement outward upon the left knee. So hard-driven had Leach made his lunge in

his confidence of sending it home, that, meeting no resistance, he was momentarily off his balance. A full second at least must be delayed in his recovery. But that recovery was never made. For in that unguarded second, de Bernis, whose queer, unacademic movement had placed him low upon his opponent's flank, passed his sword from side to side through the Captain's extended body.

CHAPTER 45

THREE was an outcry simultaneously from the crowd of buccaneers, then utter silence, as Monsieur de Bernis, having withdrawn his sword, placing one foot for the purpose against the body of his fallen opponent, stood erect, grim, breathing a little hard and mopping the sweat from his brow with the sleeve of his fine cambric shirt.

Standing over Tom Leach as he lay clutching out his evil life upon the sands, Monsieur de Bernis rustfully shook his head, and in the silence his voice rang clear:

"Too fine an end for such as you, my Captain."

The last choking of the buccaneer cough was uttered; the twichings of his body had ceased, and he lay on his back grinning up at the blue sky that was like a dome of polished steel, before there was any movement in the surrounding crowd. After that single outcry, when their captain had gone down, an awed silence had fallen upon those wild men.

Leach had been of such vitality, and had come scatheless through so many fierce encounters that he had seemed almost immortal to the men he led. And here, almost in the twinkling of an eye, behold him stretched stiff and stark. Wonder, too, now that the thing was done, was stirring in their minds as to what must be the consequences to themselves of their Captain's death.

The silence endured until Bunday roughly now broke his way through the ranks, which yielded as readily as, earlier they had resisted him.

Ellis and Hallwell followed through the gap his passage made.

Monsieur de Bernis looked up at their approach. He was not entirely without alarm, although he contrived to conceal it; but in the main he conceived himself sufficiently protected by the circumstances.

Standing where he did, with one shoulder to the sea and the other to the woods, he commanded a wide field of vision.

For the moment, however, the buccaneers still made no movement. Perhaps they considered that the matter was one beyond their judgment, and they were content to leave it to those four leaders who were now confronting Monsieur de Bernis within the space ringed about. For Wogan was there, too, having been there indeed throughout the combat, and it was Wogan whom de Bernis immediately cited as a witness in his own defence when Bunday challenged him.

"How did this happen?" Bunday had asked, his tone harsh, his countenance forbidding, his eyes piercing as gimlets.

"It was forced upon me. I take

Wogan here to witness."

Bunday turned to question Wogan with his eyes, and Wogan blinked nervously and answered, as de Bernis counted that he would answer. He might have been less confident had he known of the un-

derstanding that had existed between Wogan and the Captain. But the Captain being dead, Wogan swiftly made up his mind that, since Leach's plot had failed, it only remained to ensure the preservation of one upon whom depended the capture of the Spanish plate fleet.

"Aye! Ye all know how the Captain was feeling towards him, and this morning his humor bubbled over, and he put this quarrel upon him. In fact, as some of ye may have seen, he attacked him before he had even got his sword out, and if Charley hadn't been quick and active, it's murder there would have been."

Encouraged by this to greater self-assertion, Monsieur de Bernis supplemented that assurance.

"It would have been unlucky for all of you if things had fallen out otherwise. There would have been no Spanish gold, no broad pieces of eight for you if Leach had killed me as he intended. The dog might have thought of you if he had no thought for his own share of the treasure before yielding to his thirst for my blood. Well, well!" He touched the body with his foot.

"There he lies as he deserves, for his treachery to you and to me."

And Bundry, grim-faced ever, and seeing no profit in going against de Bernis at present, nodded slowly. "I warned him. But he was ever a headstrong fool. Maybe he's best quieted."

And by the men who had listened and who had been persuaded by what they heard, this seemed to be accounted a sufficient funeral oration, and closed the matter.

Monsieur de Bernis had been reasonably confident that ultimately he must prevail with them, by means of the prospect of that Spanish gold. But he had expected at the outset a violent explosion of passion over the death of their leader, and he had been bracing himself to meet it. It took him by surprise to discover how little any such effort would be required of him. In the circumstances in which it had befallen, Tom Leach's death was no calamity to any of those predatory rogues who followed him. What mattered was that the man who was to lead them to fortune had been preserved.

And so, with scarcely a lowering glance to follow him, Monsieur de Bernis was permitted to sheath his sword and resume his garments.

The buccaneers broke up the circle and fell into babbling groups, busily discussing the event, its details and its consequences. Already even sounds of laughter began to punctuate their arguments, whilst the dead man lay there almost at their feet, staring up at them from glazed eyes. Wogan actually came to help Monsieur de Bernis into his coat.

He turned from the Irishman, and went briskly up the beach. Miss Priscilla watched his approach with eyes that were almost of awe. He was so calm, so entirely master of himself, so apparently unruffled, as if he came from some normal daily task. Was he made of iron that he could bear himself thus within a few moments of himself, facing death and after killing a man?

At closer quarters, when at last he stood before them, she saw that he was very pale under his tan, and she was thankful, relieved—though she scarcely knew why—to discover in him at least the sign of feeling.

"I hope that you were not unduly alarmed," she heard him saying in his pleasant, level voice. "It was my wish that you should be spared that spectacle."

CHAPTER 46

"YOU meant to kill him? You sought him for that purpose?"

He sensed the recoil in her. "It had become necessary. For some days indeed. But I had to wait. I had to wait until the time was ripe for it. It was not easy waiting; for he had become a danger. Above all, he had become a danger to you, Priscilla."

"Was that . . . Was that why you killed him?" she asked in a hushed, faltering voice.

He considered her gravely an instant before replying. "Not entirely. But if it did not supply all the reason, it supplied all the desire. Because of you, and because of what he had dared and what he hoped, I killed him without compunction."

She set a hand upon his arm. At the impulsive gesture, the Major frowned a little and looked down at his pose. But no heed was paid to him.

"I was afraid—so afraid—that I supplied the only reason. If you had fallen . . ." She seemed to choke. When she recovered, she continued on another thought. "Afterwards I was even more afraid. I thought his men would have torn you in pieces. I still do not understand. It seemed to me you must be in great danger."

"I am in danger," he answered quietly. "But I was in no danger there. The danger is still to come."

As he spoke, Pierre, from a place or two in the background, leapt suddenly forward.

"Monsieur!"

De Bernis turned to face the sea. Into view round the shoulder of the bluff, a cable's length beyond the entrance of the cove came three tall red ships, sailing almost abreast, and taking in sail as they majestically advanced into fuller view. Across the water came the creak of blocks and the rattle of spars.

Monsieur de Bernis appeared to stiffen. "It has come, this danger," he said, in a low voice.

On the beach below them the buccaneers stood staring out across the lagoon in an utter stricken silence, as if suddenly paralysed. Thus for a half-dozen heart-beats. Then, as the Union flag broke from each main-truck, and the ships began to swing into line to starboard, heading straight for the entrance of the lagoon, it was as if hordes had vomited all its devils on to the shore. Shouting, cursing, raging all together, the groups broke up and the men ran this way and that, blindly, aimlessly scattering. Thus had de Bernis seen rats scampers and run into the dark hold of a ship a light had suddenly been lowered.

In that first sudden panic, only a few of them were purposeful in their flight, and ran deliberately for cover behind the careened hull of the Black Swan. For the thought in the minds of all must have been that these heavily-armed vessels, obviously hostile, and probably belonging to Morgan's Jamaica squadron, which for months had been scouring the seas in quest of Tom Leach, would presently be sweeping the beach with their guns.

It was Wogan who led the way to cover, whilst Bundry stood and

cursed him for a loathly coward and a fool, who by his very conduct was betraying them all to observation eyes upon the ships. For Bundry kept his head, and succeeded, when that first spasm of surprised terror had spent itself, in recalling the main body of buccaneers to their senses and to some semblance of order.

"What's to alarm you, you rascals?" he roared at them, straining a voice that was anything but powerful until it cracked upon his words. "What's to alarm you? Whoever these may be, what can they know of us? What can they see here except a ship careened, and another riding peacefully at anchor?"

Men paused, steadied themselves, and came clustering about him to hear him.

Thus he harangued them, and thus restored, gradually, some of their spilled courage. Ellis and Halliwell, themselves encouraged by Bundry's obvious common sense, went to his assistance in this task of restoring order. The buccaneers broke into groups again, and squatted on the sands or moved now, as if unalarmed, like men whose consciences are at ease. Thus, until the leading ship, a powerful vessel of forty guns, being within the neck of the lagoon, swung broadside on, and revealed open gun-ports with the guns run out ready for action.

At this the buccaneers fell again to muttering ominously, their adopted calm dissolving before that menacing sight. Still, Bundry held them in leash.

"A blight on you you fools! What she shows her teeth? What then? Not knowing who we are or what we may intend, she puts herself on guard. That's all."

But, to give him the lie, a white cauliflower of smoke broke suddenly upon the flank of that leading ship, followed instantly by the boom of a gun, and simultaneously with this the Centaur staggered where she rode so peacefully at anchor, and, with a crash, there was a flight of splinters from her bulwarks where they had been struck high up by that shot at short range.

A second shot, following hard upon the first, to batter the bulwarks of the Centaur, riveted them there to gaze, awe-stricken and momentarily silent, expecting a broadside to follow that should sink the appropriated merchantman.

But none came. That second shot evoking no response from the Centaur, her gun-ports remaining closed, and her decks displaying no sign of life, the newcomer held her fire. She had taken in sail by now, as had the other two; and in the queer, uncanny silence rang the rattle of chains and the creaking of windlasses. They were coming to anchor there in the roadstead, within a half-dozen cables' length of the shore.

That the buccaneers had to deal with a foe, and with a foe who was well informed of their identity, they could doubt no longer in view of that demonstration against the Centaur. What particular action would be taken by these ships when they had anchored, these men could not surmise. But that it would be action to their undoing they were assured, and in their rage at finding themselves thus trapped, helpless here ashore, in the very situation that Leach had always feared, they cast about them for a scapegoat, as stupid men will in their anger.

Thus it happened that presently there was a surge of them up the beach to the spot where Monsieur de Bernis was standing, with Miss Priscilla on his left, the Major on her other side, and Pierre, with a strained and anxious look on his coppery countenance, in the immediate background.

Monsieur de Bernis, who never in all his adventurous life had been more alert and watchful than in the last few moments, expecting precisely this development, and exercising his wits as to how to meet the onslaught when it came, drew closer to Miss Priscilla until his arm touched her shoulder.

"It comes now, this danger," she heard him murmur. "Stand firm, and do not be afraid."

With that he stepped forward boldly to meet this human wave that was sweeping forward to engulf him. Very straight he stood, his chin high, his plumed hat slightly cocked, his left hand resting on the hilt of his long rapier, so that the weapon standing out behind him made a right angle with his body.

Wildly clamoring that fierce wave—that mob of close upon two hundred men—came to break and recoil a little at his very feet. A sea of angry, evil faces confronted him; curses and foulnesses almost deafened him; brawny bare arms were outflung towards him; fists were shaken in his face, and one there was at fairly close quarters who brandished a machete as if to cut him down.

He stood like a rock before it all, dominating them by his height and his intrepidity. His voice rang like a trumpet, clear and sharp, audible even above their howls.

"What's here?" he demanded. "You fools! Do you attack the only man with the wit to save you from this danger?"

Their noise fell to a mutter, a rumble as of receding waters, and presently it was still so that they might hear him before they made an end of him. Bundry, he saw, was trying to break his way through to the front rank. And presently that clay-faced, resolute ship-master struggled up to him, and there turned to wave the assailants back. Bundry, after all, had a practical mind. He was not a man to be swept by passion into blindness. Never in any situation did he lose sight of the essential thing.

"Wait! Back there!" he croaked at them. "Give us air! Let's hear what Churley has to say." And he turned to de Bernis. "What are these ships? Do you know?"

"Don't you? The leader there is the Royal Mary, Morgan's flagship. They are all three of the Jamaica squadron. We've Morgan on our hands. Sir Henr, Morgan. But he comes too late for what he seeks. It's Tom Leach he's hunting."

They roared at him that they, themselves, still remained to be brought to account, and how did he suppose that they would fare at Morgan's hands?

"I know now I shall fare," he answered them, and he actually laughed as he spoke, though with more than a touch of bitterness. "There's no doubt at all on that score. No need to be a prophet to foretell it. So if ye want to cut my throat as to thwart Morgan of the pleasure of hanging me, by my faith, ye're welcome. I dare say it will be the pleasanter end."

THE BLACK SWAN

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

CHAPTER 47.

THIS reminder that, whatever might betide any of them at Morgan's hands, he, who had been Morgan's Lieutenant, and who, deserting, had taken to the sea again and gone a-roving in their company, would certainly meet with no mercy, gave them sudden pause. Here was something they had overlooked. There was no argument by which he could have made a stronger appeal to their sympathy.

And then, suddenly, Wogan came sliding through them. He had come from cover with several fellows at his heels, intent as most of the men were intent upon making a scapegoat of de Bernis. Intent that, since destruction perhaps awaited most of them, de Bernis should certainly not escape, but should be the first to pay.

And there he stood, tall and lanky, threshing the air with his long arms in his excitement as he poured forth his venom.

"Let him talk as he pleases; it's Toppallant Charley we're to thank for this. It was he who brought us here. It's his fault, so it is, that we're caught with never a keel under us; trapped like rats in a gin, and helpless at the mercy of Morgan!" He flung out an accusing arm, so that his hand almost struck Monsieur de Bernis in the face. "It's Charley's doing! Bad cess to him!"

Before the rage which Wogan fanned in those wild ruffianly souls could blaze forth, de Bernis was answering him, and by tone and manner and very words was compelling attention.

"Will you make a scapegoat of me for your own blundering incompetence, you lubberly cat?"

He paused upon that question which struck Wogan dumb with amazement and arrested the attention of all. Then, with an increasing vehemence, with a simulation of indignation, he went on to scarily the Irishman.

"If we are helpless as you say, the fault lies between you and that dead cut-throat, Tom Leach, whose worthy Lieutenant you are. If either of you had known anything of your trade, there would be guns emplaced on that bluff with which to have given Morgan a warm welcome."

Again he paused, and this time no fear of interruption made him hurry to resume. He knew that what he had said must whet the men's appetite for more. It was something that leapt to the eye when uttered. One and all of them must perceive the force of it, and, perceiving this, they would wait for his amplification of the charge he brought, he, the accused, turned suddenly accuser.

"Pardieu! You come bleating here to make it seem that I am to blame, you numbskull! Ha! Why, you and Tom Leach between you were never fit to command anything, afloat or ashore. And here's the proof of it: in the disaster to which we are now betrayed. And you say it was I. I brought Leach to careen here because there is no better beach than this for careening in all the Caribbean. But I did not tell him to pile his guns there on the shore like so much rotten dungage." He pointed to the spot

where the guns had been stacked when first they were landed from the Black Swan. "How do you know that I did not warn him? Do you suppose that I did not advise him to set up earthworks on the bluff there, and mount guns to command the entrance of the lagoon? We dispose of sixty guns between the two ships. With those, we could have defied the whole Jamaica squadron. We could have sunk any ship that tried to force an entrance here. But how did he receive my advice?"

He was never allowed to tell them. For here, Wogan, quivering with fury, interrupted him. "It's a lie! I don't believe it! He never advised it at all! It's a lie!"

"Is it?" quoth de Bernis, and now he was actually smiling, if very grimly. "We will agree it is a lie. But, my faith, what were you doing: what were you and he doing that you did not think of it for yourselves? He was the captain and you were his Lieutenant, Wogan; and between you lay the responsibility for the safety of your men. How does it happen that neither you nor he thought of placing this cove in a state of fortification? Can you shift the blame for that on to any other shoulders? Leach is dead, and cannot answer. But you are alive, and you can answer. There are your men, the men who, through your carelessness and incompetence, leadership are now trapped here as you say. Answer them! Answer them!"

And from the throats of those buccaneers whom de Bernis's indictment had lashed into sudden fury came in a raucous roar the demand: "Answer! Answer!"

"By Jupiter!" screamed Wogan, in sudden affright to see the storm so swiftly and craftily defected upon his own head. "Will ye be listening to this liar? Have ye never heard tell of Toppallant Charley's artfulness that ye'll be deceived by it? Will ye be the dupes of his foxy, cozening tongue? I tell you he's . . ."

"Tell us why ye mounted no guns on the bluff!" a buccaneer interrupted him.

"Answer for your cuckoldy self," cried another, and—"Answer as he bids you, good-for-nothing!" a third demanded, whereafter in a roar he was assailed by the cry: "Answer! Answer!"

Again he paused, and this time no fear of interruption made him hurry to resume. He knew that what he had said must whet the men's appetite for more. It was something that leapt to the eye when uttered. One and all of them must perceive the force of it, and, perceiving this, they would wait for his amplification of the charge he brought, he, the accused, turned suddenly accuser.

"Let the fool be!" he admonished them. After all, considering where the blame lies will not save us from this danger. It's how to meet it we must consider."

And from the men came a roar of confirmation to encourage de Bernis. His brow was dark with thought. He turned his shoulders upon Wogan, who, shaken and still trembling from the fright he had sustained, had fallen back a little, and waited white-faced and half-numbed for whatever might follow now that he had shot his bolt and found it turned into a boomerang.

Monsieur de Bernis was smiling wistfully as he replied. "I doubt

if Toppallant Charley will lead any buccaneers after to-day, whatever may betide the rest of you. And yet, voyons, it is possible that I may save myself with you. For you, I think, I certainly can save."

There came from the villainous multitude an inarticulate sound such as is made by a great wave against a rock. It was a gasp expressive of their incredulity before such an announcement. And then, as the sound of it was dying down, a gun boomed from the flagship, to turn them startled towards the sea once more.

CHAPTER 48.

THE shot had been fired high to draw their attention. The ball crashed into the palm trees beyond them. And now, as they looked, they saw the reefed foretopsail being raised and lowered. Monsieur de Bernis, with his eyes upon that signalling, was quietly counting.

"It is a call to send a boat." They turned to him again for direction. He took command, quite naturally. "We must obey, or we shall be swept with hangrel. Some of you launch the longboat. See to it, Hallwell."

"D'ye want me to go?" quoth Hallwell, agast.

"No, no. But be launching the boat, so as to let them see that we are obeying. Thus they will hold their fire. Take your time in doing it."

Hallwell picked out six or eight men for the task, and these reluctantly departed, stifling their curiosity to hear what de Bernis might have to propose, by what means it was in his mind to work this miracle he had promised them.

The Frenchman addressed himself particularly to Bundry, but spoke so faintly that all might hear him.

"You are to remember that there is one thing that Morgan wants, and he wants it desperately; one thing that he is seeking, one thing for which, in the name of the English Crown, he has offered five hundred pounds. That is what he offers. But if I know him at all, to secure that thing which so long he has coveted, he would pay even more; a deal more. It might be possible even to drive such a bargain with him as would secure the lives and liberty of all of us in exchange for that one thing. Fortunately we are in a position to offer him this, to him so precious object. It is the head of Tom Leach."

Bundry sucked in his breath in surprise. He understood; but he was mistrustful. Not so the men: there was a stir among them, even a laugh or two. They perceived a grim humor in such a bargain as Monsieur de Bernis proposed to drive; an ingenuous swindle, diverting to the rascals that were to profit by its perpetration; for Morgan was not to know that Leach was dead already.

And then Ellis, stepping forward, showed a difficulty.

"Aye, aye. That may well be. But who's to bear him that offer? Which of us would be safe in Morgan's lousy hands? I know the mangy old wolf of old. If any of us was to go to him with this, that one'd never return. Morgan'd hang him from a yardarm and demand Tom's head as well. That's if he'd consent to the bargain at all."

"He'll never consent," said Bundry, with sudden conviction. "Why should he? He has us all at his

mercy. The old wolf'll ask unconditional surrender, and you should know it, de Bernis. Ye're a fool to think otherwise, and we're fools to listen to you."

There was a momentary start from de Bernis. But he recovered at once.

"Fools, maybe. But not because you listen. Are you so sure he has us at his mercy? What if we take to the woods? Will he dare to land a force and follow us? Has he no ambash to fear? And how long would he take to starve us into surrender?" He felt about him a revival of the hope which Bundry had momentarily damped. "What I propose may be a forlorn chance. Morgan may utterly reject it as you fear. But at least let us try him with this bargain. Remember how desperately he covets the head of Tom Leach; in what danger he stands of disgrace with his Government until he gets it."

The men loudly insisting, Bundry was overborne. He shrugged. "Very well. But, as Ellis says, who's to bear that message? Which of us can trust himself in Morgan's hands? Unless we send Wogan. And faith, why not? It's Wogan is to blame next to Leach for this situation."

"Aye!" cried Wogan. "Not you, swine, Bundry! Ye're as much to blame yourself!"

"I'm but a ship-master, not a fighting seaman," Bundry answered him.

Monsieur de Bernis interposed. "Wait! Wait!" He half-turned and looked at Priscilla, who, with the Major's protecting arm about her waist, stood there aloof, with all the sense of living through an ugly, terrifying dream.

"There is my wife," he said. "Morgan does not make war on women. He never did, not even before he came to be Governor of Jamaica. Nor can he treat a woman as a buccaneer. She will be safe in his hands. Her brother and my servant Pierre will suffice to man the longboat and pull her out across the lagoon. That resolves the difficulty. She shall bear our message, our offer to Morgan: our lives and liberty, with freedom to depart from here in our ships, in exchange for the head of Tom Leach."

"Can ye hope he'll accept?" quoth Bundry, his beady dark eyes searching the calm face of the Frenchman.

"But why not?" He spoke confidently. "He looks upon Leach as the soul and brain of you all. It is his conviction that, if Leach were taken, this company would disband. Moreover, as I've said—and it is upon this I stake all—he fears that unless he can shortly report to the Government that he has made an end of Tom Leach, the Government may make an end of him."

There was some muttering and some considering among the men, some argument between Ellis and Bundry.

But whatever they considered, it certainly played no part in their deliberations whether Morgan would be as tender of Madame de Bernis as her husband hoped. If they thought he took too sanguine a view of that, they did not allow the thoughts to weigh. What mattered was that here was someone who would bear the message. What might afterwards befall her was purely the affair of de Bernis who had proposed it.

And so in the end it was even with a measure of gratitude and a

THE BLACK SWAN

29

deal of admiration for the wit that had discovered this possible way of escape, that they urged de Bernis to put his plan into execution.

Miss Priscilla went down the beach to the boat which Hallwell's men had launched. She walked between Monsieur de Bernis and Major Sands, with Ellis and Bundy hanging on either flank. Pierre following at their heels, and a few of the buccaneers straggling after them; and she walked as she had walked in dreams, her mind clouded by a mist of unreality.

Few words had been employed. When the matter was settled between Monsieur de Bernis and the buccaneers, the Frenchman had stepped up to her.

"You have heard what is required of you, Priscilla?" he had said, and he was gently smiling encouragement.

She nodded. "I have heard," she said, and there checked, staring at him, her face blanched, deepest trouble in her clear eyes.

Gravely he answered that look: "You have nothing to fear. Sir Henry Morgan will treat you with consideration."

"I could not suppose that you would send me unless you were convinced of that," she answered steadily. Then she asked the question that revealed the real source of her fear. "But you?"

"I?" His smile deepened a little. He shrugged. "I am in the hands of Fate. I do not think he will treat me unkindly. It depends now upon you."

"Upon me?"
"Upon your bearing this message for us and upon how you deliver it."

"If that is really so; if this is really for your good, you can depend upon me indeed."

He inclined his head in acknowledgment.

"Come, then. We have no time to lose. The boat is ready. I will write the message for you as we go."

Thus they set out, the Major silent, endeavoring to preserve a stolidity upon his broad florid countenance, least he should betray his surprise and satisfaction at beholding the opening of a door of escape from circumstances which to him had been intolerable as a nightmare.

As they went, Monsieur de Bernis gave her the terms of the message she was to deliver, and he desired Major Sands's attention to it also. They were simply to offer Morgan the head of Tom Leach, upon which he had placed the price of five hundred pounds in exchange for the lives and freedom to depart, at their own leisure upon their own ships, of all those now upon Maldita. If more were needed, and as an earnest of their good faith and their intention to quit piracy, they would disarm their ships, and cast their guns into the sea under Morgan's eyes.

If Morgan would not agree these terms, then let him know that, abundantly supplied with provisions and ammunition, they would take to the woods, and if he chose to pursue them there, he would do so at his peril. In such circumstances, they would be in a position to hold out indefinitely.

At his request, she repeated the words after him, as did also Major Sands. Ellis and Bundy nodded their gloomy approval of the message, and so they came to the wet

sand at the water's edge, where half-a-dozen men, knee-deep in the sand, held the long boat in readiness.

Hallwell offered to carry the lady to the boat, the Major and Pierre could wade for themselves.

But now Priscilla, white and trembling, turned suddenly fully to face de Bernis, and caught him by the arms above the elbow.

"Charles!" was all that she could say. "Charles!" But there was agony in her voice, a haunting fear in her eyes.

He bowed his tall uncovered head, and a smile of encouragement, sweet and rather wistful, irradiated the swarthy gloom of it.

"Child! I repeat, you have nothing to fear. Nothing. Morgan does not make war upon women."

There was a flash that was almost of anger from her eyes. "Have you not yet understood that it is not for myself that I am afraid? Must you always think so meanly of me?"

The smile passed from his face; pain was reflected in it; his eyes, considering her, grew sad.

"Brave little soul . . ." he began, and there checked. He turned to Ellis and Bundy, who stood by.

"Sir, give us leave apart a moment. It is possible that I may never see her again."

CHAPTER 49

ELLIS made shift to move away. But the cold, calculating Bundy resolutely stood his ground. He tightened his thin lips, and shook his head.

"It will not serve, Charley. We know the message that she carries now. We don't know the message she may carry if you speak to her apart."

"You don't trust me?" He seemed genuinely taken aback.

Bundy spat thoughtfully. "I'd rather trust myself if it comes to trusting anybody."

"But what could I do? What other message could I possibly send? What bargain could I drive for myself, since that must be what's in your mind?"

"I don't know. But not knowing, we'll keep on the safe side. Come, man. Take your leave here. What the devil! You're man and wife, ain't ye? What need to be so coy?"

Monsieur de Bernis sighed, and smiled again, a little sadly. "So, Priscilla. There is no more to say. It is perhaps just as well." He bent and kissed her. It was his intention to kiss her cheek; but she turned her lips fully to meet his own.

"Charles!" she said again, in that low, anguished voice.

Monsieur de Bernis stepped back, and waded to Hallwell. The corpulent ship-master, obeying the signal, picked her up in his arms, and waded out to bestow her in the stern-sheets of the waiting boat. Then the Major and Pierre followed, swung each a leg over the side, took their places on the thwart, and got out the sweeps. The buccaneers gave the boat a forward thrust, and so she was launched upon her voyage, a little white flag of truce fluttering in her bows.

Monsieur de Bernis stood with the wavelets rustling at his feet watching the boat for a little while. Priscilla did not look back. She sat in the stern-sheets, with her shoulders to the shore, a little crumpled figure in green. At last he turned, and very slowly, with

his chin sinking into the ruffles at his throat, he moved up the beach, Bunday and Ellis following him with no word spoken.

In the longboat Priscilla was softly weeping, so that at last Pierre, who sat beyond the Major, was moved to comfort her. He spoke to her over the Major's shoulder,

"Mademoiselle," he begged her in French, "do not weep. There is no need. All will be well with Monsieur de Bernis. He knows what he is doing. Believe me, all will be well with him."

"And, anyway," said the Major, "it's no great matter if it isn't."

Thus he expressed the bitterness aroused in him by that little scene he had witnessed at the water's edge. It provided a fitting, exasperating climax to all that he had been constrained to endure in this past month. It was high time, he thought, to restore things to their proper places in their lives, high time that Priscilla should recover the perspective which she appeared, from her latest conduct, utterly to have lost.

In this mood they came bumping alongside of the Royal Mary, Morgan's flagship, until Pierre, standing at the bows, steadied the longboat at the foot of the entrance-ladder.

Miss Priscilla, disdaining the assistance of the Major's proffered hand, but accepting that which Pierre extended, was the first to climb the tall, red side of the ship, with Major Sands following close behind to save her from falling in case of need.

His words certainly had the immediate effect of checking her tears. Momentarily, at least, her concern, anxiety, and grief were overcome by indignation. From a white, tear-stained face her eyes blazed, as they encountered the Major's.

"What do you dare to say?" she asked him, with such scornful anger that he would not have had the temerity to repeat his words even if she had given him time. "Is that how you speak of a man who has placed himself in danger, who has pledged his very life to ensure our safety, to provide us with a means of escape?"

The Major, meeting resentment with resentment, answered sullenly. "I don't perceive that at all. Stab me if I do."

"You don't? Then you are even more stupid than I have been supposing you."

"Priscilla!" He stopped rowing in his unutterable stupefaction.

Pierre's oars, sweeping rhythmically forward, struck his own suspended ones, and jarred him unpleasantly, and almost knocked him off his thwart. But he paid little heed to that. It was the end of the world. Only the realization that, overwrought, she was not responsible for her words, enabled him to condone it. He smiled with the patient, exasperatingly indulgent amusement of noble minds.

"This pirate fellow is using us for his own ends. If you can't see that, you must be purblind, Priscilla. Consider the terms of the message . . ."

"There is nothing to consider but what he is doing. No perversity, no meanness, can change the appearance of that. He has had no thought but to deliver us. It is noble of him. It justifies all my steady faith in him."

The Major permitted himself to laugh at this. Looking at his face, disturbed by that sardonic hilarity, she considered it the most repulsive she had ever seen.

"Noble!" he mocked, and went on to explain his point of view. "That nobility is rooted in concern for his own skin. Finding himself caught thus-thieving pirate hopes to make terms; and he counts himself lucky to have us under his hand, so that he may send us with his message."

That's his nobility, as you shall see, child."

From behind him came the gentle voice and the imperfect English of Pierre.

"If Monsieur de Bernis escape himself from t'is, he shall be tol' what a good opinion you ave of him."

"Why, so he shall! I shall tell him so myself!" the Major snorted, in fresh anger at this further opposition.

Il-humoredly he bent to the oars again, and after that an angry silence reigned in the boat, Priscilla disdaining to push the argument further.

In this mood they came bumping alongside of the Royal Mary, Morgan's flagship, until Pierre, standing at the bows, steadied the longboat at the foot of the entrance-ladder.

Miss Priscilla, disdaining the assistance of the Major's proffered hand, but accepting that which Pierre extended, was the first to climb the tall, red side of the ship, with Major Sands following close behind to save her from falling in case of need.

At the head of the ladder she was received by a middle-aged, over-dressed man, or an almost obese habit of body, whose yellow, fleshy face, adorned by a pair of drooping moustaches, was coarse and unpropitious. This was Sir Henry Morgan. From the bulwarks he had watched her ascent of the accommodation ladder with a scowling stare. He advanced to hand her down into the waist of the ship.

CHAPTER 50

SAVE us! What's here?" he asked, when he stood level with her in the waist. "In heaven's name, who may you be, madam?"

She answered him steadily. "I am Priscilla Harradine, daughter of Sir John Harradine, who was lately Captain-General of the Leeward Islands." And she added: "You will be Sir Henry Morgan?"

He removed his gaudily plumed hat from his heavy periwig, and made a leg. There was something ponderously sardonic in his manner, yet with a hint of gallantry behind it, as if in that chaste and sagging body still shouldered embers of the romantic fires of sprightliness.

"To serve you, madam. But what may Miss Priscilla Harradine be doing in the blackguardly company of Tom Leach and his crew? Odd company that for a Captain-General's daughter."

"I come as an ambassador, Sir Henry."

"From those cut-throats? Od rot me, madam! But how do you happen amongst them?"

The Major who had meanwhile climbed the ladder, and for a moment had paused at the head of it, stepped down into the waist and thrust himself forward self-sufficiently. At last he found himself among men who could not ignore his rank and consequence.

"I am Major Sands," he announced. "Major Bartholomew Sands, second-in-command at Antigua to the late Sir John Harradine."

The dark eyes of Morgan considered him, and the Major was not reassured. He found those eyes of a singular, mocking malevolence.

THE BLACK SWAN

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

The heavy face, darkened by a frown at the root of the prominent predatory nose, reflected none of the deference the Major had hoped to command by the announcement of his name and rank.

"That being so, and Sir John being dead, what the devil are you doing so far from your command? Were you both kidnapped from Antigua by any chance? If so, I hadn't heard of it."

In dignified resentment of Sir Henry's manner, the Major answered loftily. "We were on our way to England on a ship named the Centaur. She's over there." He pointed to her where she stood within the lugom. "With us traveled a French ruffian named de Bernis, who once, I believe, was your lieutenant."

"Ah!" the dull yellow face lighted suddenly with interest. The sneering malevolence of its expression seemed to deepen. "That ruffian de Bernis, eh? Continue, pray."

Miss Priscilla would have interrupted the Major. But he would not be interrupted. He swept on headlong with his tale of the boarding of the Centaur by Tom Leach, and the manner in which de Bernis had revealed himself to the pirates. He was still sketching what had followed and abusively qualifying de Bernis' name at every mention of it, when Sir Henry, standing before him with wide-planted feet and arms akimbo, roughly interrupted him.

"If I am telling me the truth," he said, "seems to me this de Bernis has saved your lives and perhaps more."

"If I am telling you the truth?" quoth the Major, with immense dignity. "If I am telling you the truth, do you say, Sir Henry? That is very nearly to give me the lie circumstantial."

"Hades take your vapors, sir," Morgan roared at him. "What then? Unless you're a liar, you're the meanest man I've met in years."

The Major, going red and white by turns, drew himself up. "Sir Henry, I have the honor to hold the King's commission, and . . ."

"Why, so have I, sir. So have I. And so has many another scoundrel. That proves nothing." He made a repudiating gesture with an enormous freckled hand. "We're wasting time. What I desire to know is how you come here aboard my ship, and why?" He swung to the lady with a smile and a bow. "Perhaps you will tell me, madam."

Eagerly she complied, glad that the poison Major Sands had been pouring forth was stemmed at last.

"We bring you a message, Sir Henry, from Monsieur de Bernis."

"Ah!" He was all attention, ignoring the Major, who had fallen back, his livid with anger was biting his lip.

"An offer of terms, Sir Henry."

"Terms?" He blew out his enormous cheeks. "Terms?" He turned with a hoarse, fat laugh to the officer behind him. "There's impudence! An offer of terms when we have them at the pistol-muzzle. Well, well! In heaven's name. What are these terms?"

She began to explain to him, as she had been instructed, that the buccaneers were not quite at the pistol-muzzle; that they could take to the woods, where they might not be followed save at great peril. She was still eloquently at this when he interrupted her, a rude, overbearing man.

"The terms! The terms!" he demanded impatiently.

She stated them. Monsieur de Bernis offered to give up Tom Leach, alive or dead, to disarm the ships and fling their guns into the sea, in return for the honors of war in other respects and freedom for the buccaneers to depart in their own time. Those were the terms. But she did more than state them; her tone pleaded for their acceptance as if she were advocating the cause of Monsieur de Bernis.

The dark eyes embedded in those bulging cheeks watched her curiously the while, the keen ears and keen wits missing nothing. Then Sir Henry looked at the livid Major, leaning with affectations of wounded dignity against the bulwarks, and under cover of his drooping moustache his heavy lips writhed with sardonic mirth.

"The honors of war!" he echoed slowly, a man infinitely amused.

It provoked from her a resumption of the argument of what the buccaneers could still do if their terms were not accepted. This time he listened to her, the fleshly face creased in a sly amusement that she found almost exasperating. This fat, oily, sinister man was without mercy; a man who loved cruelty for its own sake. She saw this plainly, and yet, faint and nauseated, she gallantly held her ground before him, fighting the battle of Monsieur de Bernis.

"Ah!" he said, when she had done. "Madam, you are well delivered out of your dangers, and so are you, Major. I congratulate you both upon that. It is no wonder, madam, that you plead the case of that rascal de Bernis so eloquently. I perceive and respect the gratitude that moves you."

"And you will agree his terms?" In her eagerness she stepped close up to him.

He smiled down upon her, and again there was in his manner that hint of gallantry. Then his eyes travelled beyond her to the Major. "You, sir, are not so deeply concerned, I think?"

"At the risk of being misunderstood, again," the Major answered importantly. "I must confess that I am not. Right is right, and wrong is wrong. I have a clear perception, I hope, of one and the other. As for gratitude, I do not perceive the occasion for it. This fellow de Bernis has found us convenient tools for his work. There was no man of all that crew of cut-throats who would have ventured within your reach to deliver his message."

The great body shook with sudden laughter. "That I can believe, by heaven! They've a respect for my yardarms. You may be right, Major. You may be right." He turned abruptly to the young officer in command of the musketeers.

"Take a dozen men, Sharples, and go ashore with a white flag. Tell those rascallions that before I'll so much as discuss terms with them, I demand the surrender, not only of Tom Leach, but of this rascal de Bernis as well. When I have those two aboard here, I'll consider what's to do. Not before. And tell them that my guns are trained on the beach, and that if I see any sign of a movement towards the woods, I'll sweep them to hell with朗格. Is that clear? Away with you."

The fair-faced lieutenant's salute was eloquent of understanding. His

fresh young voice rang out in a sharp command. Musketeers stepped briskly forward in obedience, and filed towards the entrance ladder.

The Major was smiling. For this he could forgive Morgan everything. The fellow might be a rude scoundrel turncoat pirate, but he knew how to handle a situation.

Miss Priscilla, white now to the lips, took a stumbling step towards Sir Henry, and laid a timid, trembling hand upon his massive arm.

"Sir . . . Sir . . ." she stammered pleadingly.

Peremptorily the stout gentleman waved his officer away, and turned to hear her. "Your servant, madam."

"Sir, what the Major has said is scarcely true. I am sure that, in sending us, Monsieur de Bernis' main thought was to deliver us from danger. I owe so much to him . . . so very much. He has behaved so gallantly . . . so gallantly . . ."

Sir Henry laughed, a deep, throaty laugh that made her shudder. Then he frowned and the frown brought back that evil sinister wrinkle to the base of his nose.

"Oh, ah! To be sure. To be sure. Vastly gallant fellows these Frenchmen. And who more gallant than de Bernis? Oh, I'll be sworn he behaved gallantly. He was never the man to waste opportunities."

She thought him disgusting, and shuddered under his searing eyes. But bravely she stifled her feelings.

CHAPTER 51

SI R HENRY, I desire you to hear me. I implore you to hear me."

"Be sure, madam, that beauty never implored Harry Morgan in vain." He seemed to laugh inwardly, as if at memories. "You would, madam?"

"It is of Monsieur de Bernis, sir. I owe life and more than life to him . . ."

"Why, so I had understood." The dark eyes twinkled odiously. She ignored the interruption. "My father was a loyal and valued servant of the Crown. Surely, sir—surely the service rendered by Monsieur de Bernis to my father's daughter should weigh for something in his favor. Should be accounted to him in any judgment."

He considered her with mock gravity. Then the horrible fellow was moved again to mirth. "It's a romantic plea and a novel 'Od's heart! I remember in my day services to many a father's daughter; but none ever counted them to my credit. I lacked your advocacy, madam." He was turning away.

"But, Sir Henry . . ." She began again in desperation.

But Sir Henry could not stay. "No more now, madam." Uncertainly he turned on his heel, and rolled away on his elephantine legs, bawling for bos'n and gunner, and issuing orders right and left.

In miserable dejection Miss Priscilla watched the hands mustered for shore go over the side, followed by Lieutenant Sharples. From the bulwarks she saw them board the longboat in which Pierre waited, saw it cast off and draw away towards the beach.

An officer came to her with Sir Henry's compliments and would she and Major Sands accept the Admiral's hospitality in the great cabin.

Major Sands supported the invitation kindly, gentle concern now

replacing in him an indignation which he perceived could nothing profit him.

It was therefore in a tone of solicitude that he said:

"You will be better in the cabin, Priscilla."

"I thank you," she answered coldly. "I am well enough here."

The officer bowed and withdrew. She remained leaning on the bulwarks, her gaze following the boat in its swift journey towards the beach, where the buccaneers waited. She could make out quite clearly amongst them, well in the foreground, the tall commanding figure of Monsieur de Bernis. Bunday, Hallwell and Ellis were with him, and the four of them made a group apart from the rest.

Major Sands stood at her elbow. "My dear Priscilla, this is the end of the adventure, and we have deep cause for thankfulness that it should end so. Deep cause."

"We have," she miserably agreed with him. "For thankfulness to Charles de Bernis."

This was not at all the answer he desired. But he realised the futility of argument with a mind obsessed and obstinate. It could lead only to acrimony, and acrimony was the last thing the Major desired between them. He could afford, after all, he reflected, to be generous. Magnanimously Major Sands would forget the incident, and all would be again as it had been before this disastrous adventure.

Thus Major Sands reassured himself and took confident comfort, whilst Miss Priscilla watched the boat's progress towards land.

Its keel grated on the fine shingle, and Lieutenant Sharples stepped ashore alone, leaving his musketeers in the boat with their firelocks at the ready. Miss Priscilla could distinctly make out the officer in his long red coat, standing stiffly before Monsieur de Bernis and his three companions. In the background the main body of the buccaneers was assembled. They were drawn up with some semblance of order in their ranks, and it was obvious that they were attentive to what was passing between their leaders and the representative of Sir Henry Morgan.

In this group it was clear that the Lieutenant's message was creating some excitement. Bunday, Ellis, and Hallwell appeared to be talking all at once, and with some violence of gesture. Monsieur de Bernis remained a little aloof looking on whilst his own fate was being decided. One only attempt he had made to sway the decision, and that was when first Lieutenant Sharples had delivered Morgan's message, demanding de Bernis' own surrender. With some heat he had taken it upon himself to reply, as well he might since he was concerned so closely.

"Go you back to Morgan," he had said before any of the others had time to speak, "and tell him that if that's his last word, we can take to the woods and . . ."

There, however, he had been interrupted by Hallwell. Thrusting him aside almost roughly with his elbow, the corpulent shipmaster had stepped forward.

"Fools!" he had growled. "There's no sense in that. Morgan can sink the Centaur and riddle the Black Swan until she's just a wreck of timber, leaving us here to rot and maybe starve."

"Steady! Steady!" Bunday had

THE BLACK SWAN

31

interposed. "We're not so easily snuffed. We've timber in plenty and the means and the ability to build."

Argument followed. Wogan whiningly supported Sir Henry's envoy. "Och, now what else can we do but comply?" Sure, it's a hateful thing, so it is, to surrender Charley. But when it's either that or surrender every mother's son of us, what choice have we?"

"And that's the plague fact," Hallwell cordially agreed.

But Bundy, of tougher fibre and further vision, was for resistance. If he could keep de Bernis with them, and with their ships unimpaired, even if they lost their guns, they might still try conclusions with the Spanish plate ships. Buccaneers had overcome far heavier odds in their time. So cursing his companions for a pair of spiritless rats, he pleaded that Morgan should remain content with Leach only. Leach they would surrender at once. Ellis, swayed by him, supplemented his arguments. But the Lieutenant remained unmoved. He answered shortly that he had no authority to haggle or parley, that he had delivered his message, and that the rest was their affair.

CHAPTER 52

BUNDY turned his clay-colored face to de Bernis, thrusting out a lip and shrugging his disgust.

"I've done what I could, Charley. You've heard?"

Monsieur de Bernis was very solemn. "I've heard. I understand. It is finished, then." He, too, shrugged. "The fortune of war." Himself he lifted over his head the silver-encrusted baldric that carried his sword, and preferred it to Sharples in token of surrender.

The Lieutenant took it, inclining his head a little in acknowledgment; and handed it to one of his men who stood by the bow of the stranded longboat.

"And now Tom Leach, if you please," he said, looking round as he spoke, wondering, perhaps, that he had not yet seen that redoubtable pirate, and that he should not have been present at this parley.

"As, yes," said Bundy grimly. "Tom Leach, to be sure." He hesitated a moment, his piercing eyes upon the fair young face of the lieutenant. "Dead or alive was the condition," he said, between question and assertion.

Lieutenant Sharples stared. "What? Is he dead already?"

Bundy nodded, turned, and started off up the beach towards the massed buccaneers and what lay behind them, screened by them.

Monsieur de Bernis went after him, caught and held him a moment by the shoulder whilst he murmured something to him. It was something that made that pallid mask momentarily change its set expression. Then, with a grin and a nod, Bundy went on, and de Bernis came slowly back, and at a word from Sharples entered the waiting boat.

Watching ever from the red bulwarks of the Royal Mary, Priscilla saw and understood. A little moan escaped her.

"The cowards! The treacherous cowards!" she cried. "They have surrendered him. Surrendered him to save their vile skins."

The Major, careful to betray no satisfaction, answered colorlessly:

"Naturally. Could anything else have been expected of them?" He set an arm about her to steady and comfort her as she faltered there, suddenly overcome, her senses swimming.

"You're damned liberal, Charles," he snorted.

De Bernis leapt lightly down to the deck.

"Which is only another way of saying that I am as good as my word. Or as good as my boast, if you prefer it. It needs a thief to catch a thief, as Major Sands there thinks they knew who made you Governor of Jamaica."

Sir Henry looked across at Major Sands where he had come to his feet in his bewilderment. "He stood beside Miss Priscilla, who remained seated staring, scarcely daring to believe what was suddenly being made plain at least in part.

"'Oh? Him!'" said Sir Henry. "He thinks that, does he? Bah!" And he shrugged the pompous Major out of his further consideration. "We've other things to think of. There is a deal here that needs to be explained."

"You shall have all the explanation you could wish when you've paid me the five hundred for that head, and the other five hundred you wagered me that I could not get it for you."

Morgan made a wry face. "Aye. You never doubt yourself, do you, Charles?"

"Don't I justify it? Have I done less than I undertook?"

"Come below," said Morgan. "I want to hear about it."

* * *

In the great cabin of the Royal Mary sat Miss Priscilla, with Major Sands, Sir Henry Morgan, and Monsieur de Bernis. It was by the Frenchman's request that those other two had been brought below, so that they might learn at the same time what yet remained to be learned in explanation of events which they had so closely shared.

They were seated about the table, and with them sat Captain Aldridge, a spare lantern-jawed, middle-aged man, of a sallow complexion, who, under the Admiral, Sir Henry Morgan, commanded the Royal Mary.

Monsieur de Bernis was quietly talking, giving them closer details of the adventure and of the manner in which he had gone about carrying out his undertaking to secure the coveted head of Tom Leach.

Priscilla, so abruptly lifted out of her terrible apprehensions, sat with senses still swimming from the shocks they had sustained that morning, scarcely daring to credit what she heard and what he said. Major Sands was wrapped in gloom. His feelings were mixed and fraught with apprehensions. He could not even pretend that he rejoiced in this solution, although he could scarcely yet analyse his true feelings.

Morgan alone was in high glee despite the fact that he had lost a wager of five hundred pounds. Relieved of the shadow that had been hanging over him, the dread of drastic action against him at Whitehall if Tom Leach were to continue his ravages upon the seas, he was boisterously jubilant.

CHAPTER 53.

"O DDSFISH! If ever there was a rogue who knew how to pluck victory from defeat, how to win advantage from dis-

aster, you are that rogue. Indeed, Charles. It's not the first time ye've pushed back the springs of a gin that held ye. Ye may thank the ready fertility of your lying Faith! Ye've a great gift of it whatever."

"If ye mean the fable of the Spanish plate fleet," said de Bernis, "you are not to suppose that was an invention of the moment. It had been long premeditated. It was the lure with which from the outset I had meant to draw Leach to Maldita. The fact that he was in need of careening was no more than I expected of him. He always was, for he was always a bad seaman."

When the tale was done, and while Sir Henry was lading out a punch of rum and lime and sugar which the steward had prepared for them, Captain Aldridge stirred in his chair to ask a question.

"You have made all clear but one thing. What I don't understand is why you shodd have fought Leach this morning when we were already off Maldita. Since you knew that we had but to close our grip so as to hold him, why the devil should you have risked your life against him?"

"Risk?" Monsieur de Bernis was contemptuous. "That was no risk. Leach may have been a swordsman to pirates. To a swordsman he was just a pirate."

"'Yell need a better answer, Charles,'" Morgan admonished him.

For once de Bernis appeared self-conscious. He hesitated, then shrugged.

"Oh, there were reasons, of course. For one thing I owed it to him." Almost unconsciously his dark eyes travelled to Priscilla, who was steadily regarding him, then back again to Morgan's great yellow countenance. "He had used expressions to be answered in no other way, and he had done things payment for which I chose to regard as my personal concern. Besides, Morgan, if Leach had been alive when you have in sight, be sure there would have been no such tame surrender. His was a very desperate spirit."

"Ah, bah! What could he have done, trapped here?"

"He could have taken to the woods with his men, just as I told you in the message Miss Priscilla bore you. And there you could not have pursued him. He might have lived to recommence."

"Why, what could he have done? What evil?" Morgan pressed him.

Again Monsieur de Bernis hesitated a little. Then, with an abrupt gesture, he indicated Major Sands and Miss Priscilla Harradine.

"This gentleman and this lady would have remained in his hands if he had chosen defiance. And that from the nature of him he certainly would have chosen."

Morgan's brows went up, as he looked at the Major. It was as if he marvelled that de Bernis should have been moved to risks for that popinjay. But they came down again when his glance travelled on to Miss Priscilla. He guffawed his sudden understanding, and slapped the table with his great hand.

"So! So! Blimey, it becomes plain. There was a rivalry between ye. Madam said you had been mighty gallant."

His elephantine shock with

THE BLACK SWAN

laughter. The roar of it reverberated through the cabin. The Major coughed and scowled. Miss Priscilla's face flamed scarlet, and her troubled, indignant eyes reproved the indecent mirth. The lean, leathern face of Aldridge was distended in a sour grin.

Only Monsieur de Bernis remained entirely impasive. He waited patiently until the admiral's laughter had diminished. Then he spoke icily.

"The King may have made you a knight, and he may have made you Governor of Jamaica; but in spite of it, Morgan, you remain just a villain. Pray pay no heed to him, Priscilla. Though he sits in the cabin by his manners his proper place is the forecastle."

"The devil take your sour tongue!" Morgan answered him, without malice, laughter still bubbling in him. He raised his glass to the lady. "No offence, ma'am. My homage to you, I trust your happy deliverance, eh, and yours, Major Shore."

"Major Sands, sir," snapped the soldier, looking his disgust of the old buccaneer.

"Same thing," laughed Morgan, to increase that disgust.

Captain Aldridge cleared his throat, and sat squarely to the table.

"Shall we come to business, Sir Henry? What's to be done with these rascals ashore?"

"Ah, yes, indeed. To be sure!" He looked at de Bernis. "What should you say, Charles?"

Monsieur de Bernis answered promptly. "First send a crew to take possession of the Centaur and repair the damage you've done to her. Then order the guns of the Black Swan to be hauled to the head of the bluff and cast into the water when that's done, open fire on the hull where she lies careened and demolish her. After that we can go home."

"And leave those cut-throats to Aldridge, scandalized, as he is the only one to experience that emotion. The Major, moved by a gust of indignation, turned to interpose.

"That is the advice of a pirate! Stab me, it is! The advice of a pirate! Monsieur de Bernis has the fellow-feeling of one buccaneer for another. That's plain."

An utter silence of amazement followed that explosion. Very slowly Sir Henry Morgan turned his eyes upon the speaker. He slumped his bulk round on his chair, so that he might the more squarely confront the soldier.

"And who the devil desired your views?" he asked.

The Major got up in a heat, outraged that anyone of these ruffians should take such a tone with him. "You seem to overlook, sir, that I hold the King's commission and that—"

"Hold what the devil you please, sir!" Morgan trumpeted to interrupt him. "I ask you how the devil this concerns you?"

"I am telling you, sir, that I hold the King's commission."

"The King has my sympathy, by Jove! Sit down, man. You're interfering with business. Sit down!"

But the Major was not disposed to be browbeaten, particularly in the presence of Miss Priscilla. Circumstances of late had compelled him to submit to play a part in which there was no glory and little

dignity. But from those circumstances he was now happily delivered.

"You shall hear me, sir," he answered, and was not deterred by the deepening scowl on Sir Henry's brow. "It is my right to be heard. My right. As an officer of the Crown it is my duty to protest—to protest with all the vehemence at my command—against a proposal which is nothing short of dishonoring to the King's Majesty."

Sir Henry, glooming up at him with a heavy sneer that not even his heavy moustaches could conceal, spoke with ominous quiet in the pause the Major made. "Have ye done, sir?"

"I have not yet begun," he was answered.

"That was but the exordium," said de Bernis.

But Morgan crashed his fist down on the table. "Must I remind you, Major, that by the rank ye're having you owe me obedience? You speak when others're bidden."

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SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Perhaps I might take charge of the Centaur for you."

Morgan stared at him, and then from him to the others. Almost despite himself, a little gasp of relief had escaped the Major, while Miss Priscilla had suddenly looked up and on her countenance there had been a momentary expression of bewilderment dismay. Sir Henry thrust out a heavy lip, stroked his long moustache reflectively for an instant. "What the devil . . ." he was beginning. Then he shrugged.

"Oh, but just as you please, Charles. Just as you please. Come, Aldridge."

He rolled out of the cabin with the lean captain following at his heels, leaving Monsieur de Bernis alone with his two fellow-adventurers. Before he could utter the expressions for which he was seeking words, Miss Priscilla had risen. She was very quiet, very pale.

"Bart," she said, "would you oblige me by going on deck for a while?"

The Major started forward briskly, proffering his arm. "My dear!" he exclaimed.

She shook her head. "No, no. I mean you to go alone. I have a word to say to Monsieur de Bernis."

His jaw fell. "You have a word to say to him? What word?"

"To my purposes, Bart. Does it not seem to you that there is something to be said between us after all that has happened? I think you, yourself, might find something to say to him. We are a little in his debt, I think. Don't you?"

The Major was in confusion. Emotions conflicted in him.

"To be sure, my obligation to Monsieur de Bernis is . . . very real. Stab me, very real! I confess that I have been mistaken in him. At least to some extent. And . . ."

"Please say no more," Monsieur de Bernis checked him. "You will only make matters worse."

Alarm painted a foolish look upon his face. "But surely, Priscilla. . . ."

"Oh, please go! Please go!" Her tone grew impatient.

He spread his hands. "Very well. If it is your wish, Monsieur de Bernis, I am sure, will not abuse the situation. He will remember . . ."

And now it was Monsieur de Bernis who interrupted him.

"The only abuse that is threatening, sir, is your own abuse of the lady's patience."

Reassured a little by this, but still extremely disgruntled and uneasy, the Major moved to the door of the cabin. "I shall be within call, if you want me, Priscilla."

"I do not think that I shall want you," he was answered.

When at last Major Sands had gone, she moved from the table to the long carved locker under the stern-ports. She was pale, and perceptibly troubled. She did not look at Monsieur de Bernis, who waited for her to speak.

"Charles," she said quietly, "will you tell me frankly why you desire to travel back to Jamaica on one of the other ships?"

"Frankly," he said, "so that you may be relieved at last of a presence of which, in the past month you may have had a surfeit."

"Is this your frankness? Will you still play comedy with me, or is it that you are not at all concerned

with my own wishes in the matter?"

The question disturbed him. He sank his chin to his ruffles and paced across the cabin and back.

"It is what I have been. The brand of it remains upon me."

"I do not perceive it. And if I did, I should not care. You are the bravest, noblest man I have ever known."

"You will not have known many," said Monsieur de Bernis.

She looked straight into his countenance, and again there was a long pause. At last she slewed round on the locker, turning her shoulder to him and her face seawards, so that he might not see the tears that were gathering in her eyes. Still she was silent a little while, so as to regain control of her voice.

"Perhaps . . . perhaps, after all, I was mistook as to your motives for going on one of the other ships. Perhaps I was wrong to wish to ask you to remain."

But the break in her voice, faint though it was, reached his ears and cut him like a sword, betrayed him into saying what he had vowed to himself that he would never say.

"Ah, mon Dieu! You were not mistook." He crossed to her, and set a knee upon the locker on which she sat. "Attend to me, Priscilla," he said gravely. "I go because, as I told you that night when we talked ashore there, under the stars, I am what I am and you are what you are. I run away from you, which is what you supposed. I run away from you for your own sake. I would not have you betrayed into a weakness because you may perceive that I have the presumption to love you. I tell you this, just as I might place a wreath upon a grave."

"I am not dead yet, Monsieur de Bernis. And whilst I live you have a certain claim to me. Only to-day you risked your life for me. I understood. Don't suppose that I did not. What that odious Sir Henry said was true. You killed Leach, you faced death from him, so as to make sure of delivering me whatever happened."

"That was a duty."

"To me?" She swung to face him fully, looking up at him.

"To myself. To honor. To chivalry."

"Honor? Chivalry? Ha! And you a pirate!" She laughed from moist eyes. "You speak of your love as a presumption. But if I account it no presumption? What then?"

"Then? Why, then—mon Dieu! you are mad."

"And if I am content to be mad? Contentedly, wilfully mad? Shall you gainsay me?"

His dark face was grave to the point of sadness. He shook his head solemnly. "You torture me with temptation," he complained.

She rose and stood against him, her breast touching his.

"You may end the torture by yielding to the temptation."

"And afterwards?" he asked her.

"If you and I should marry, your world. . . ."

She stopped his mouth with her hand. "If you and I should marry, my world will be your world, and there we may both find happiness."

"I do a dreadful, lovely thing," he said, and took her in his arms.

THE END.

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